Songs for the King's Business

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/songsforkingsbus0000fran

SONGS

FOR

THE KING'S BUSINESS

Special Selections for All Occasions

COMPOSITIONS OF

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, E. O. EXCELL, GEO. C. STEBBINS, ROBERT HARKNESS, MRS. C. H. MORRIS, JAMES McGRANAHAN, JOHN R. SWENEY, MAY WHITTLE MOODY, W. A. OGDEN, W. S. WEEDEN, WILL L. THOMPSON, W. G. FISCHER, B. D. ACKLEY, J. M. BLACK, W. S. MARTIN, E. A. HOFFMAN, GEO. H. CARR, FRED A. MILLS, W. J. KIRKPATRICK, P. P. BLISS, GEO. F. ROOT, H. R. PALMER, D S. HAKES, THORO HARRIS, J. H. FILLMORE, A. J. SHOWALTER, C. D. TILLMAN, FLORA H. CASSEL, J. S. FEARIS, A. B. SIMPSON, R. K. CARTER, L. L. PICKETT, A. GEIBEL, W. F. SHERWIN, ROBERT LOWRY, J. H. ROSECRANS, H. P. DANKS, HAYDN, HANDEL, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, SULLIVAN BARNBY, DYKES MASON, BRADBURY, ETC.

Edited and Published by

FRANKLIN EDSON BELDEN,

Author of "Christ in Song," "Christ in Art," "Echoes of Liberty,"

"The Bible Kindergarten," Etc."

EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

3616 PRAIRIE AVENUE,

CHICAGO,

Flexible Red Leatherette-paper covers; round corners, 20 cts.; $17.50 per 100.
Board covers, red paper sides, cloth back, 25 cts; $22.50 per 100.
Full cloth, olive green, with embossed title, 35 cts.; $30.00 per 100,
Postpaid at retail prices. Transportation extra at the 100 rates

Preface

Judging from the Prefaces of numerous gospel song books, it is easy to say that a compilation is designed for the Evangelistic Service, the Young People's Society, the Bible School, the Church; but whether the design is consummated so that the needs of these fields are supplied in fact, is another and the more important question.

Evidently such needs cannot be supplied within the covers of any collection having the usual number of songs. Therefore we have increased the pages to 256, and the number of hymns to 400, all but thirty of which are accompanied by the music. This was made possible only at the great expense of setting the "Favorite Gospel Songs and Tunes" department in special type, enabling us to place both the music and words of two or more pieces on each page, yet without sacrificing clearness of print desirable even for words and music generally familiar to gospel singers.

For these reasons "Songs for the King's Business" contains nearly double the number of musical compositions and hymns found in books heretofore occupying the field; yet without advance in price of substantial bindings beyond the usual rates.

The familiar selections speak for themselves. Examination and trial of the new songs will convince good judges that these are not experimental "filling."

The strong "Chorus Department," the "Home and Children's Songs," the Solos, Duets, Trios, and the Quartets and Choruses for Men's Voices, all classified in the Index of Subjects, are additional features beyond the ordinary; all of which is prayerfully dedicated to the service of the Master.

F. E. B.

Chicago, August, 1909.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL, LONDON, ENG.

Index of Subjects.

(See last pages of book for Index of Titles and First Lines.)

GOD.

Adoration—108, 113, 124, 128, 159, 168, 171, 202, 288, 300, 303, 354, 400.

Guidance—138, 187, 200, 268, 269, 321, 328, 374, 377, 390.

Holiness—168, 173, 202.

Law—238, 362.

Love—217, 331, 332.

Promises—81, 194, 205, 280, 343.

Providence—15, 22, 81, 86, 200, 383.

Trinity—202, 287, 367, 368.

Word—87, 88, 245, 383, 307, 324, 326, 327, 360, 361, 372.

CHRIST.

Abiding—66, 69, 192, 287, 317, 322.

Atonement—191, 214, 221, 223, 259.

Birth—135, 139, 219.

Blood—8, 27, 193, 205, 220, 223, 241, 244, 286, 299, 314, 315, 376, 388, 391, 395.

Cross—114, 323, 325, 388.

Fountain—375, 376, 387, 388, 391, 395.

Friendship—12, 381, 394.

Gift—42.

Grace—16, 17, 161, 375.

Healing—174, 247, 341, 352, 371, 397.

Heading—187, 200, 250, 321, 374, 390.

Light—38, 78, 187, 224.

Living Water—192.

Love—13, 18, 50, 51, 297, 396.

Name—53, 335, 336, 378, 397.

Pilot—313.

Power—63, 71, 198, 199, 201, 222, 294, 343, 371.

Praise—14, 122, 188, 190, 286, 294-6, 308, 337, 339, 358, 359, 388, 397, 400.

Present Help—23, 247,

Reign—116, 122, 134, 190, 207, 219, 294-6, 310, 355.

Rejected—74.

Return (See under "The Home Eternal.")

Resurrection—234.

Rock—48, 49, 226, 252, 253, 299.

Salvation—205, 222, 297-8, 299, 388.

Shepherd—200, 373, 390.

Sufferings—214, 259, 274, 275, 323, 346.

Victory—34, 35, 256. Words—372.

HOLY SPIRIT.

Office—26, 27, 66, 159, 172, 246, 248, 249, 289, 327, 334, 348, 371, 377, 266.

Pentecost—9, 172, 175 204, 225, 229, 248, 289, 292, 371, 398.

WORSHIP.

Closing—147, 261, 262, 326, 328, 364, 367, 378.

Evening—173, 195, 316, 317, 321, 322, 347, 349.

Morning—227, 358, 363, 400.

Opening—158, 201, 337, 352, 354.

Rest Day—304, 352, 353, 354.

INVITATION—REPENTANCE.

Call to Repentance—22, 52, 58, 59, 75, 82, 186, 212, 284, 290.

Christ at the Door—62, 82, 132, 184.

Decision—3, 74, 89, 160, 184, 185, 186, 232, 271, 293, 306, 314.

Invitation—26, 63, 111, 130, 132, 160, 162, 186, 194, 226, 240, 255, 265, 329, 384, 386, 388, 399.

Judgment—72, 213.

New Birth—6, 33, 64, 65, 205, 221, 258, 391.

Returning to God—183, 333, 334, 348, 373,

Seeking the Lost—92, 94, 178, 373, 385, 386.

Self-Examination—233.

The Call Accepted—183, 184, 189, 205, 232, 293, 314, 319, 329, 342, 348, 379, 389.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Abiding in Christ—5, 6, 56, 137.

Activity—39, 61, 91, 93, 264, 306, 345, 356, 382.

Adoption—10, 11, 165.

Anchored in Christ—48, 196.

Assurance—6, 15, 48, 67, 77, 84, 164, 221, 258, 343.

Blessings in Trials—143.

Brotherly Love—145, 320, 364.

Call to Service—36, 37, 39, 44, 46, 61, 73, 92, 94, 95, 120, 126, 129, 153, 170, 218, 222, 264, 275, 285, 356, 382, 385.

Children—1, 38, 139-146, 151-154, 390, 396, 400,

Index of Subjects.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—Continued.

Confessing Christ—319, 344.
Consecration—3, 11, 30, 31, 36, 37,57, 69, 85, 93, 126, 163, 179, 225, 282, 350.
Consolation—77, 99, 318,381,266,394,397.
Dependence—15, 23, 25, 152, 206,239, 251, 254, 340, 352.
Discipleship—179, 180, 250, 263.
Divine Fellowship—182, 209, 243,257,333.
Duty—29.
Emulation—180.
Faith—3, 107, 280, 283, 340, 343.
Glory Within—4, 5, 176.
Gratitude—70, 350, 400.
Growth—151, 152, 166, 216, 243, 279.
Holiness—105, 151, 158, 166, 229, 241, 279, 291, 333, 338, 362, 371, 387, 392, 398.
Hope—253, 366.
Influence—60.
Joy—
  Of Christian Life—21, 28,38,41, 68, 79, 119, 124, 161, 278.
  Of Conversion—8, 40, 197, 237, 271.
  Of Deliverance—4, 175, 177, 223.
  Of Divine Fellowship—21, 38, 176, 239.
  Of Holiness—176, 278.
  Of Salvation—8, 24, 205, 226, 388.
Liberality—9, 44, 70, 153, 370.
Love for Christ—28, 43, 54, 56, 83, 210, 215, 281, 335, 336, 359, 378, 392, 397.
Loyalty—36.
Missions—46, 91, 95, 126, 207, 218, 285, 302, 305, 355, 356, 371, 382.
Obedience—3, 30, 31, 85, 242, 243, 282.
Overcoming—152, 206, 312.
Peace—27, 161, 276, 315.
Prayer—115, 146, 206, 227, 288, 320, 369, 380, 386, 389, 392, 394.
Purity—25, 151.
Rest in Christ—48, 174, 196, 393.
Sanctification—181, 216, 225,338 340.
Security—20, 48, 49, 67, 196, 199, 201, 268, 297,307, 320, 327,343, 347,394.
Self-Crucified—57, 69, 179, 257, 329, 350, 379.
Service—2, 37, 39, 44, 61, 73, 76, 85 90 91, 93, 95, 144, 153, 169, 170, 178, 195, 302, 350, 382, 385.
Speak no Evil—151.
Submission—203, 258.
Sunlight—38, 39, 68, 78, 140, 142, 144.
Trust—1, 19, 22, 29, 32, 45, 80, 102, 199, 203, 254, 384, 395.
Warfare—47, 109, 110, 112, 118, 123, 149, 150, 180, 228, 230-232, 306, 312, 344.
Victory—47, 107, 112, 117, 127, 131.

THE HOME ETERNAL.

Book of Life—72, 167.
City of God—100, 208.
Eden—211.
Glory Hereafter—7, 97, 103, 273.
Harvest—106, 120, 129, 169.
Nearing Home—103, 125, 136, 311, 345,
Return of Christ—106, 134, 267, 270,277, 351, 355, 357, 371.
Resurrection of Believers—235, 272.
Reunion—98, 100, 101, 147, 272.
Reward of Saints—96 to 106, 273.
Waiting for Christ—277.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Anniversary—311, 328, 364.
Baptism—271, 365, 391.
Christmas—135, 139, 219.
Communion—277, 299, 320, 323, 330, 346, 364, 376.
Easter—234.
Funerals—77, 98, 99, 100, 393.
Native Land—148, 155, 156, 157.
Temperance—149, 150, 152, 153, 160.

CLASSIFIED SONGS.

Chants—115, 368, 369, 370.
Choruses—2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 14, 36,46,47, 48, 88, 104, 107 to 138, 148, 149, 180, 190, 199, 200, 201, 202, 207, 208, 209, 214, 220,221,228, 232, 234, 268, 270, 294-6, 300, 301, 310, 311, 343, 368.
Duets and Trios—10, 11, 19, 21, 25, 27, 30, 31, 51, 58, 71, 75, 80, 82, 85, 87, 98, 102, 140, 147, 152, 163, 260, 274, 297.
Solos—1, 18, 20, 33, 50, 53, 55, 67, 74, 76, 84, 86, 92, 100, 118, 123, 136,139, 141,
Quartets—3, 12, 14, 16, 20, 26, 32, 45, 49, 50, 55, 100, 187, 200, 206, 209, 220, 358.
Men's Voices—77, 95, 99, 126, 132, 284,
Home and Children—139 to 157, 361, 390, 396, 400.
Favorite Gospel Songs and Tunes 158 to 400.

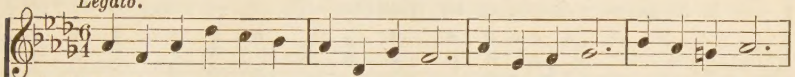
SONGS FOR
THE KING'S BUSINESS

No. 1. Somebody Knows.

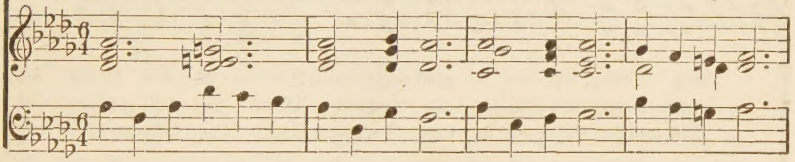
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. G. FISCHER.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.

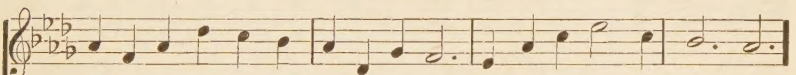
Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

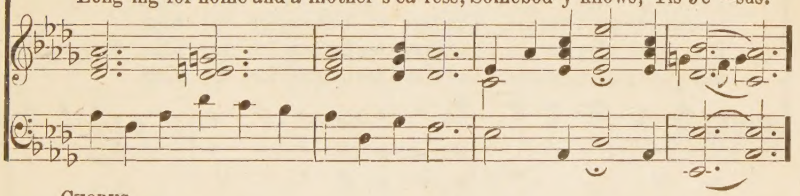


1. Failing in strength when oppress by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

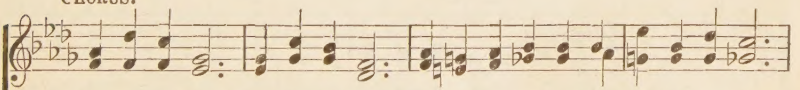




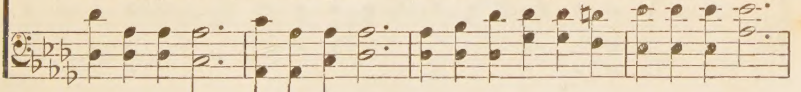
Waiting for some one to ban-ish my woes, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

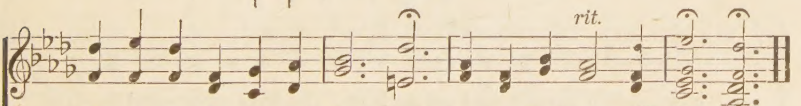


CHORUS.

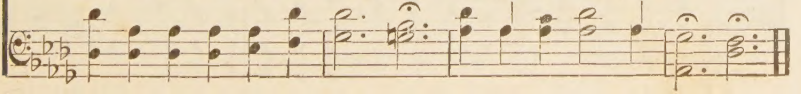


Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;





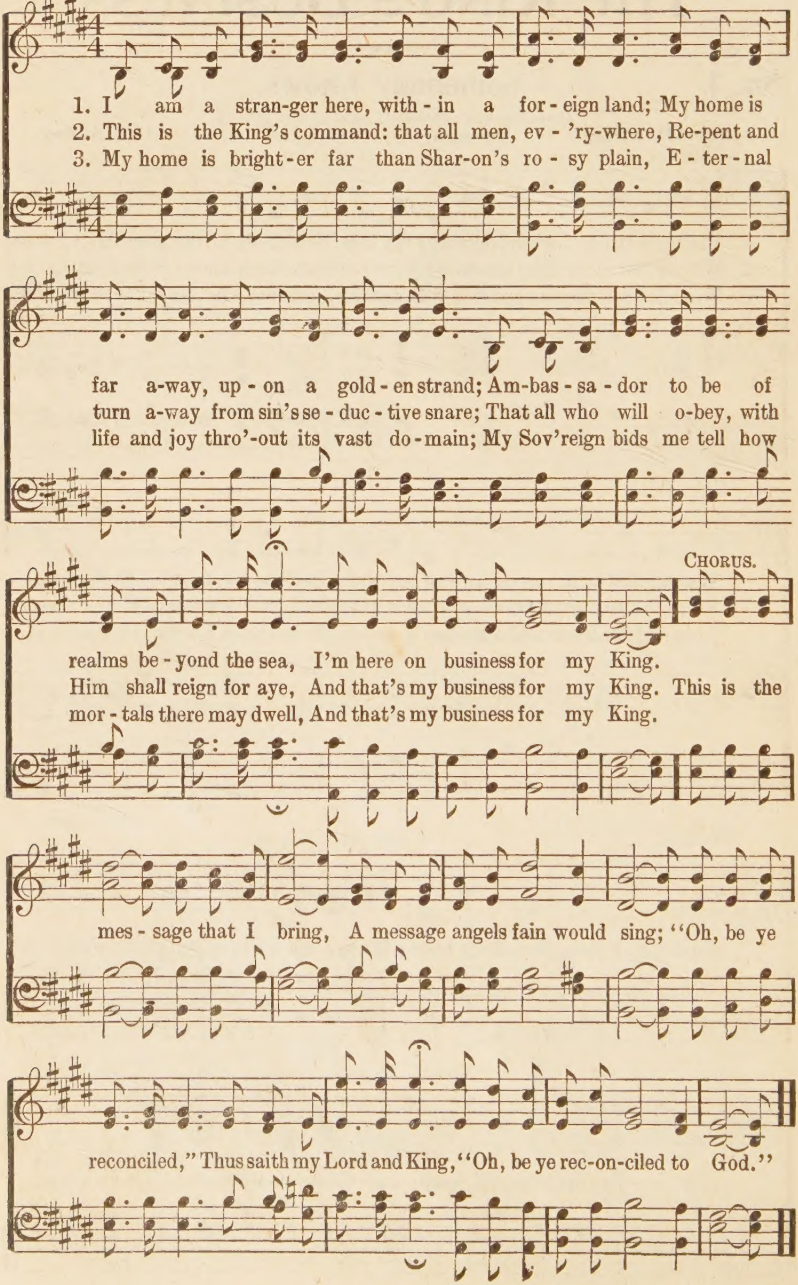
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.



No. 2. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
CHORUS.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 3. "As for Me and My House."

Inscribed to Mrs. F. E. Belden.

F. E. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.

1. Like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a stand, On the bor-ders of the
2. "Well a - ble to en - ter the land," Tell it out to ev - 'ry
3. Wall'd cit - ies go sev - en times round, Per - se - ver - ance is with

Small note for last stanza.

prom - ised land, O - bey - ing Je - ho - vah's com-mand, say-ing,
doubt - ing band; Faith bring-eth the tri-umph God plann'd, say-ing,
vic - t'ry crown'd; Sin gi - ants of hab - it are bound, say-ing,

CHORUS.

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

No. 4. There is Glory in My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

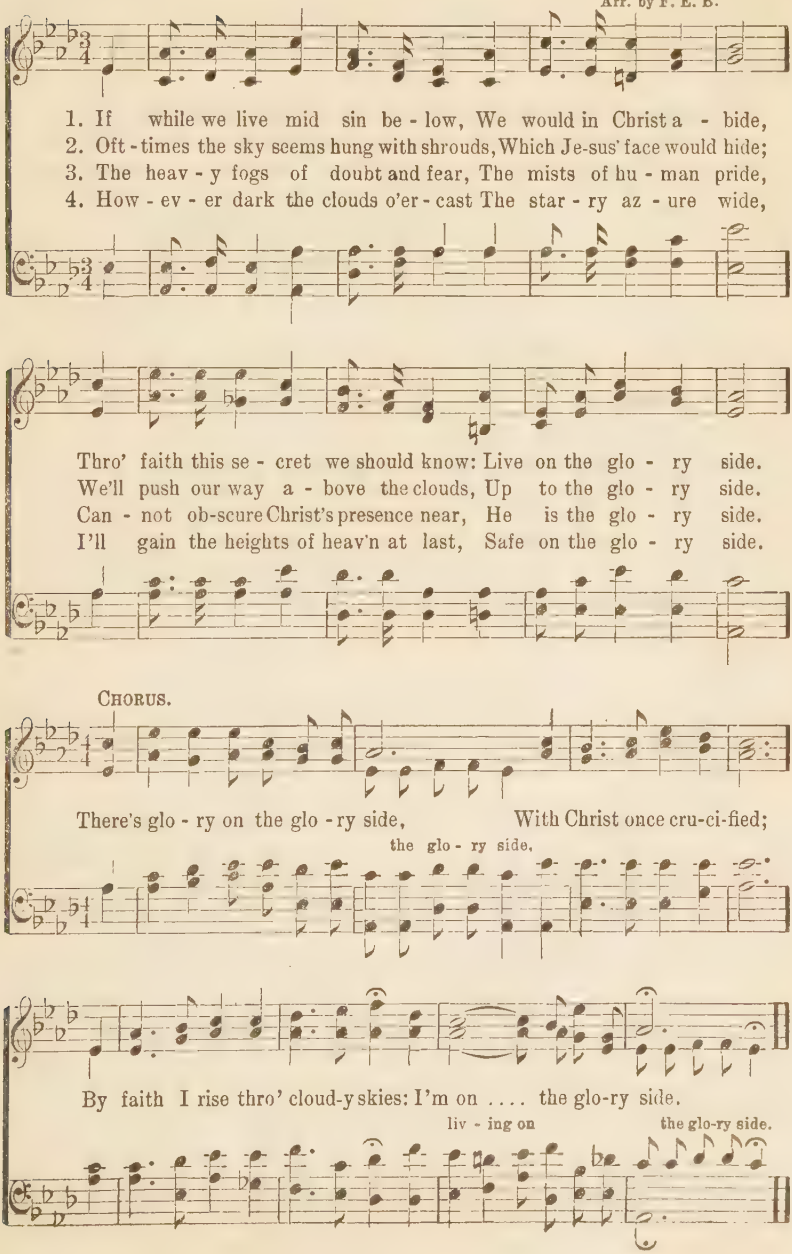
CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my
soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo - ry in my soul!

No. 5. On the Glory Side.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, AND 1909, BY D. W. MYLAND, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

D. W. M.

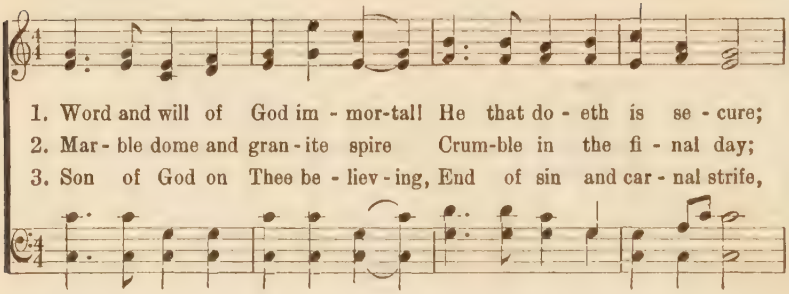
Rev. D. Wesley Myland.
Arr. by F. E. B.

1. If while we live mid sin be - low, We would in Christ a - bide,
2. Oft - times the sky seems hung with shrouds, Which Je-sus' face would hide;
3. The heav - y fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu - man pride,
4. How - ev - er dark the clouds o'er - cast The star - ry az - ure wide,
Thro' faith this se - cret we should know: Live on the glo - ry side.
We'll push our way a - bove the clouds, Up to the glo - ry side.
Can - not ob-scure Christ's presence near, He is the glo - ry side.
I'll gain the heights of heav'n at last, Safe on the glo - ry side.
CHORUS.
There's glo - ry on the glo - ry side, With Christ once cru-ci-fied;
the glo - ry side.
By faith I rise thro' cloud-y skies: I'm on .... the glo-ry side.
liv - ing on
the glo-ry side.

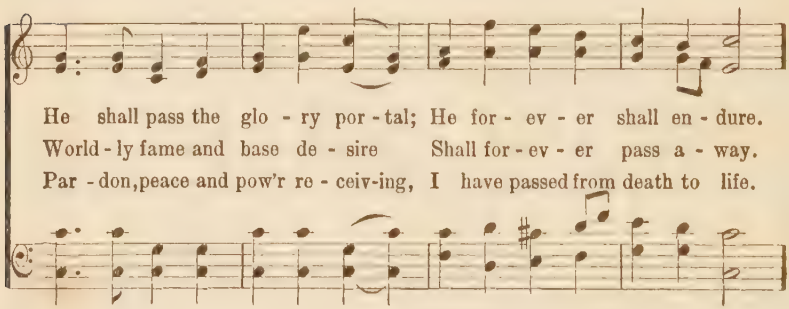
No. 6. I Shall Abide Forever.

F. E. Belden.

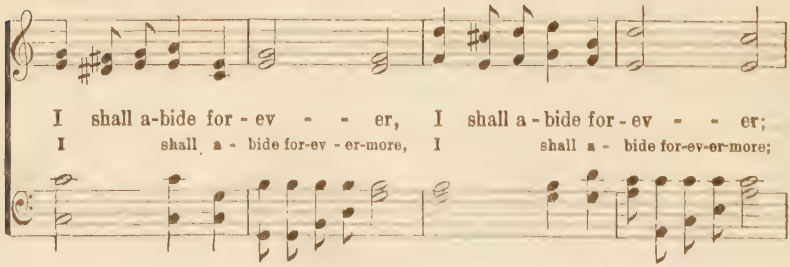
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
F. G. FISCHER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

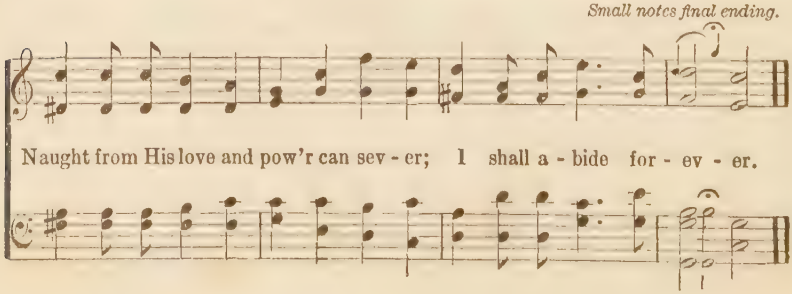

1. Word and will of God im - mor-tal! He that do - eth is se - cure;
2. Mar - ble dome and gran - ite spire Crum-ble in the fi - nal day;
3. Son of God on Thee be - liev - ing, End of sin and car - nal strife,


He shall pass the glo - ry por - tal; He for - ev - er shall en - dure.
World - ly fame and base de - sire Shall for - ev - er pass a - way.
Par - don, peace and pow'r re - ceiv-ing, I have passed from death to life.

CHORUS.



Small notes final ending.



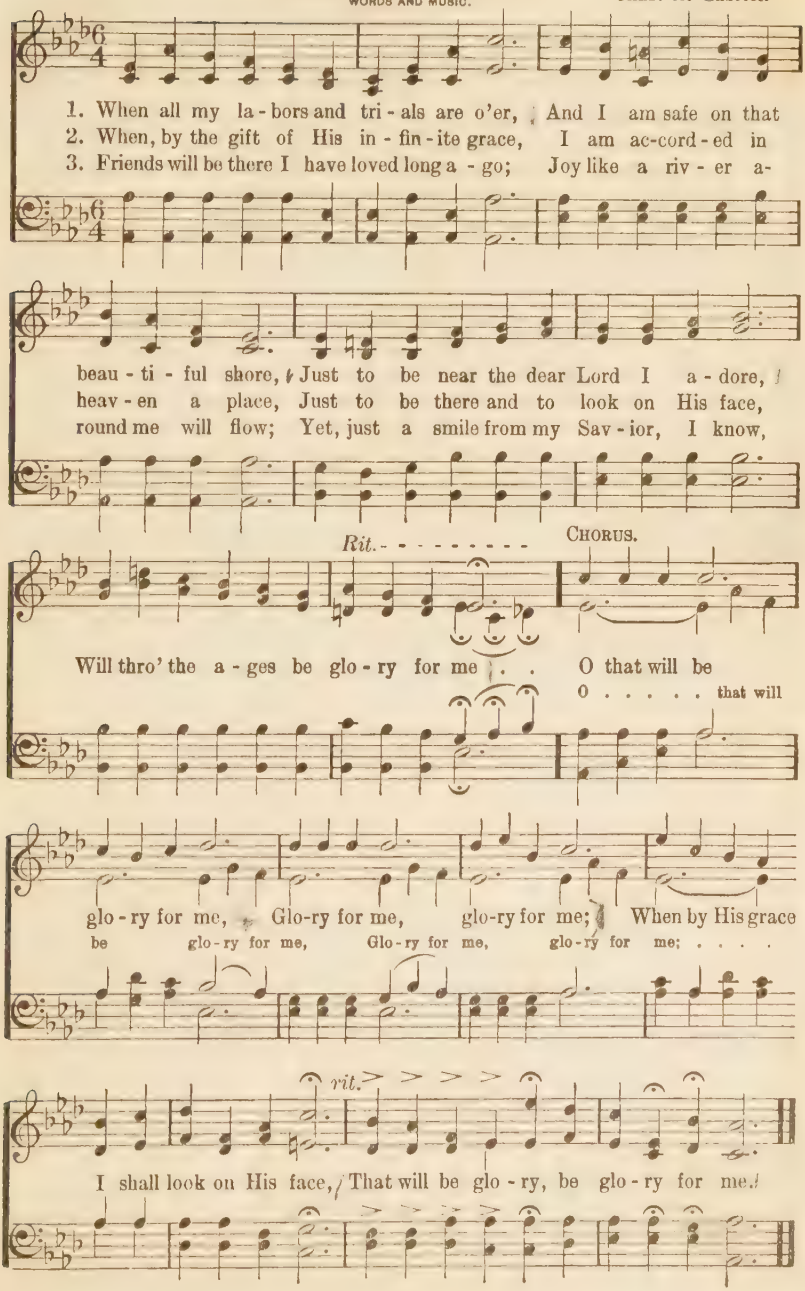
No. 7.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

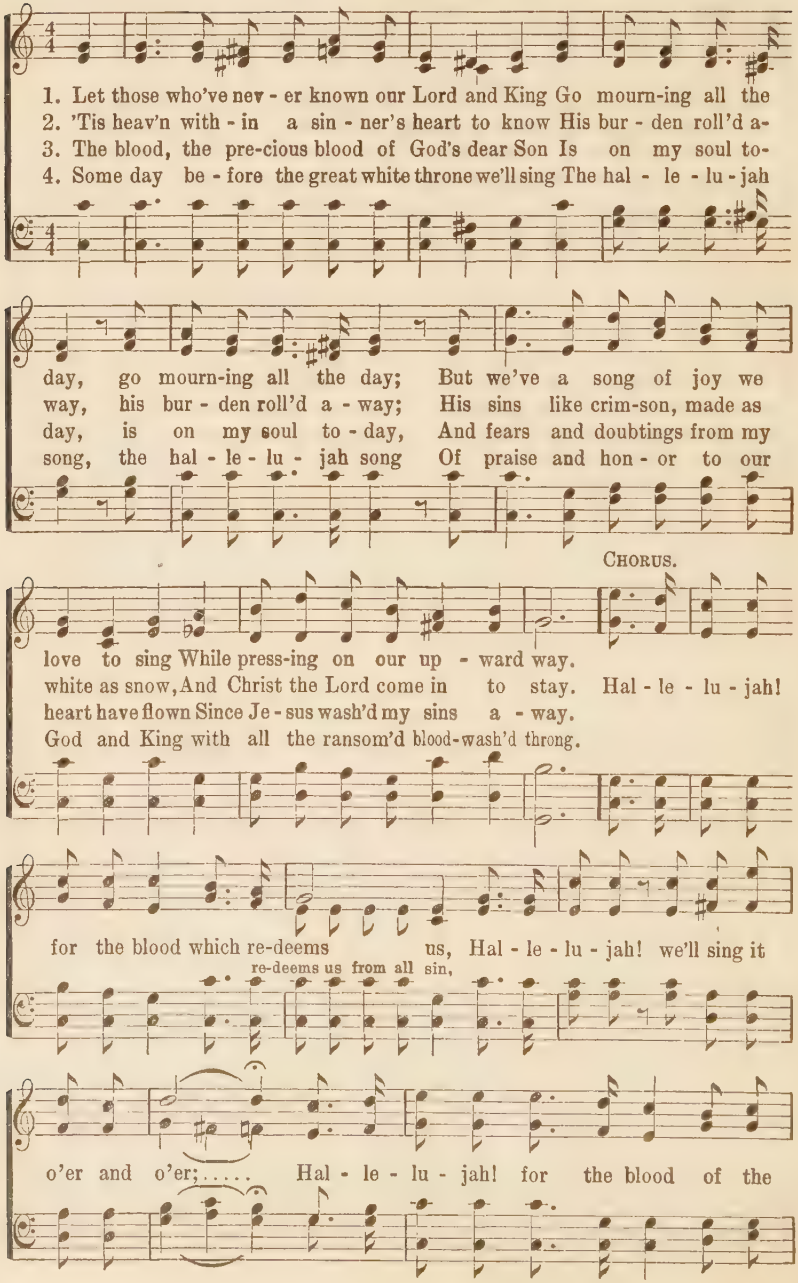
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,
Rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

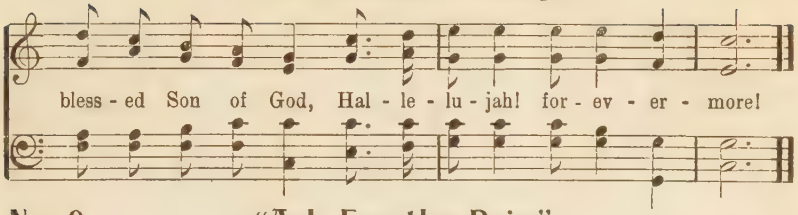
No. 8. The Hallelujah Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Let those who've nev - er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the
2. 'Tis heav'n with - in a sin - ner's heart to know His bur - den roll'd a-
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-
4. Some day be - fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal - le - lu - jah
day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
way, his bur - den roll'd a - way; His sins like crim-son, made as
day, is on my soul to - day, And fears and doubtings from my
song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and hon - or to our
CHORUS.
love to sing While press-ing on our up - ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay. Hal - le - lu - jah!
heart have flown Since Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.
God and King with all the ransom'd blood-wash'd throng.
for the blood which re-deems us, Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing it
re-deems us from all sin,
o'er and o'er;..... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood of the

The Hallelujah Song.

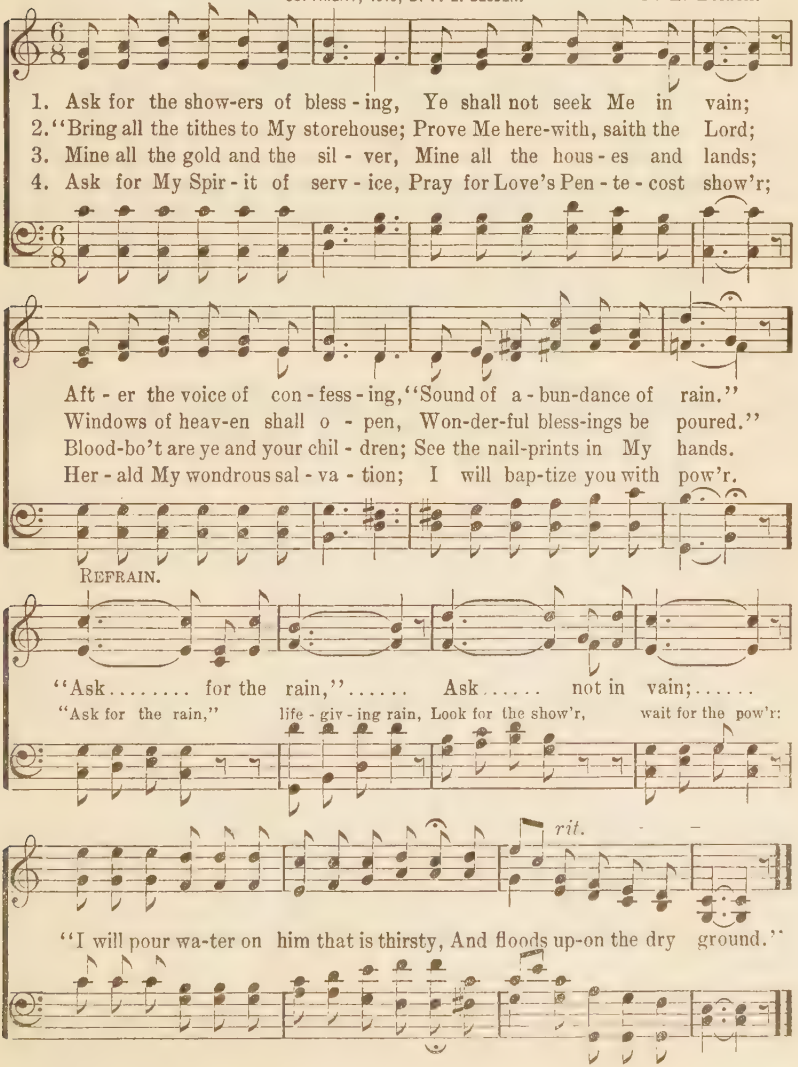


No. 9. "Ask For the Rain."

F. E. B.

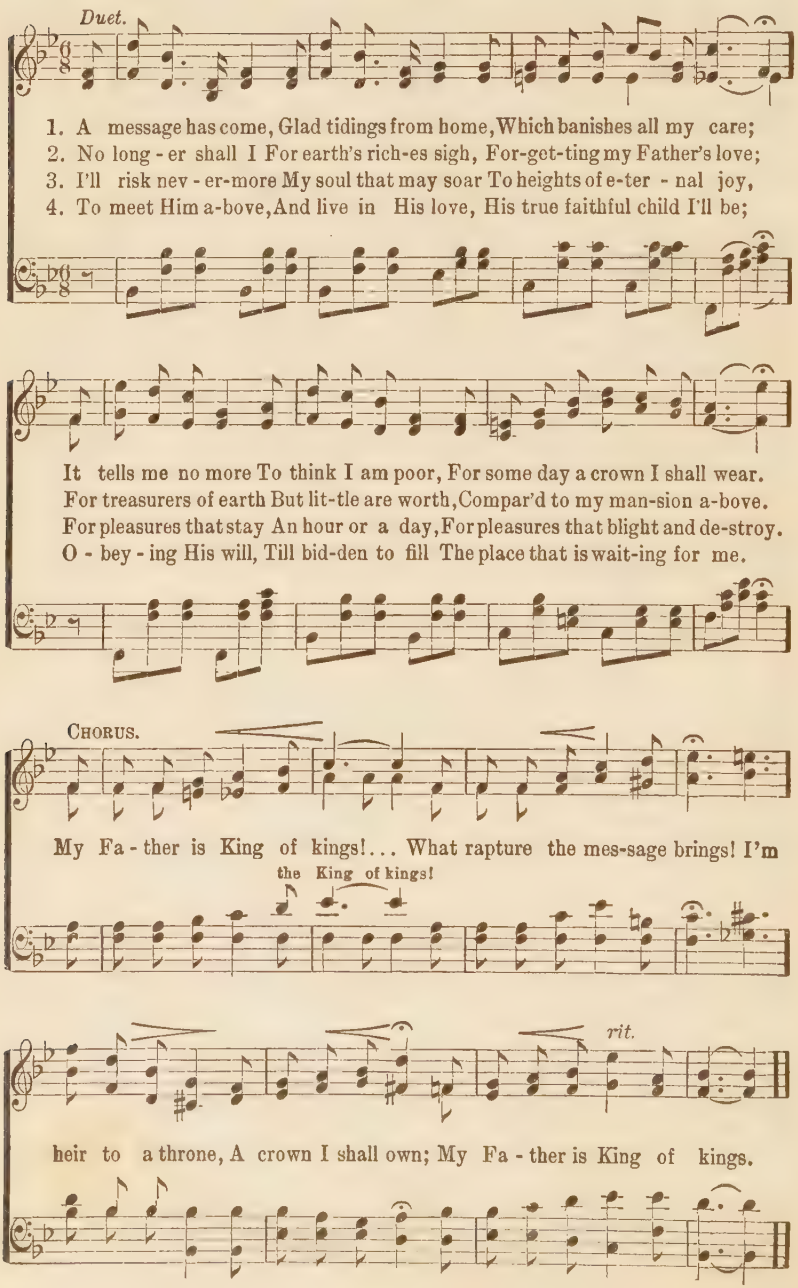
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.


1. Ask for the show-ers of bless - ing, Ye shall not seek Me in vain;
2. "Bring all the tithes to My storehouse; Prove Me here-with, saith the Lord;
3. Mine all the gold and the sil - ver, Mine all the hous - es and lands;
4. Ask for My Spir - it of serv - ice, Pray for Love's Pen - te - cost show'r;
Aft - er the voice of con - fess - ing, "Sound of a - bun-dance of rain."
Windows of heav-en shall o - pen, Won-der-ful bless-ings be poured."
Blood-bo't are ye and your chil - dren; See the nail-prints in My hands.
Her - ald My wondrous sal - va - tion; I will bap-tize you with pow'r.
REFRAIN.
"Ask..... for the rain,"..... Ask..... not in vain;.....
"Ask for the rain," life - giv - ing rain, Look for the show'r, wait for the pow'r:
rit.
"I will pour wa-ter on him that is thirsty, And floods up-on the dry ground."

No. 10. My Father is King of Kings.

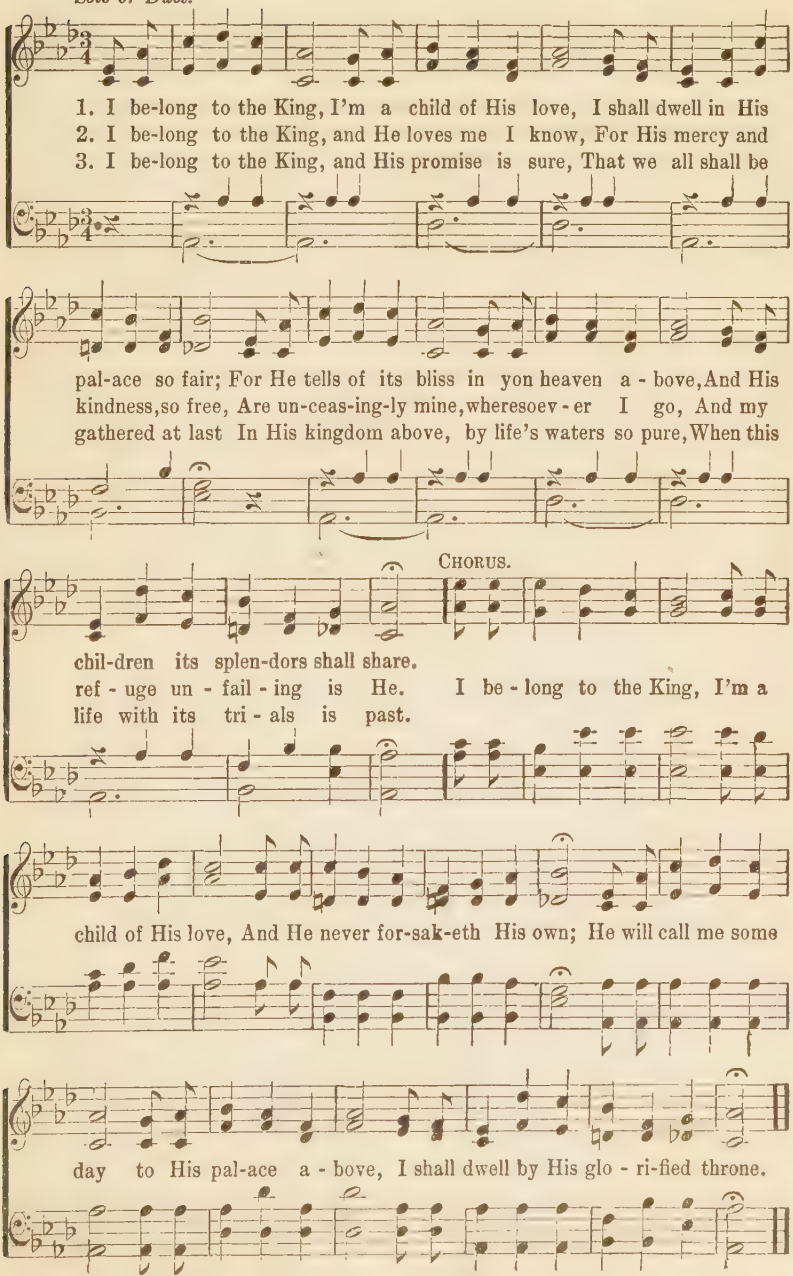
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. Thoro Harris.


Duet.
1. A message has come, Glad tidings from home, Which banishes all my care;
2. No long - er shall I For earth's rich-es sigh, For-get-ting my Father's love;
3. I'll risk nev - er-more My soul that may soar To heights of e-ter - nal joy,
4. To meet Him a-bove, And live in His love, His true faithful child I'll be;
It tells me no more To think I am poor, For some day a crown I shall wear.
For treasurers of earth But lit-tle are worth, Compar'd to my man-sion a-bove.
For pleasures that stay An hour or a day, For pleasures that blight and de-stroy.
O - bey - ing His will, Till bid-den to fill The place that is wait-ing for me.
Chorus.
My Fa - ther is King of kings!... What rapture the mes-sage brings! I'm
the King of kings!
rit.
heir to a throne, A crown I shall own; My Fa - ther is King of kings.

No. 11. I Belong to the King.

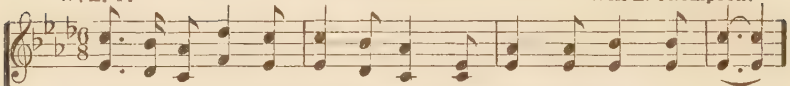
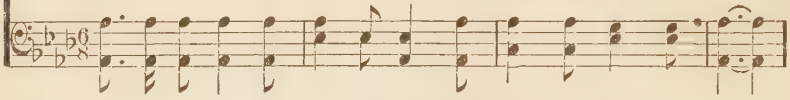
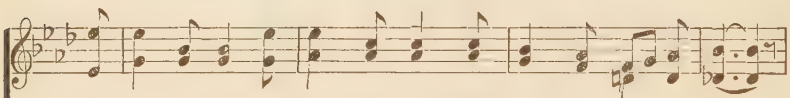
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY HALL-MACK CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

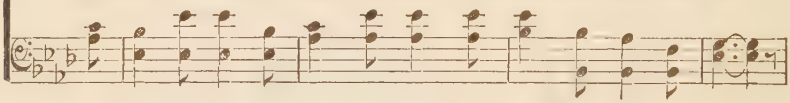
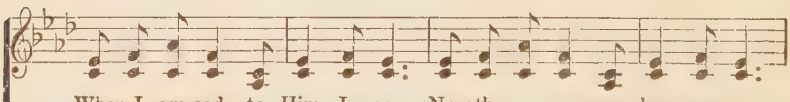
Ida L. Reed. *Solo or Duet.* Maurice A. Clifton.

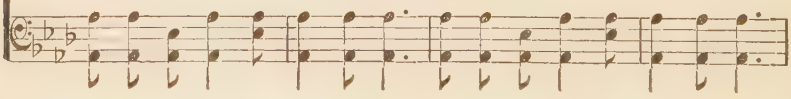
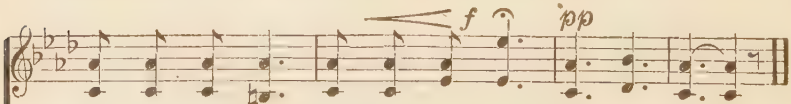

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His
2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mercy and
3. I be-long to the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be
pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And His
kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, wheresoev - er I go, And my
gathered at last In His kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this
Chorus.
chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is He. I be - long to the King, I'm a
life with its tri - als is past.
child of His love, And He never for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some
day to His pal-ace a - bove, I shall dwell by His glo - ri-fied throne.

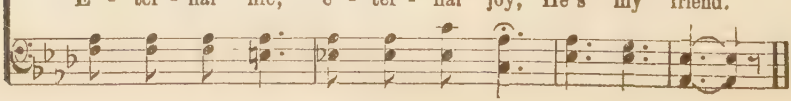
No. 12. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

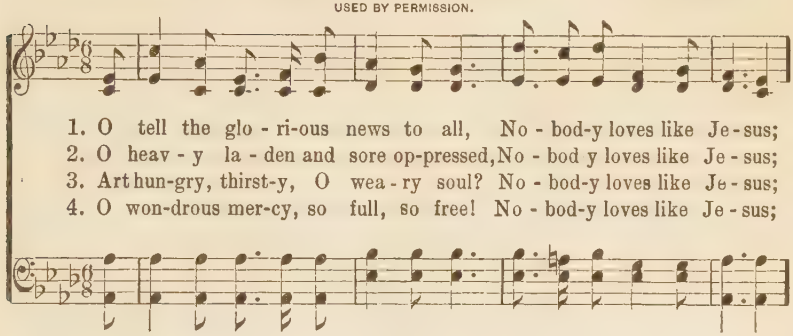


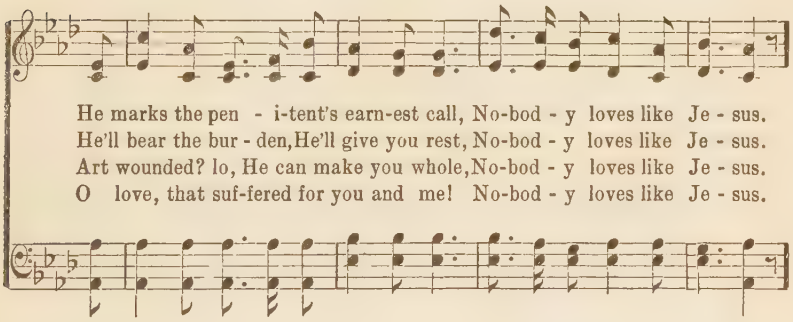
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



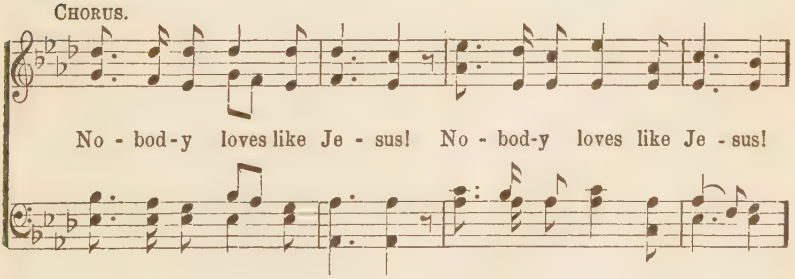
No. 13. Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

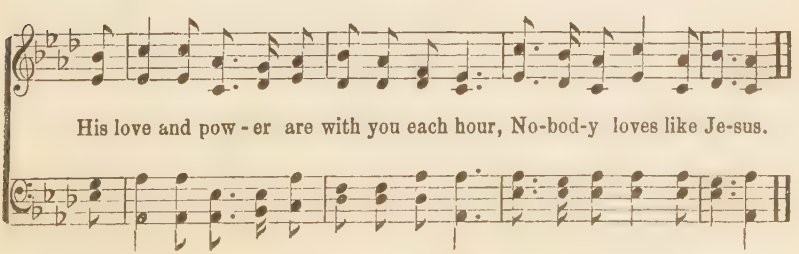
Effie S. Black. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUB. CO. USED BY PERMISSION. **Robert Harkness.**


1. O tell the glo - ri-ous news to all, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
2. O heav - y la - den and sore op-pressed, No - bod y loves like Je - sus;
3. Art hun-gry, thirst-y, O wea - ry soul? No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
4. O won-drous mer-cy, so full, so free! No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;

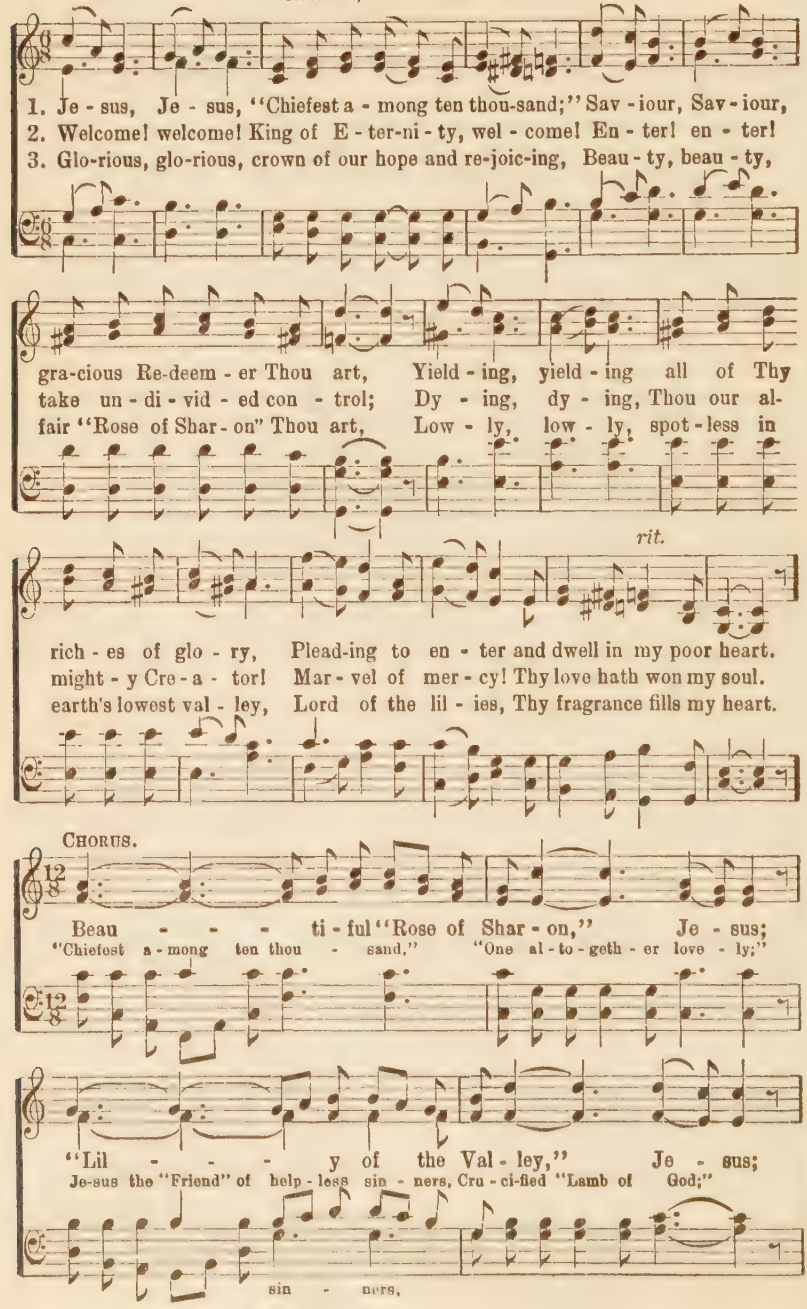

He marks the pen - i-tent's earn-est call, No-bod - y loves like Je - sus.
He'll bear the bur - den, He'll give you rest, No-bod - y loves like Je - sus.
Art wounded? lo, He can make you whole, No-bod - y loves like Je - sus.
O love, that suf-fered for you and me! No-bod - y loves like Je - sus.

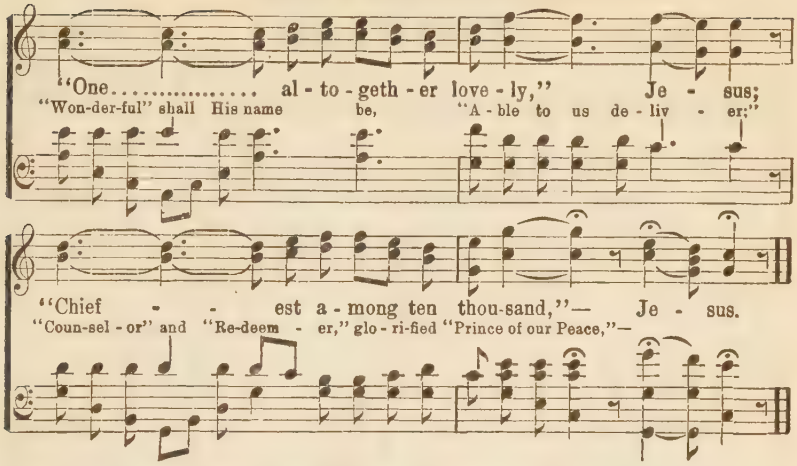
CHORUS.





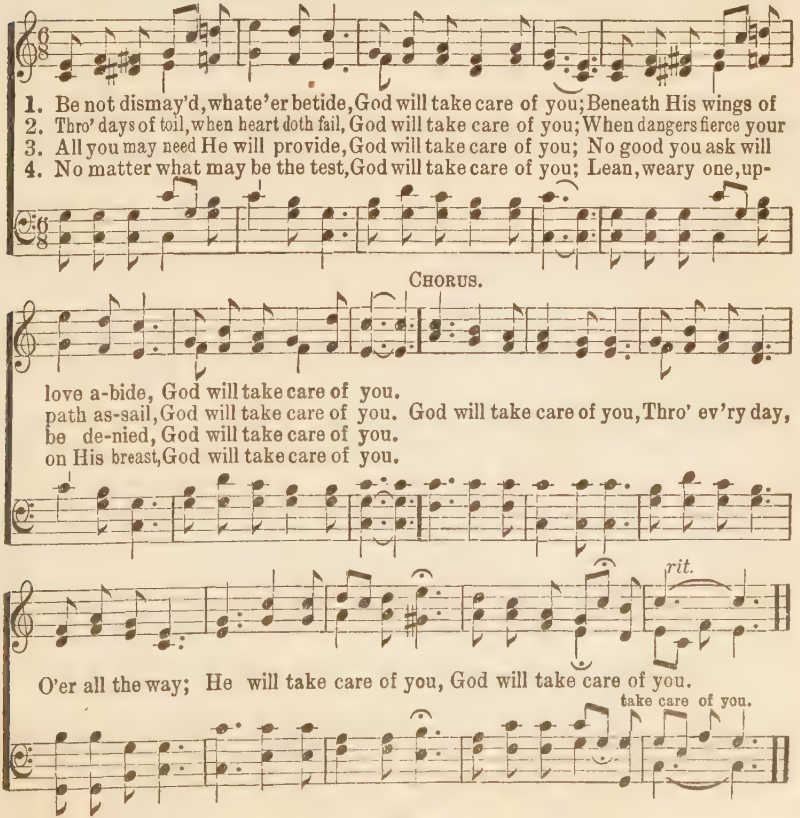
No. 14. "Chiefest Among Ten Thousand."

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus, "Chiefest a - mong ten thou-sand;" Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
2. Welcome! welcome! King of E - ter-ni - ty, wel - come! En - ter! en - ter!
3. Glo-rious, glo-rious, crown of our hope and re-joic-ing, Beau - ty, beau - ty,
gra-cious Re-deem - er Thou art, Yield - ing, yield - ing all of Thy
take un - di - vid - ed con - trol; Dy - ing, dy - ing, Thou our al-
fair "Rose of Shar - on" Thou art, Low - ly, low - ly, spot - less in
rit.
rich - es of glo - ry, Plead-ing to en - ter and dwell in my poor heart.
might - y Cre - a - tor! Mar - vel of mer - cy! Thy love hath won my soul.
earth's lowest val - ley, Lord of the lil - ies, Thy fragrance fills my heart.
CHORUS.
Beau - - - ti - ful "Rose of Shar - on," Je - sus;
"Chiefest a - mong ten thou - sand," "One al - to - geth - er love - ly;"
"Lil - - - y of the Val - ley," Je - sus;
Je-sus the "Friend" of help - less sin - ners, Cru - ci-fied "Lamb of God;"
sin - ners,

"Chiefest Among Ten Thousand."

"One..... al - to - geth - er love - ly," Je - sus;
"Won-der-ful" shall His name be, "A - ble to us de - liv - er;"
"Chief - - est a - mong ten thou-sand,"— Je - sus.
"Coun-sel - or" and "Re-deem - er," glo - ri-fied "Prince of our Peace,"—

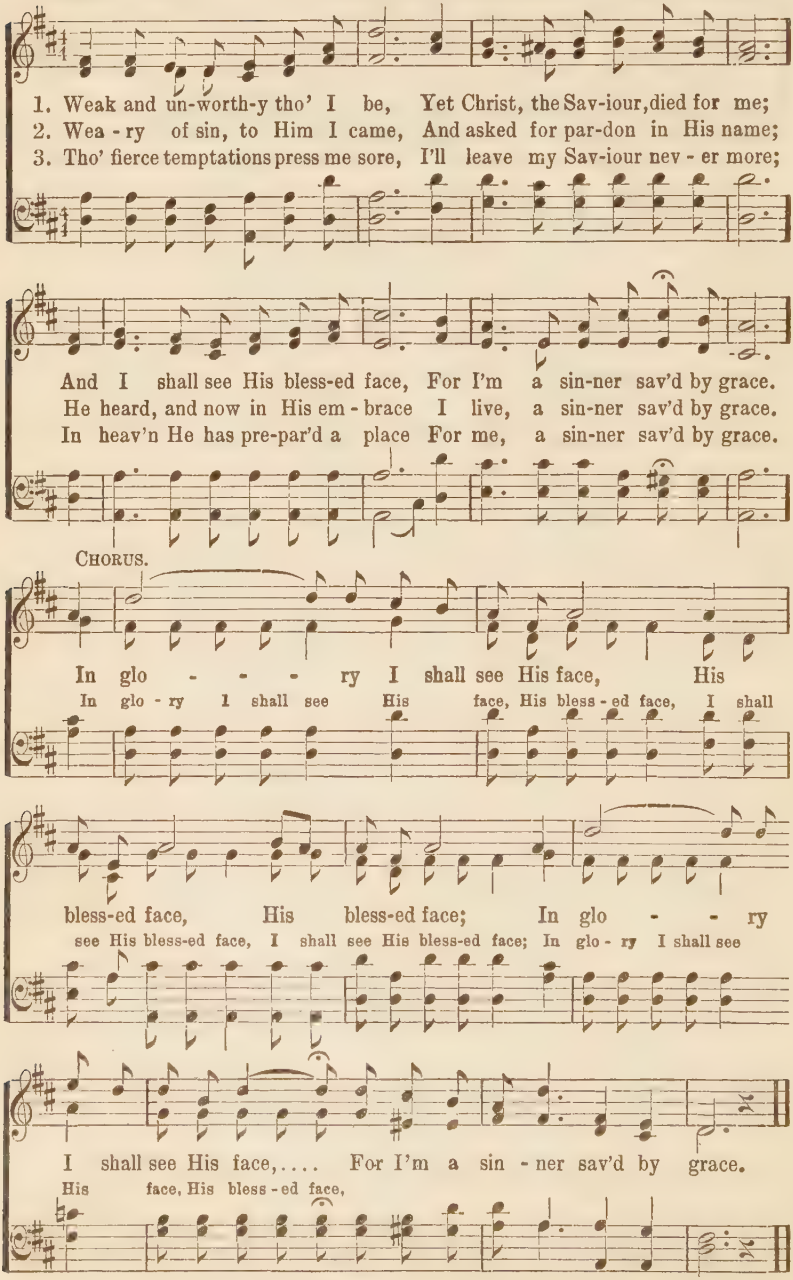
No. 15. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY JOHN A. DAVIS. USED BY PER. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dismay'd, whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you; No good you ask will
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-
CHORUS.
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.
rit.
O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

No. 16. A Sinner Saved by Grace.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

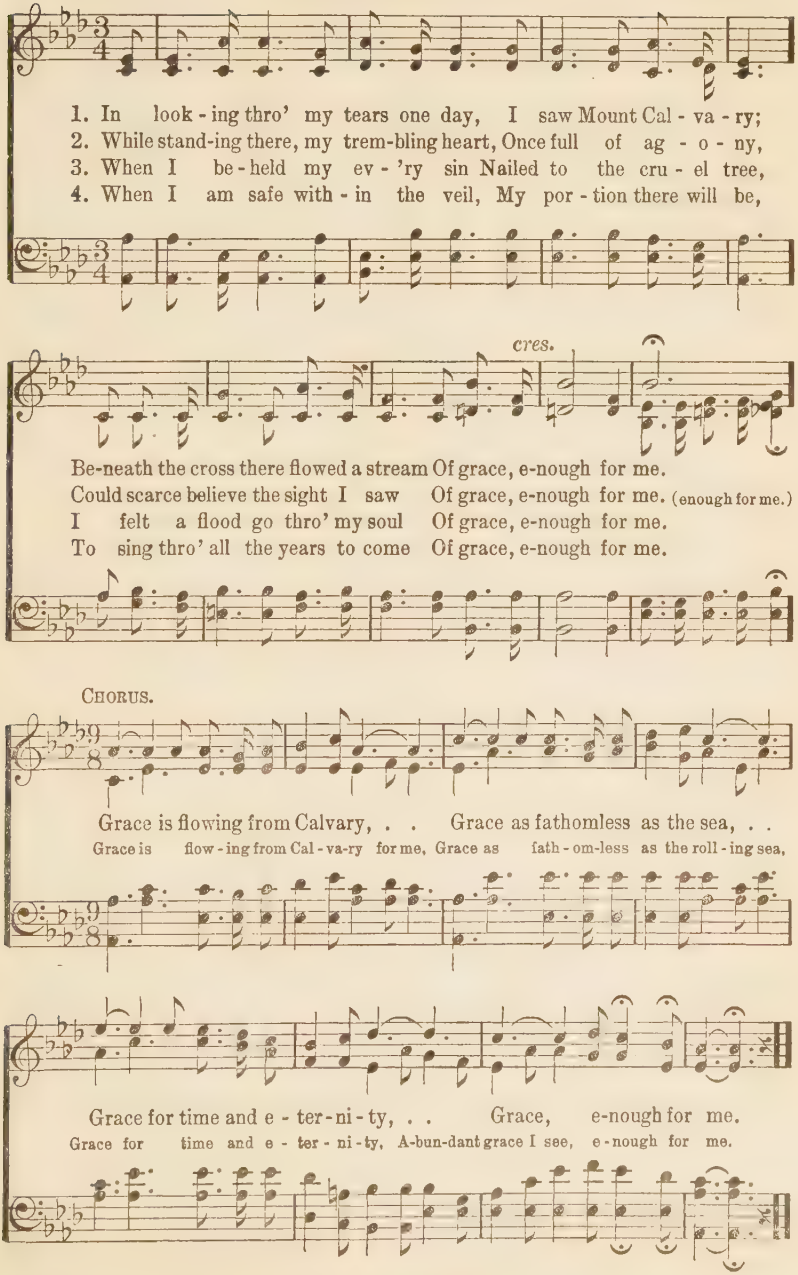
Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Weak and un-worth-y tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Sav-iour, died for me;
2. Wea-ry of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-iour nev-er more;
And I shall see His bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in His em-brace I live, a sin-ner sav'd by grace.
In heav'n He has pre-par'd a place For me, a sin-ner sav'd by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - - ry I shall see His face, His
In glo-ry I shall see His face, His bless-ed face, I shall
bless-ed face, His bless-ed face; In glo - - ry
see His bless-ed face, I shall see His bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see
I shall see His face,.... For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace.
His face, His bless-ed face,

No. 17. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E.O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

E. O. Excell.

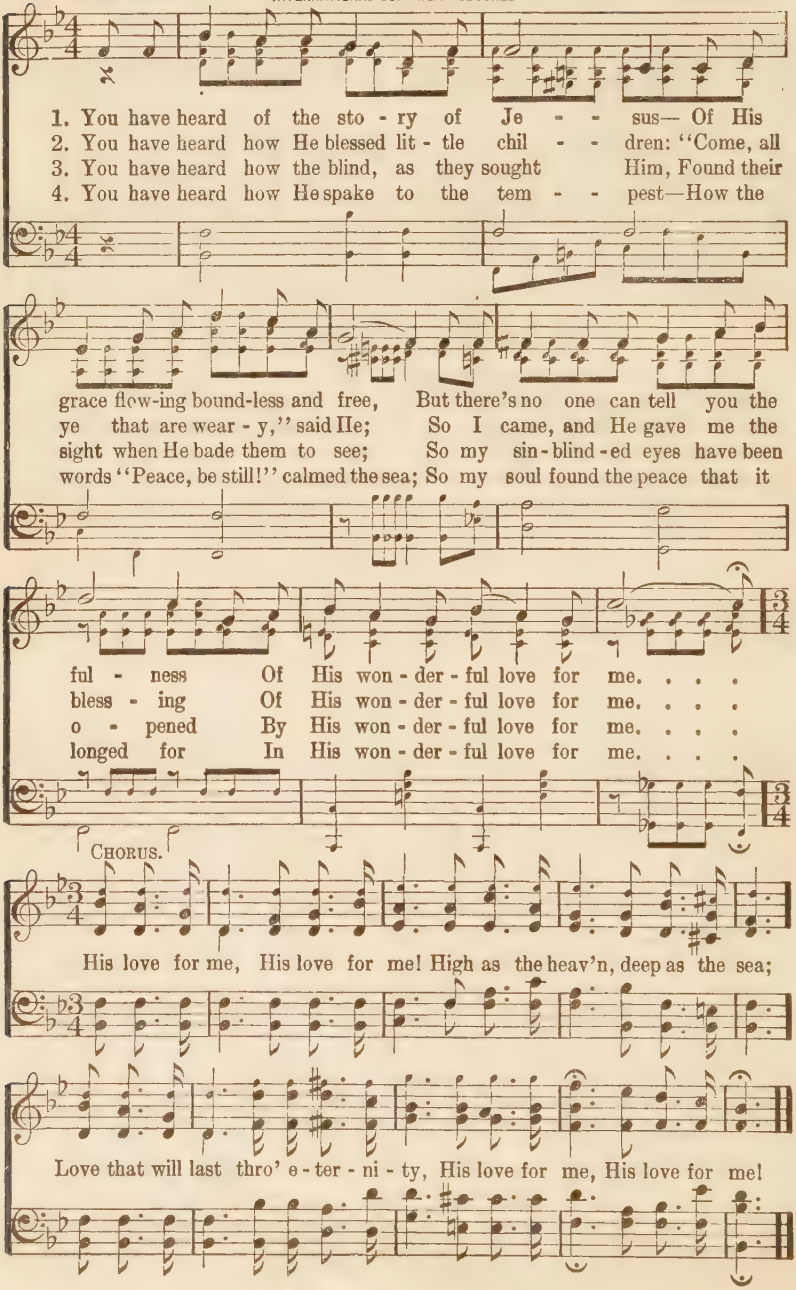

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,
cres.
Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.
CHORUS.
Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va-ry for me, Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 18.

His Love for Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren: "Come, all
3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest—How the
grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the
ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
sight when He bade them to see; So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been
words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it
ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
CHORUS.
His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

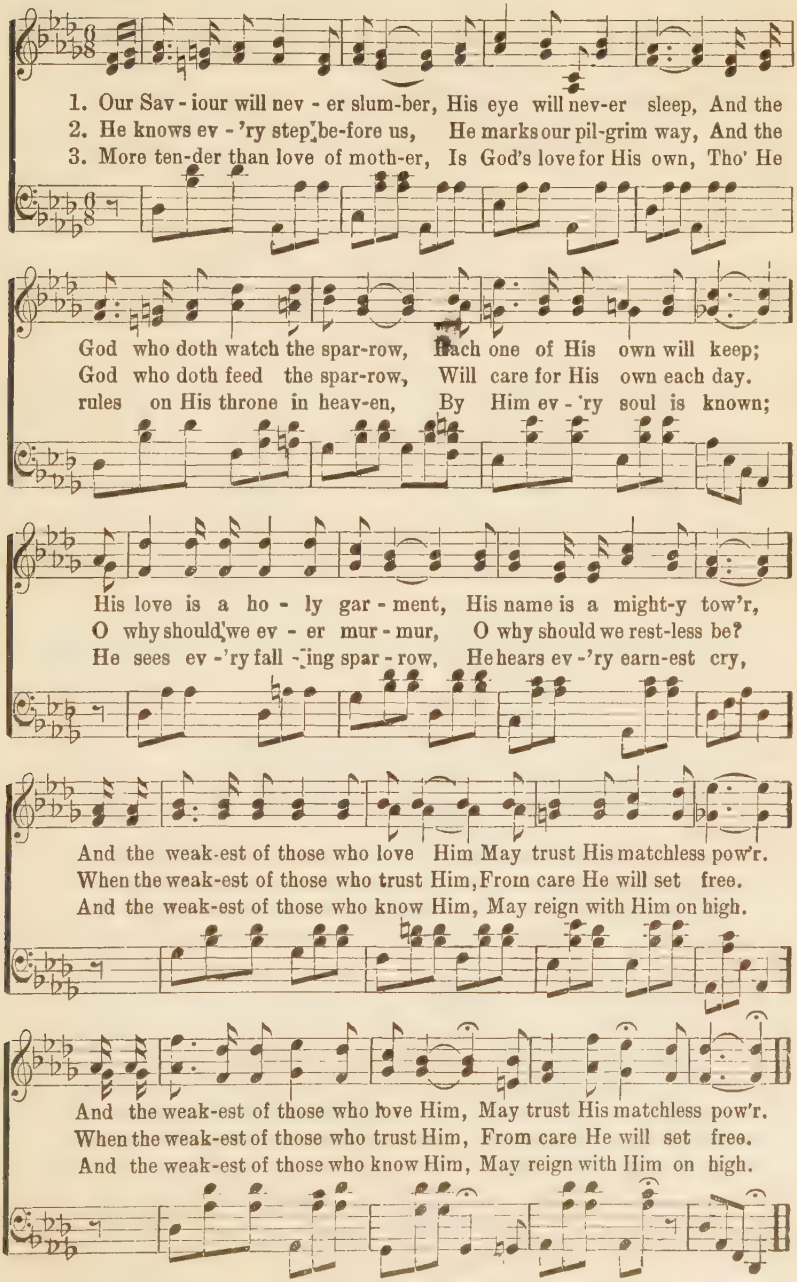
No. 19. His Watchful Eye.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

Andante moderato.

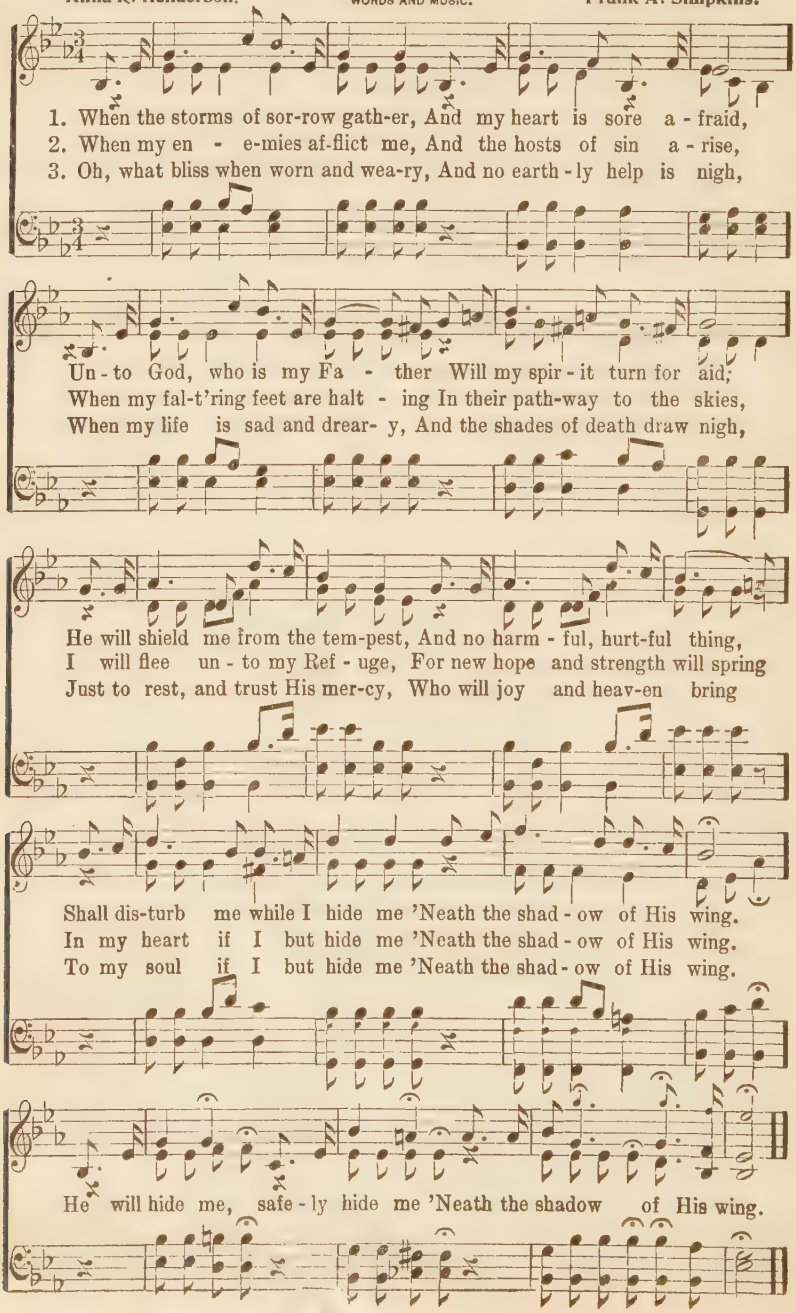
B. D. Ackley.


1. Our Sav - iour will nev - er slum-ber, His eye will nev-er sleep, And the
2. He knows ev - 'ry step be-fore us, He marks our pil-grim way, And the
3. More ten-der than love of moth-er, Is God's love for His own, Tho' He
God who doth watch the spar-row, Each one of His own will keep;
God who doth feed the spar-row, Will care for His own each day.
rules on His throne in heav-en, By Him ev - 'ry soul is known;
His love is a ho - ly gar - ment, His name is a might-y tow'r,
O why should we ev - er mur - mur, O why should we rest-less be?
He sees ev - 'ry fall - ing spar - row, He hears ev - 'ry earn-est cry,
And the weak-est of those who love Him May trust His matchless pow'r.
When the weak-est of those who trust Him, From care He will set free.
And the weak-est of those who know Him, May reign with Him on high.
And the weak-est of those who love Him, May trust His matchless pow'r.
When the weak-est of those who trust Him, From care He will set free.
And the weak-est of those who know Him, May reign with Him on high.

No. 20. 'Neath the Shadow of His Wings.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Anna R. Henderson. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

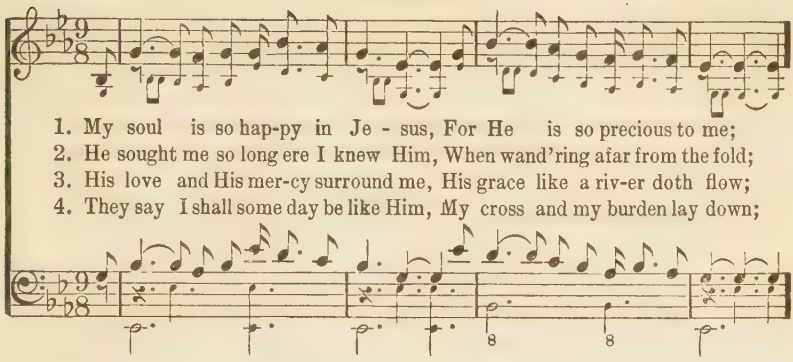

1. When the storms of sor-row gath-er, And my heart is sore a - fraid,
2. When my en - e-mies af-flict me, And the hosts of sin a - rise,
3. Oh, what bliss when worn and wea-ry, And no earth - ly help is nigh,
Un - to God, who is my Fa - ther Will my spir - it turn for aid;
When my fal-t'ring feet are halt - ing In their path-way to the skies,
When my life is sad and drear- y, And the shades of death draw nigh,
He will shield me from the tem-pest, And no harm - ful, hurt-ful thing,
I will flee un - to my Ref - uge, For new hope and strength will spring
Just to rest, and trust His mer-cy, Who will joy and heav-en bring
Shall dis-turb me while I hide me 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing.
In my heart if I but hide me 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing.
To my soul if I but hide me 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing.
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me 'Neath the shadow of His wing.

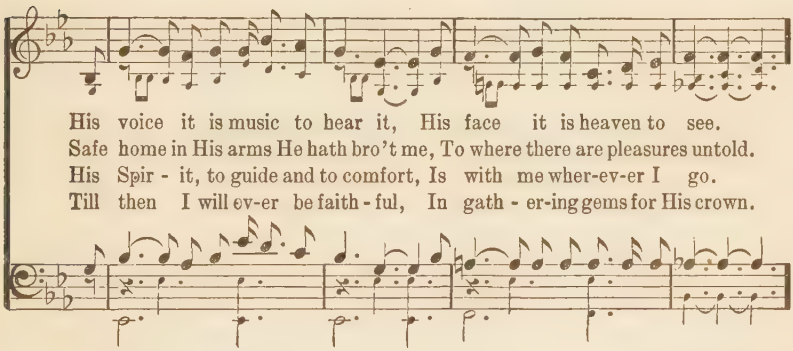
No. 21. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

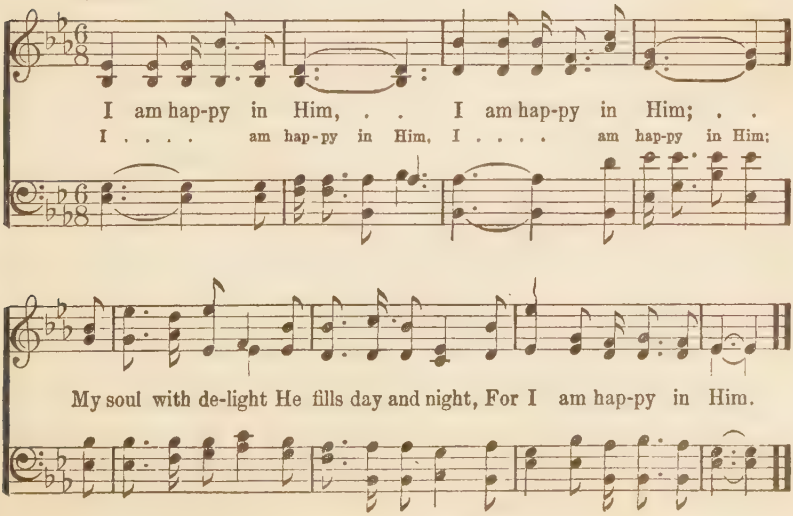
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

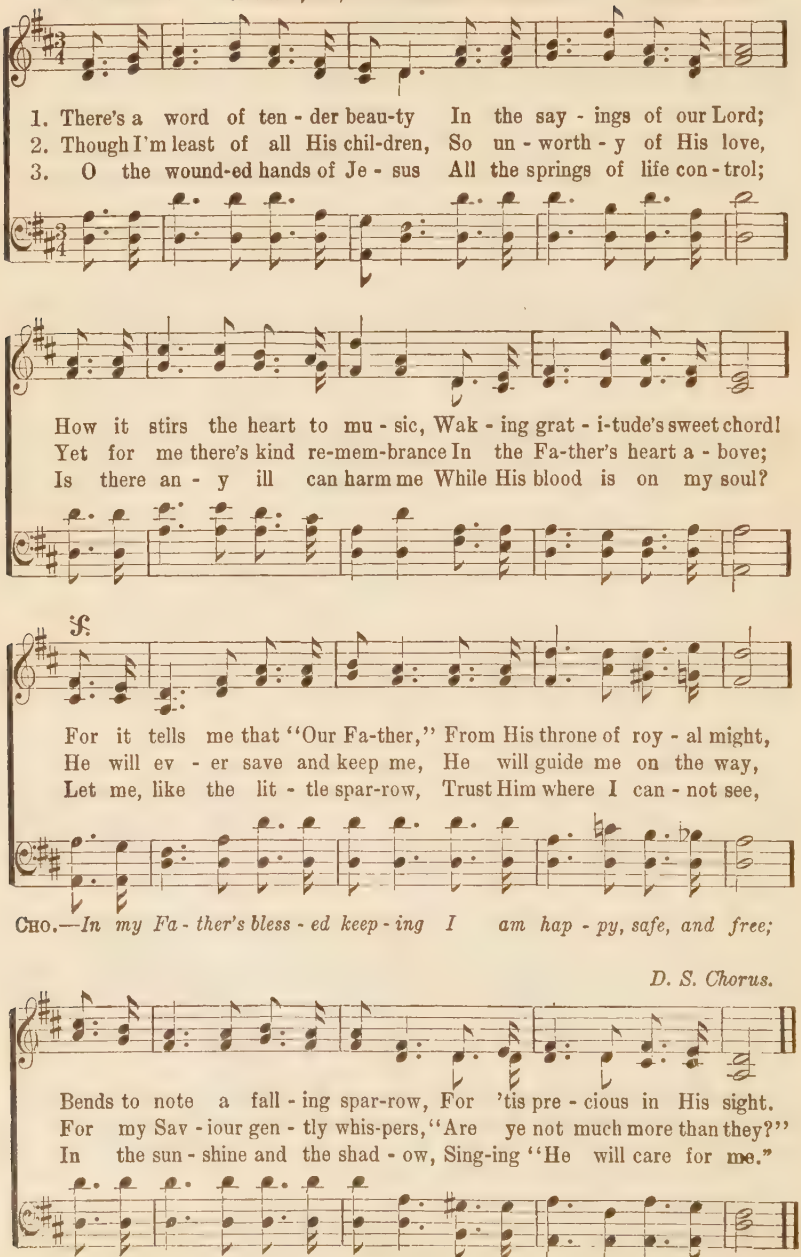

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.


I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 22. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER. H. L. Gilmour.

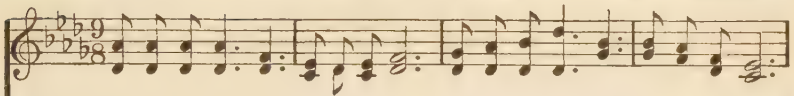

1. There's a word of ten - der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord;
2. Though I'm least of all His chil-dren, So un - worth - y of His love,
3. O the wound-ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol;
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i-tude's sweet chord!
Yet for me there's kind re-mem-brance In the Fa-ther's heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?
For it tells me that "Our Fa-ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can - not see,
Cho.—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;
D. S. Chorus.
Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gen - tly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."
While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.

No. 23. Just When I Need Him Most.

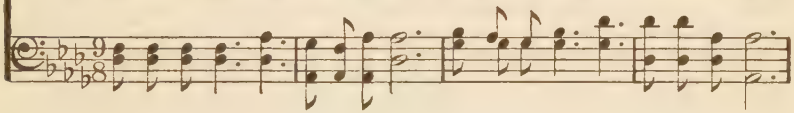
Rev. Wm. Pool.

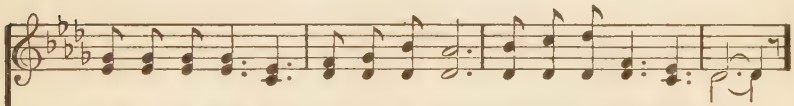
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

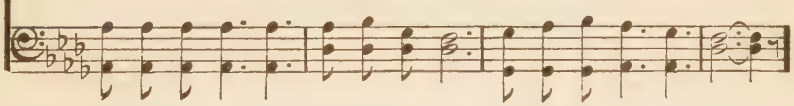


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

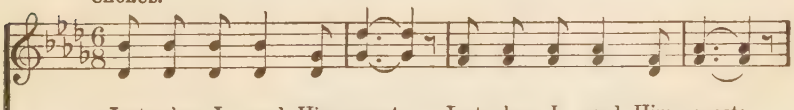


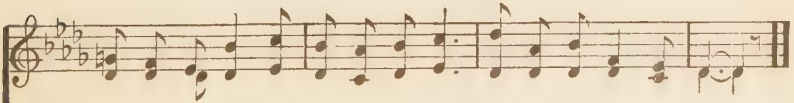


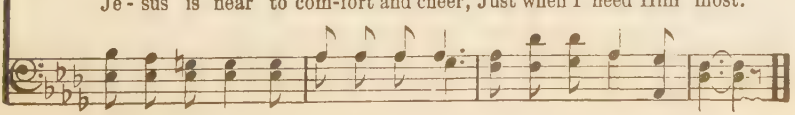
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

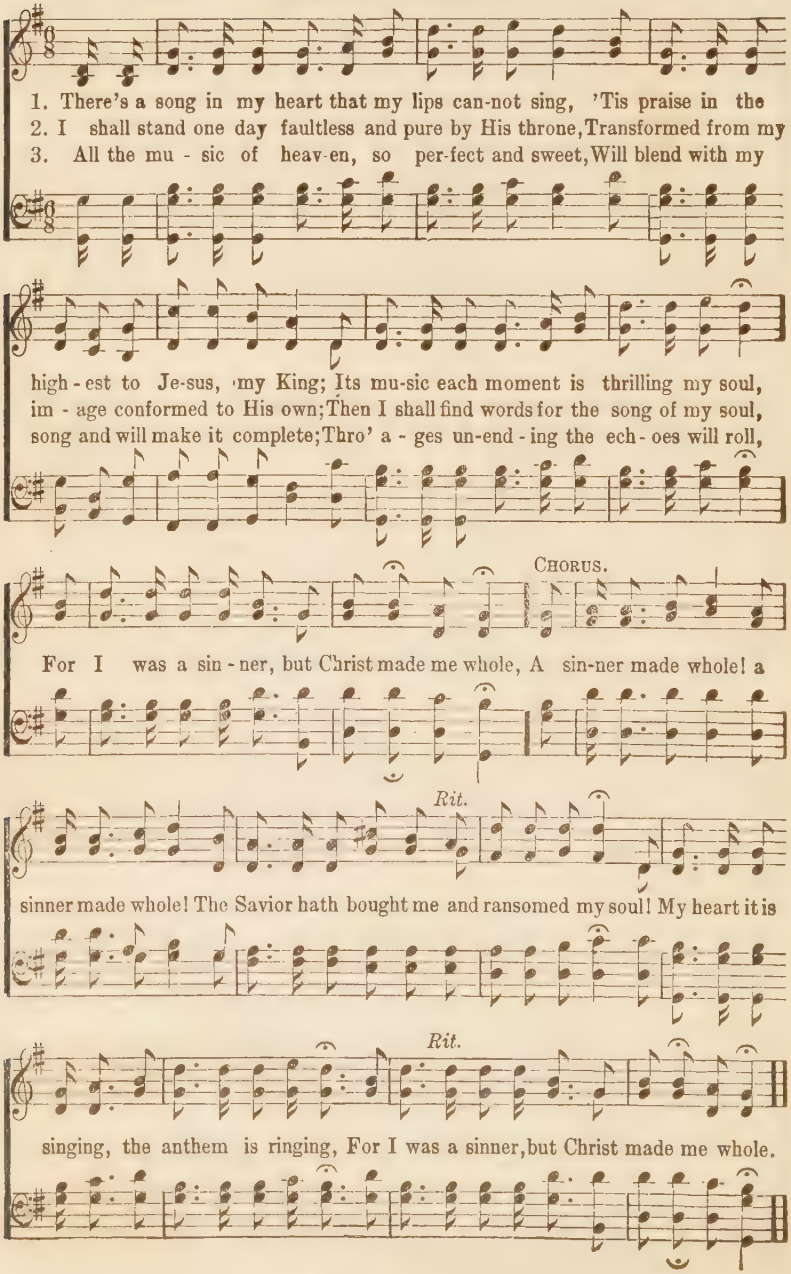


No. 24. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

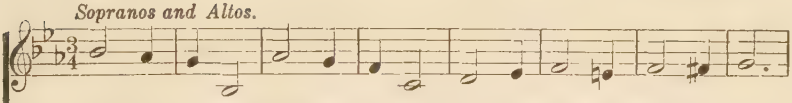
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my
high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,
CHORUS.
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin-ner made whole! a
Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is
Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

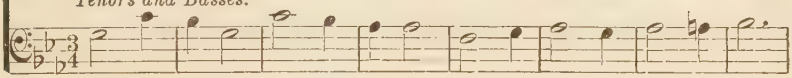
No. 25. Keep the Pages White.

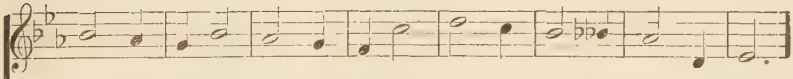
(Dedicated to my daughter, Linnie Louise Belden.)

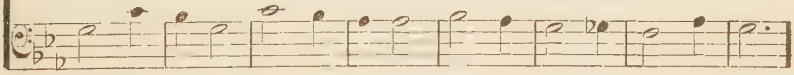
F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

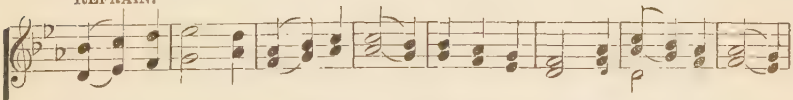
Sopranos and Altos.

1. Keep the pag - es white, dear Je - sus, From the blots that make thee weep;
2. Oft - en tho't-less, I have griev'd Thee; Oft for - got - ten I am Thine,
3. Thee I cher-ish, Word and Spir - it, Bread and Com-fort - er with - in;

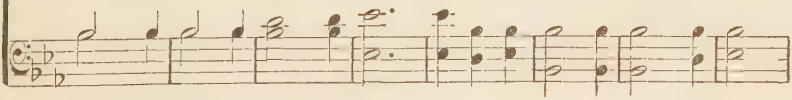
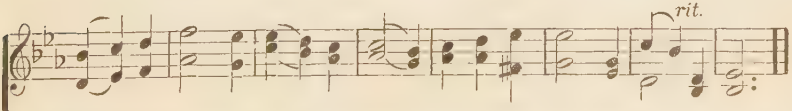
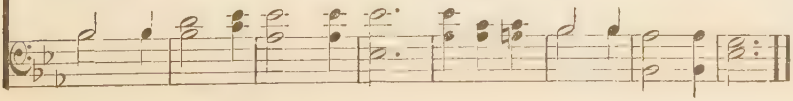
Tenors and Basses.



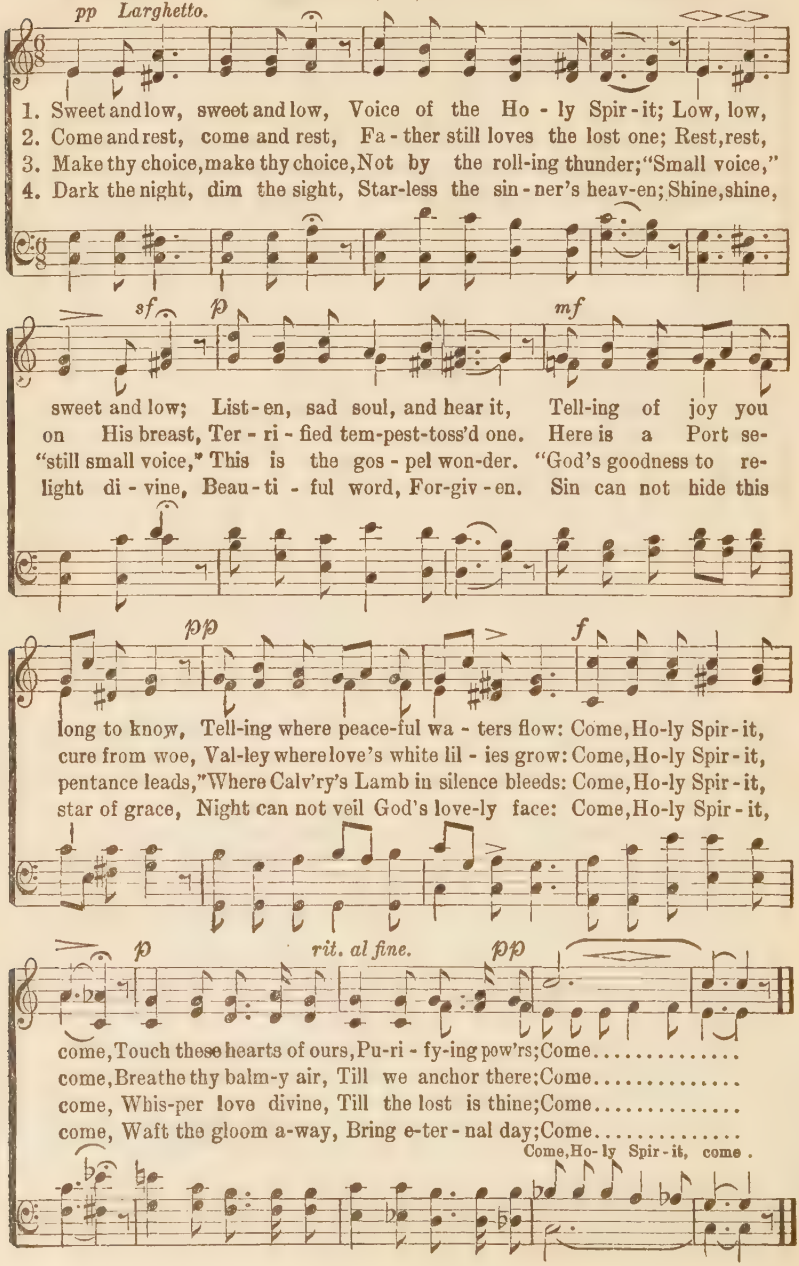


'Tis Thy wound-ed hand that frees us, A - ble both to cleanse and keep.
Dear - ly pur-chased on the cross-tree, Where Thy life was paid for mine.
Peace and glad-ness I in - her - it, Love for sin - ners, hate for sin.

REFRAIN.



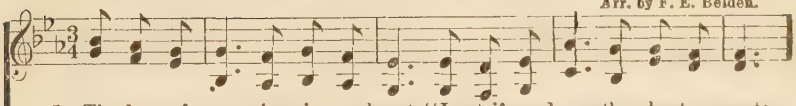
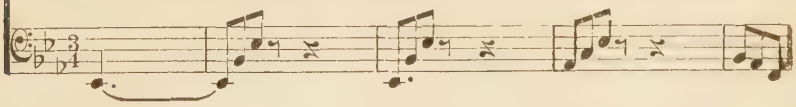
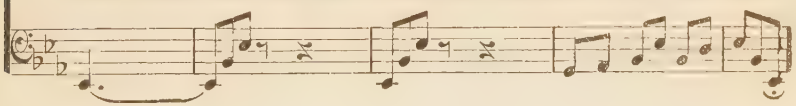
Thou hast washed me white as snow; Might-y Re-deem-er, keep me so;

Thine the cleansing, keep - ing pow'r, Moment by mo-ment, hour by hour.

No. 26. Sweet and Low.

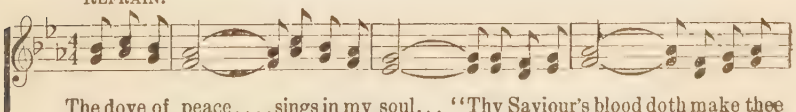
"And after the earthquake a fire: but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—1 Kings 19: 12.

F. E. Belden. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. J. Barnby. Arr.

pp Larghetto.
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Voice of the Ho - ly Spir - it; Low, low,
2. Come and rest, come and rest, Fa - ther still loves the lost one; Rest, rest,
3. Make thy choice, make thy choice, Not by the roll-ing thunder; "Small voice,"
4. Dark the night, dim the sight, Star-less the sin - ner's heav-en; Shine, shine,
sf p mf
sweet and low; List - en, sad soul, and hear it, Tell-ing of joy you
on His breast, Ter - ri - fied tem-pest-toss'd one. Here is a Port se-
"still small voice," This is the gos - pel won-der. "God's goodness to re-
light di - vine, Beau - ti - ful word, For-giv - en. Sin can not hide this
pp f
long to know, Tell-ing where peace-ful wa - ters flow: Come, Ho-ly Spir - it,
cure from woe, Val-ley where love's white lil - ies grow: Come, Ho-ly Spir - it,
pentance leads, "Where Calv'ry's Lamb in silence bleeds: Come, Ho-ly Spir - it,
star of grace, Night can not veil God's love-ly face: Come, Ho-ly Spir - it,
p rit. al fine. pp
come, Touch these hearts of ours, Pu-ri - fy-ing pow'rs; Come.....
come, Breathe thy balm-y air, Till we anchor there; Come.....
come, Whis-per love divine, Till the lost is thine; Come.....
come, Waft the gloom a-way, Bring e-ter - nal day; Come.....
Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come.

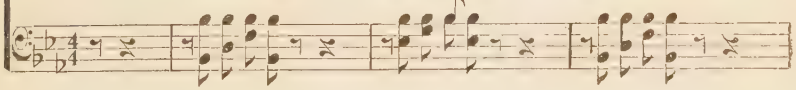
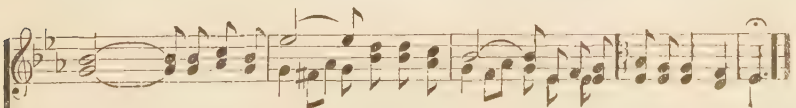
No. 27. The Dove of Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY FANNIE E. BOLTON.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN, OWNER.

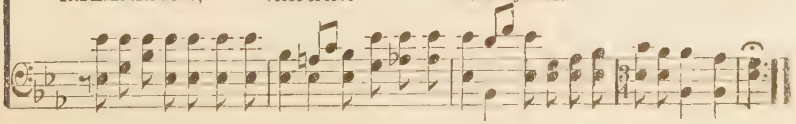
S. H. Bolton. Fannie E. Bolton.
Arr. by F. E. Belden.

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part;
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel - o - dy he brings;
3. O gen-tle voice of Je - sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a - bove,
4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de - part, But keep his home with-in my heart;
5. O would'st thou hear the dove with-in? Let Je-sus cleanse thy heart from sin:

Thy place a - mong the hosts of wrong Is but to ech-o love's sweet song."
He tells of my soon-com-ing King, Of prais - es that the an - gels sing.
And thro' the sor - row and the wrong O'erflows the soul with ten-der song.
E'en when I rise to worlds a - bove, I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove.
Then in sweet meas-ures from a - bove Hear thou the mu - sic of His love.

REFRAIN.



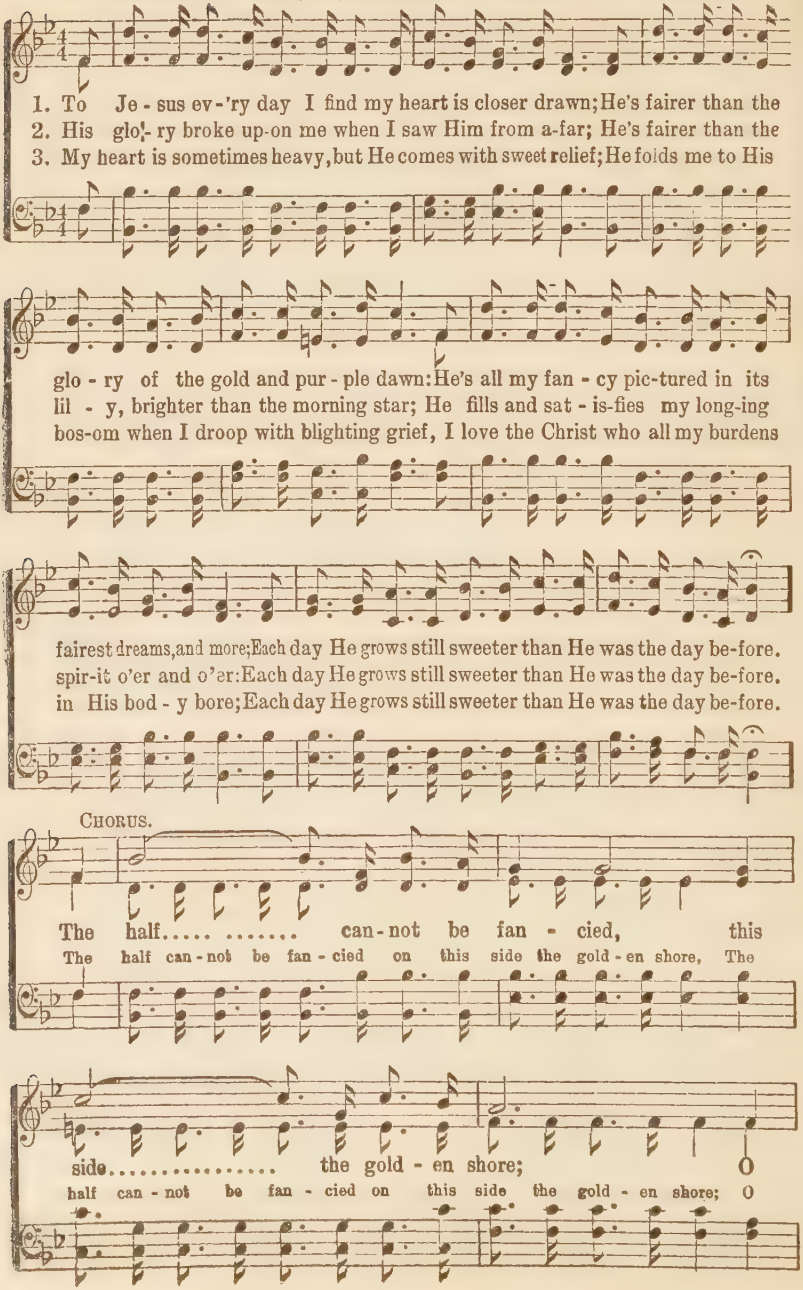
The dove of peace.... sings in my soul,.. "Thy Saviour's blood doth make thee
The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood



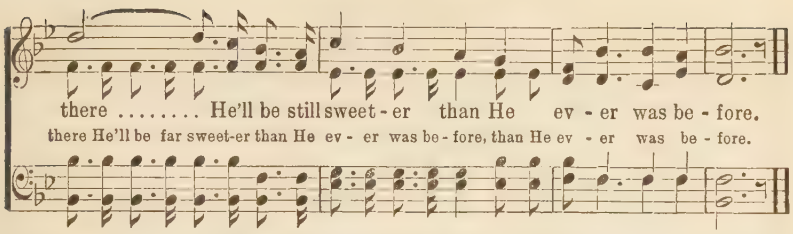
whole;".. The Spirit's voice.. like wooing dove, Sings of my Saviour's deathless love.
doth make thee whole;" voice of love heav'nly dove.



No. 28. Still Sweeter Every Day.

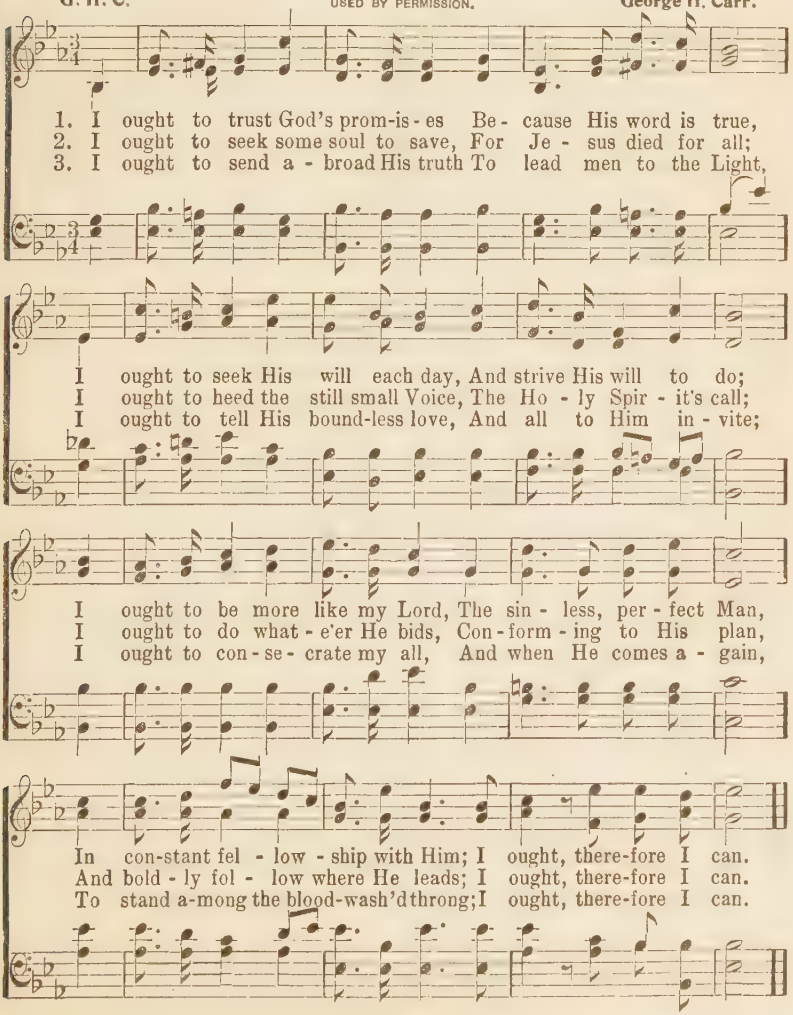
W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER. C. Austin Miles.

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the
2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a-far; He's fairer than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His
glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn: He's all my fan - cy pic-tured in its
lil - y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat - is-fies my long-ing
bos-om when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my burdens
fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
spir-it o'er and o'er: Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
CHORUS.
The half..... ..... can-not be fan - cied, this
The half can-not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The
side..... the gold - en shore; O
half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O

Still Sweeter Every Day.


there ..... He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.
there He'll be far sweet-er than He ev - er was be - fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.

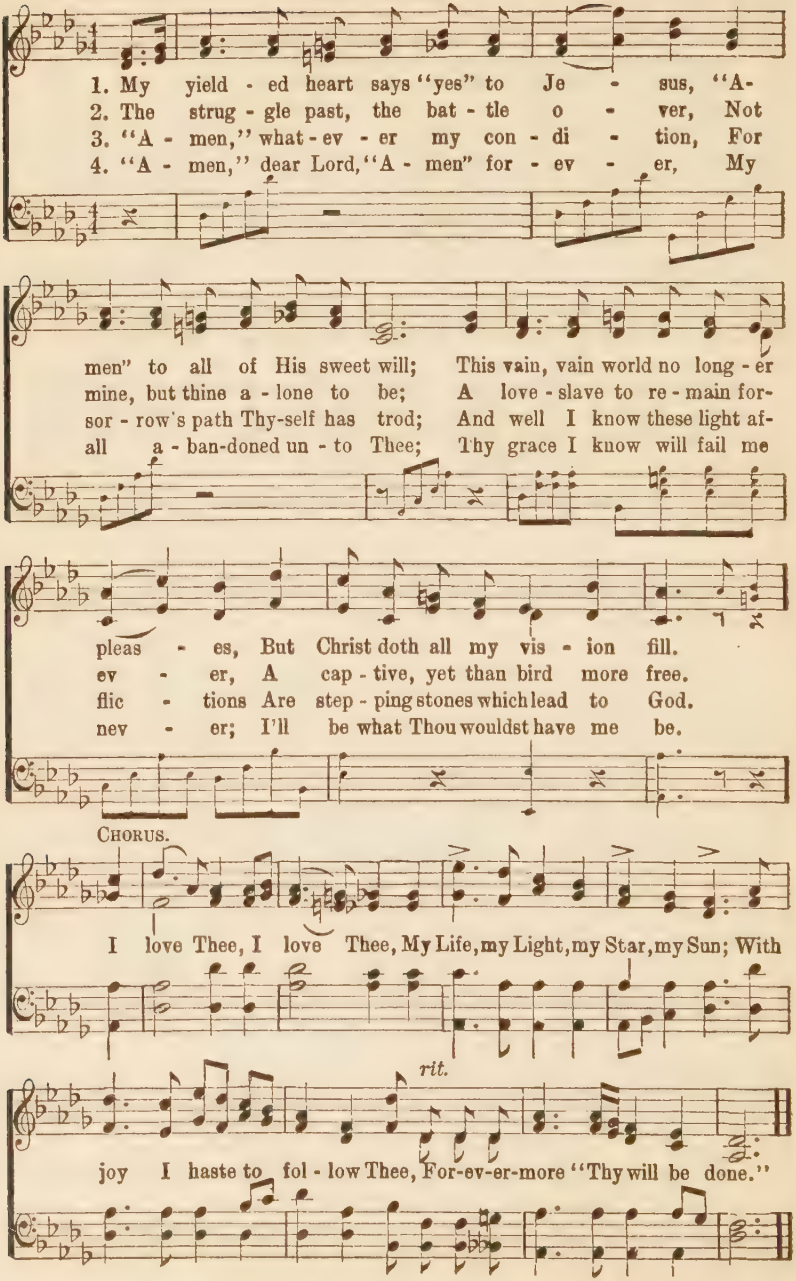
No. 29. I Ought, Therefore I Can.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY EVANGELIST JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

G. H. C. George H. Carr.

1. I ought to trust God's prom-is-es Be- cause His word is true,
2. I ought to seek some soul to save, For Je - sus died for all;
3. I ought to send a - broad His truth To lead men to the Light,
I ought to seek His will each day, And strive His will to do;
I ought to heed the still small Voice, The Ho - ly Spir - it's call;
I ought to tell His bound-less love, And all to Him in - vite;
I ought to be more like my Lord, The sin - less, per - fect Man,
I ought to do what - e'er He bids, Con - form - ing to His plan,
I ought to con - se - crate my all, And when He comes a - gain,
In con-stant fel - low - ship with Him; I ought, there-fore I can.
And bold - ly fol - low where He leads; I ought, there-fore I can.
To stand a-mong the blood-wash'd throng; I ought, there-fore I can.

No. 30. "Amen" to Jesus.

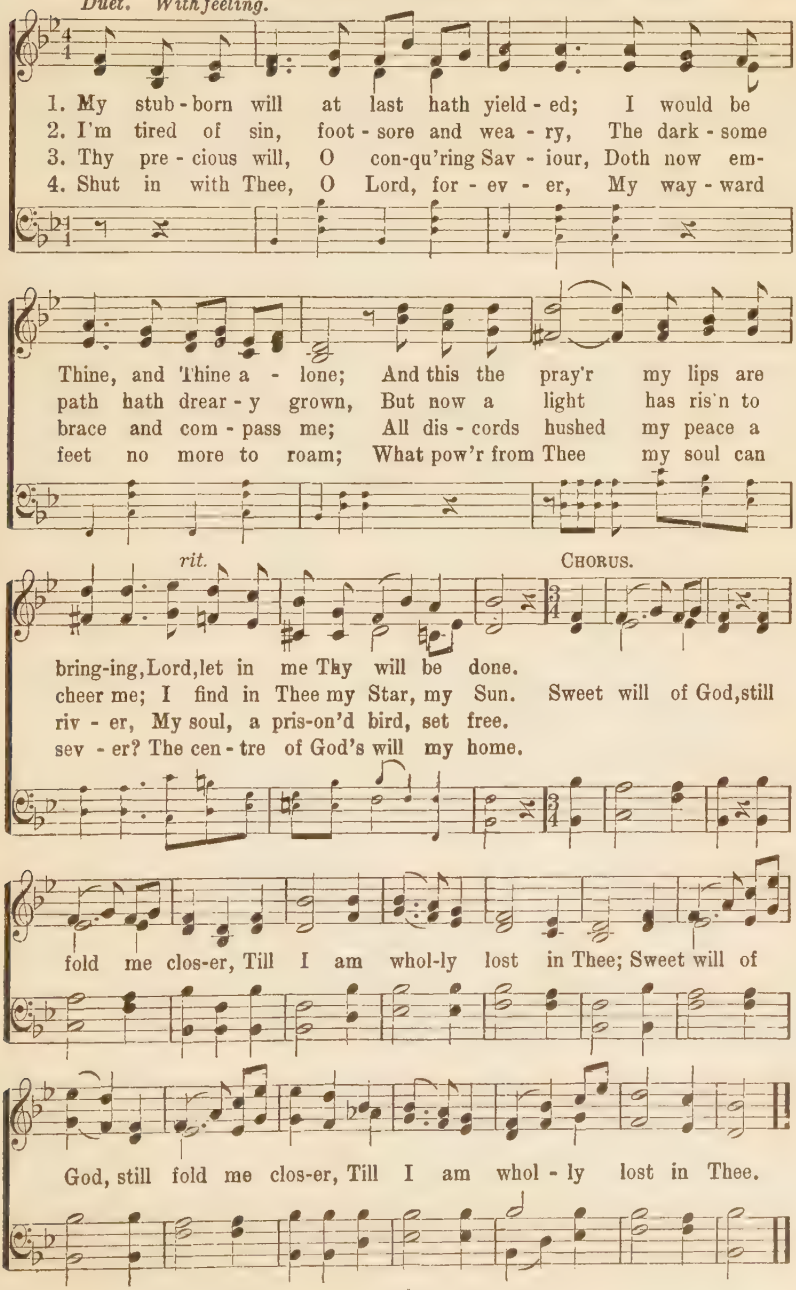
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY HENRY DATE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My yield - ed heart says "yes" to Je - sus, "A-
men" to all of His sweet will; This vain, vain world no long - er
pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vis - ion fill.
2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
mine, but thine a - lone to be; A love - slave to re - main for-
ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
3. "A - men," what - ev - er my con - di - tion, For
sor - row's path Thy-self has trod; And well I know these light af-
flic - tions Are step - ping stones which lead to God.
4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A - men" for - ev - er, My
all a - ban-doned un - to Thee; Thy grace I know will fail me
nev - er; I'll be what Thou wouldst have me be.
CHORUS.
I love Thee, I love Thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; With
rit.
joy I haste to fol - low Thee, For-ev-er-more "Thy will be done."

No. 31. Sweet Will of God.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Duet. With feeling.


1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark - some
3. Thy pre - cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em-
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward
Thine, and Thine a - lone; And this the pray'r my lips are
path hath drear - y grown, But now a light has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can
rit.
CHORUS.
bring-ing, Lord, let in me Thy will be done.
cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
riv - er, My soul, a pris-on'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen - tre of God's will my home.
fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of
God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

No. 32. My Father Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close,

But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O Faithful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

He knows, He knows, My Fa - ther knows.

I'm sure He knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He knows

I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose:

He knows, He knows, And tem-pers ev-'ry wind that blows.

My Fa-ther knows. I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 33. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 34. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-

ev-er was told; . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

rit.

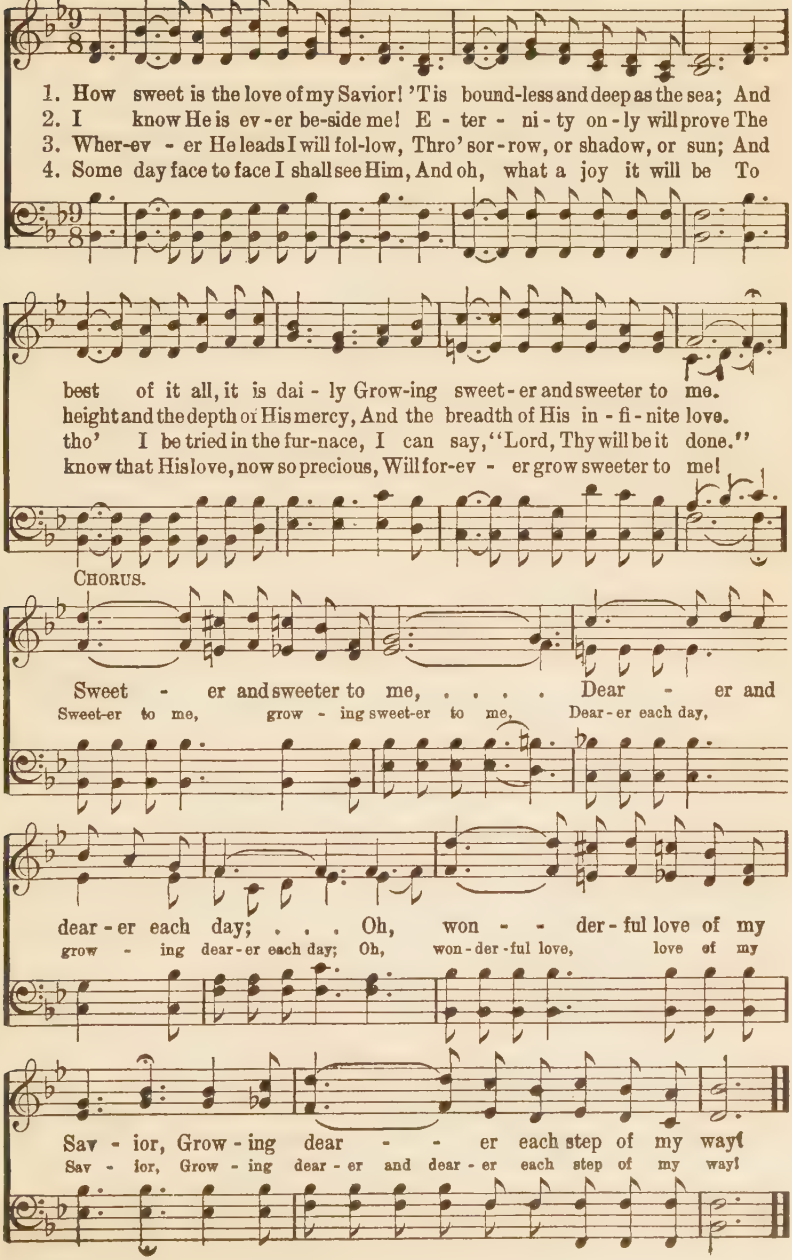
sto-ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 35. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

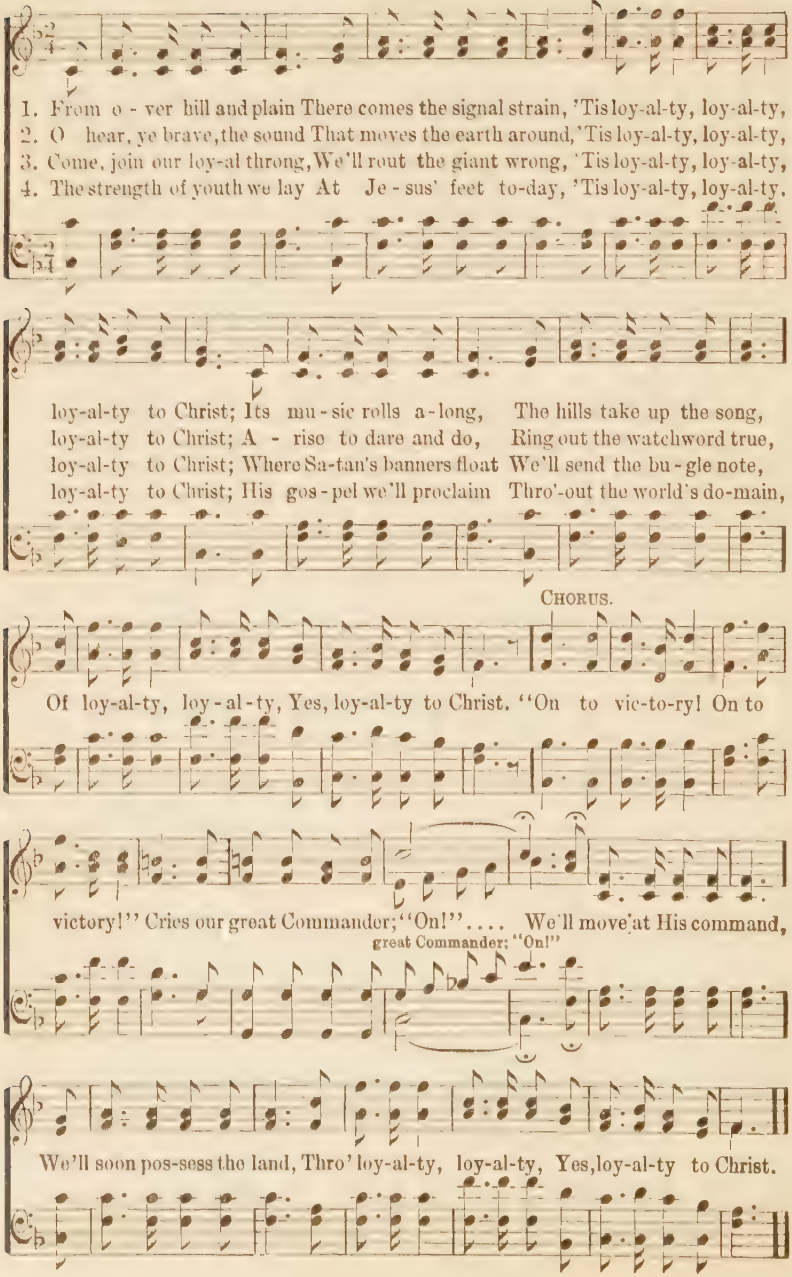
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

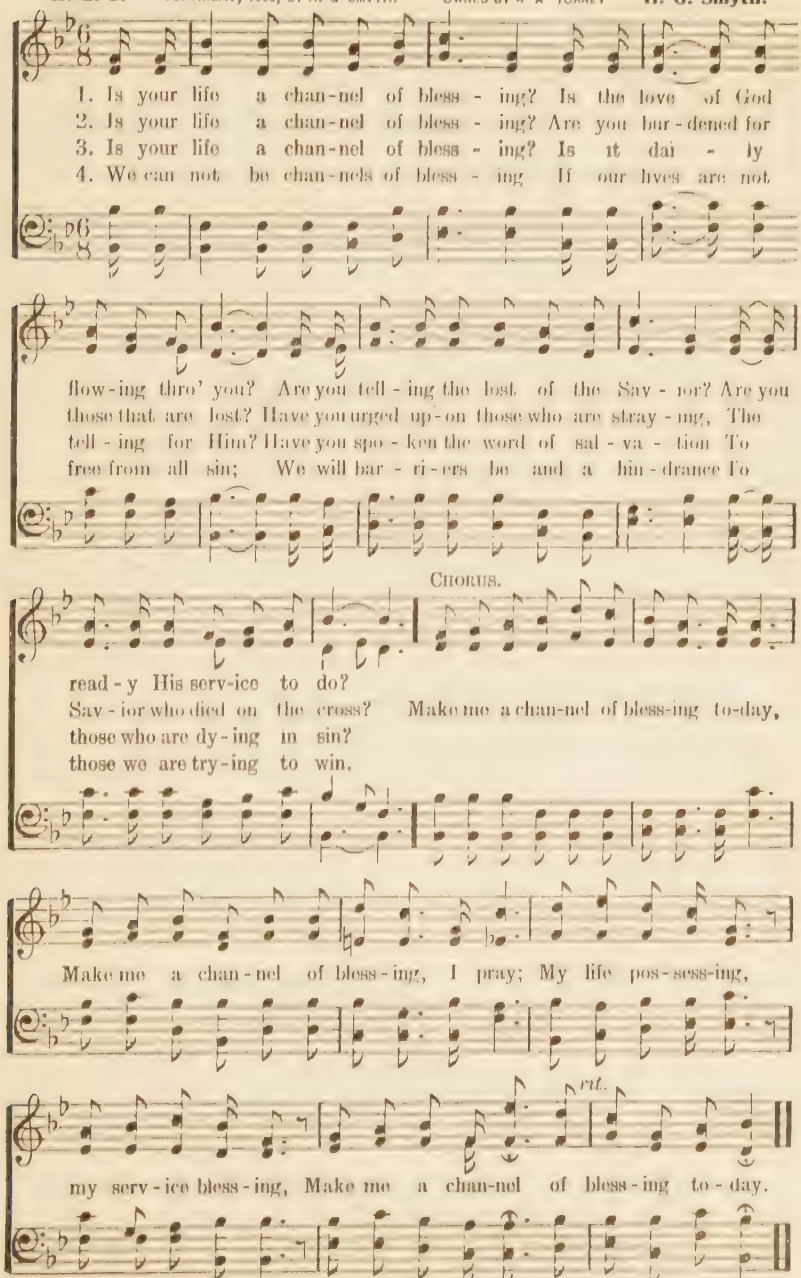
No. 36. Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander: "On!"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 37. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

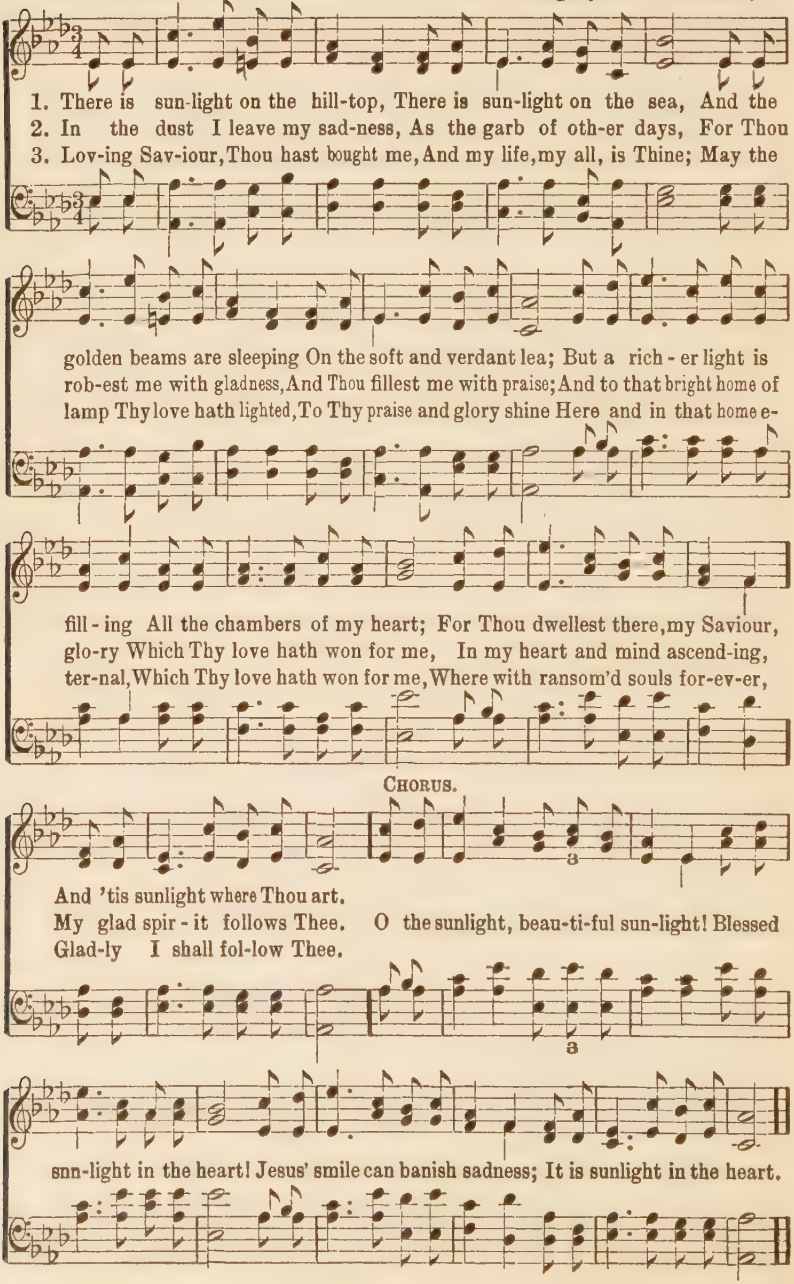
H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY H. G. Smyth.


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you read - y His serv-ice to do?
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To those who are dy - ing in sin?
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin; We will bar - ri-ers be and a hin - drance To those we are try-ing to win.
Chorus.
Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.
rit.

No. 38. Sunlight in the Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

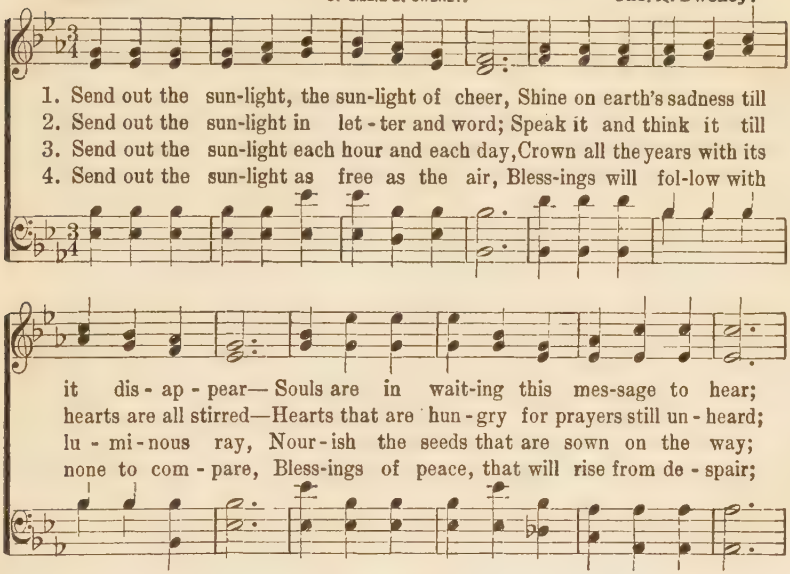
M. T. H. and F. E. B. M. T. Haughey and F. E. Belden.


1. There is sun-light on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the
2. In the dust I leave my sad-ness, As the garb of oth-er days, For Thou
3. Lov-ing Sav-iour, Thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is Thine; May the
golden beams are sleeping On the soft and verdant lea; But a rich-er light is
rob-est me with gladness, And Thou fillest me with praise; And to that bright home of
lamp Thy love hath lighted, To Thy praise and glory shine Here and in that home e-
fill-ing All the chambers of my heart; For Thou dwellest there, my Saviour,
glo-ry Which Thy love hath won for me, In my heart and mind ascend-ing,
ter-nal, Which Thy love hath won for me, Where with ransom'd souls for-ev-er,
CHORUS.
And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.
My glad spir-it follows Thee. O the sunlight, beau-ti-ful sun-light! Blessed
Glad-ly I shall fol-low Thee.
sun-light in the heart! Jesus' smile can banish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

No. 39. Send Out the Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PER. OF LIZZIE E. SWENEY.

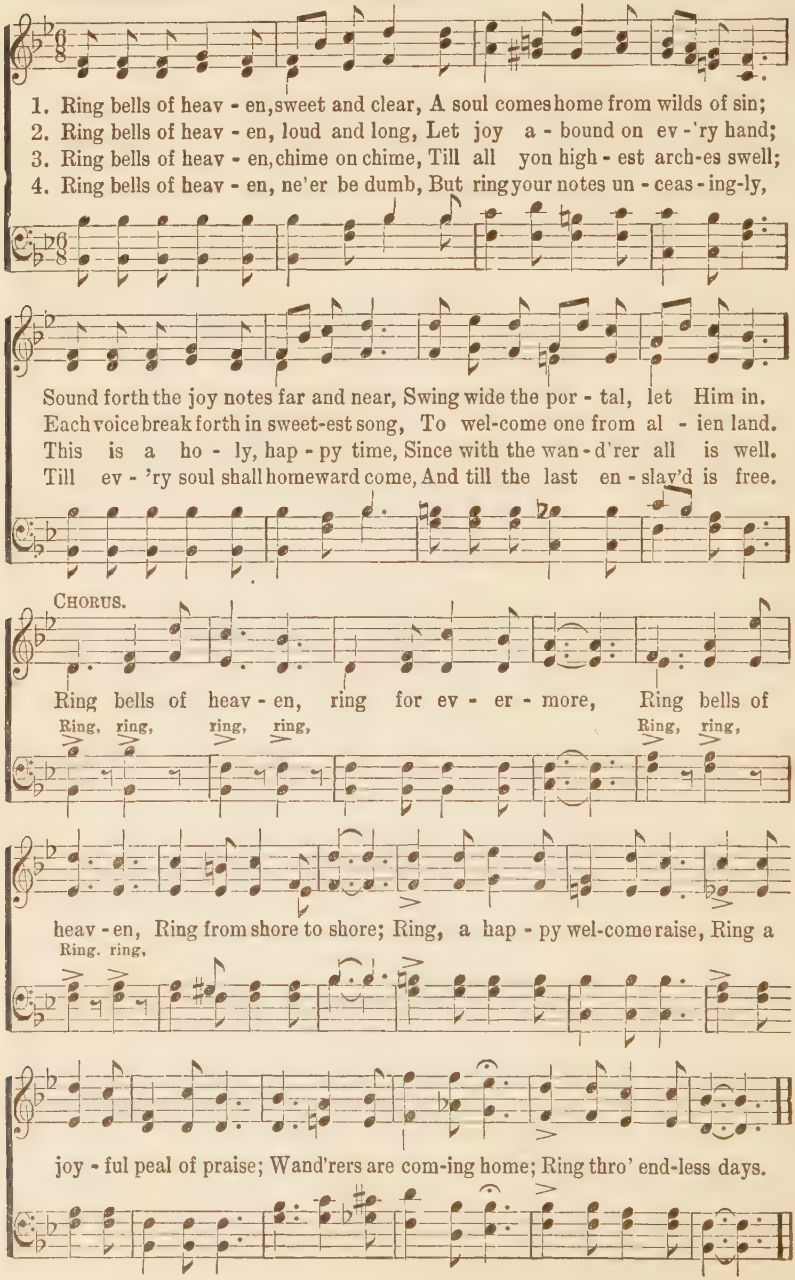
Ellen Dare. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Send out the sun-light, the sun-light of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
2. Send out the sun-light in let-ter and word; Speak it and think it till
3. Send out the sun-light each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its
4. Send out the sun-light as free as the air, Bless-ings will fol-low with
it dis-ap-pear— Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear;
hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for prayers still un-heard;
lu-mi-nous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way;
none to com-pare, Bless-ings of peace, that will rise from de-spair;
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love,.....
the sunlight of love,
Send out the sun-light of love,..... Send out the sun-light,
the sun-light of love,
Send out the sun-light, Send out the sun-light of love.....
the sunlight of love.

No. 40. Ring Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

John R. Clements. Stillman Martin.


1. Ring bells of heav - en, sweet and clear, A soul comes home from wilds of sin;
2. Ring bells of heav - en, loud and long, Let joy a - bound on ev - 'ry hand;
3. Ring bells of heav - en, chime on chime, Till all yon high - est arch-es swell;
4. Ring bells of heav - en, ne'er be dumb, But ring your notes un - ceas - ing-ly,
Sound forth the joy notes far and near, Swing wide the por - tal, let Him in.
Each voice break forth in sweet-est song, To wel-come one from al - ien land.
This is a ho - ly, hap - py time, Since with the wan - d'rer all is well.
Till ev - 'ry soul shall homeward come, And till the last en - slav'd is free.
CHORUS.
Ring bells of heav - en, ring for ev - er - more, Ring bells of
Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring,
heav - en, Ring from shore to shore; Ring, a hap - py wel-come raise, Ring a
Ring, ring,
joy - ful peal of praise; Wand'rers are com-ing home; Ring thro' end-less days.

No. 41. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

FINE.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert*

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy

in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

D. S.

No. 42. A Wonderful Gift is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY EVANGELISTS DAVIS & MILLS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. M. F. A. Mills.

1. A won - der-ful gift is Je - sus, Our ran - som, from heav-en a-
2. A won - der-ful gift is Je - sus, Thro' Him is sal - va - tion at-
3. A won - der-ful gift is Je - sus, My heart o - ver-flows with His
4. A won - der-ful gift is Je - sus, E'en when my life-path-way is

bove; Who came down from our God's cherished pres - ence, A
tained; And He says if we first seek His king - dom, Tru - ly
songs, But my voice can sug - gest but a shad - ow Of the
dim; Not a trou - ble or heart-ache can move me; I have

CHORUS.

to - ken of in - fi - nite love.
all things en - dur - ing are gained. A won - der - ful gift is
glo - ry that to Him be - longs.
vic - to - ry rest - ing in Him.

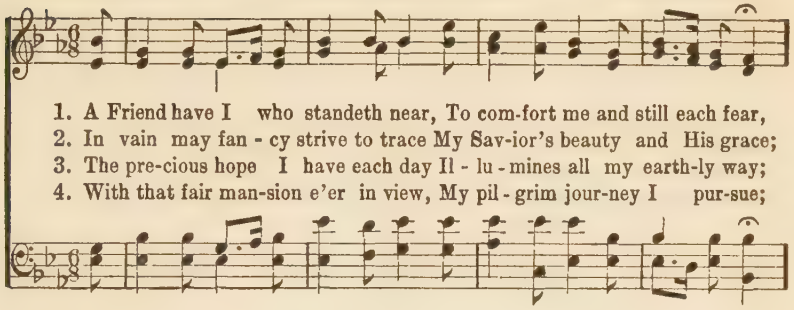
Je - sus, A won - der-ful gift is Je - sus; Earth's val-ues grow dim,

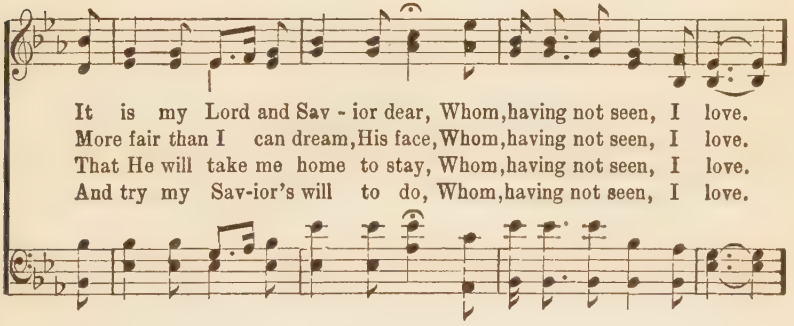
They are all lost in Him, A won - der - ful gift is Je - sus.

No. 43. Whom Having Not Seen I Love.

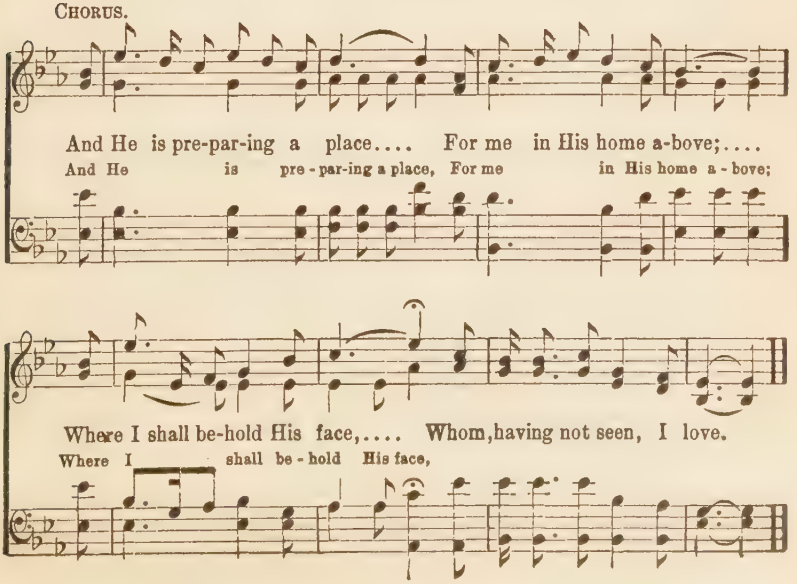
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

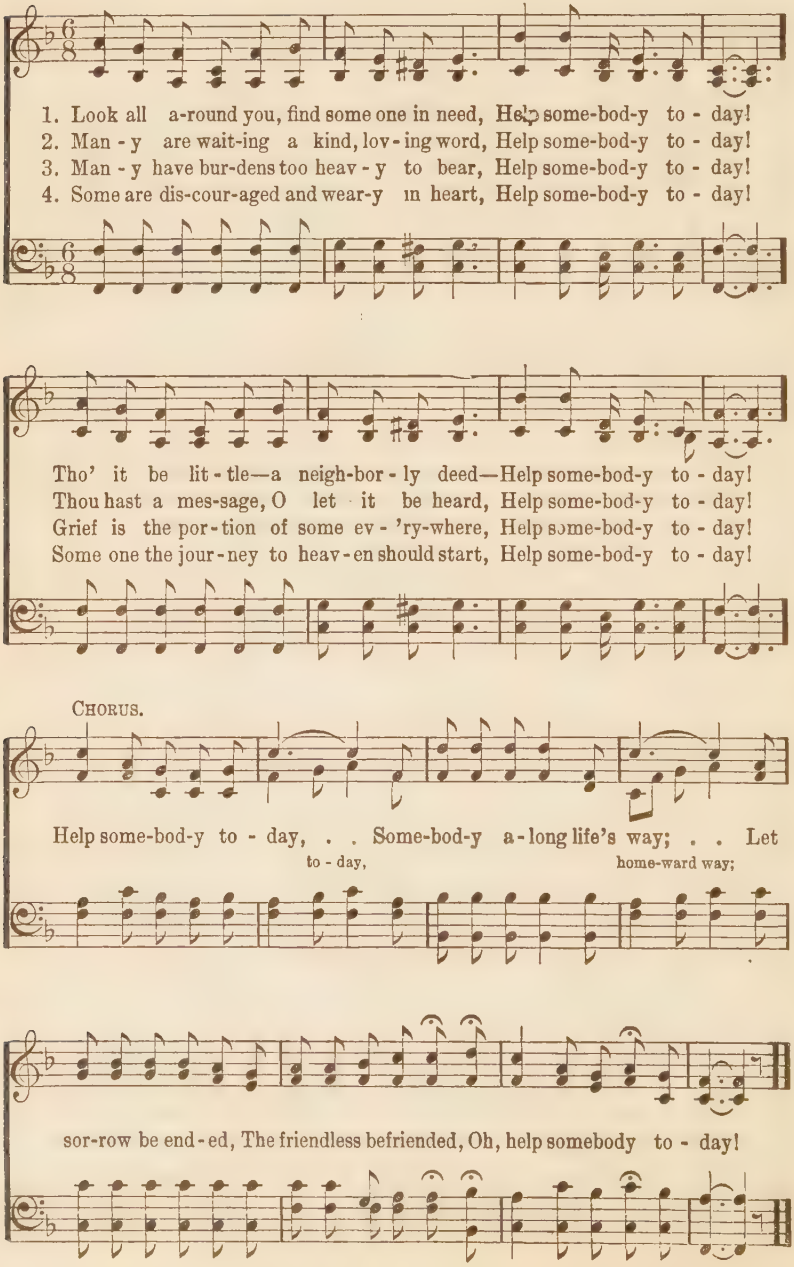

1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan - cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il - lu - mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil - grim jour-ney I pur-sue;


It is my Lord and Sav - ior dear, Whom, having not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, having not seen, I love.

CHORUS.

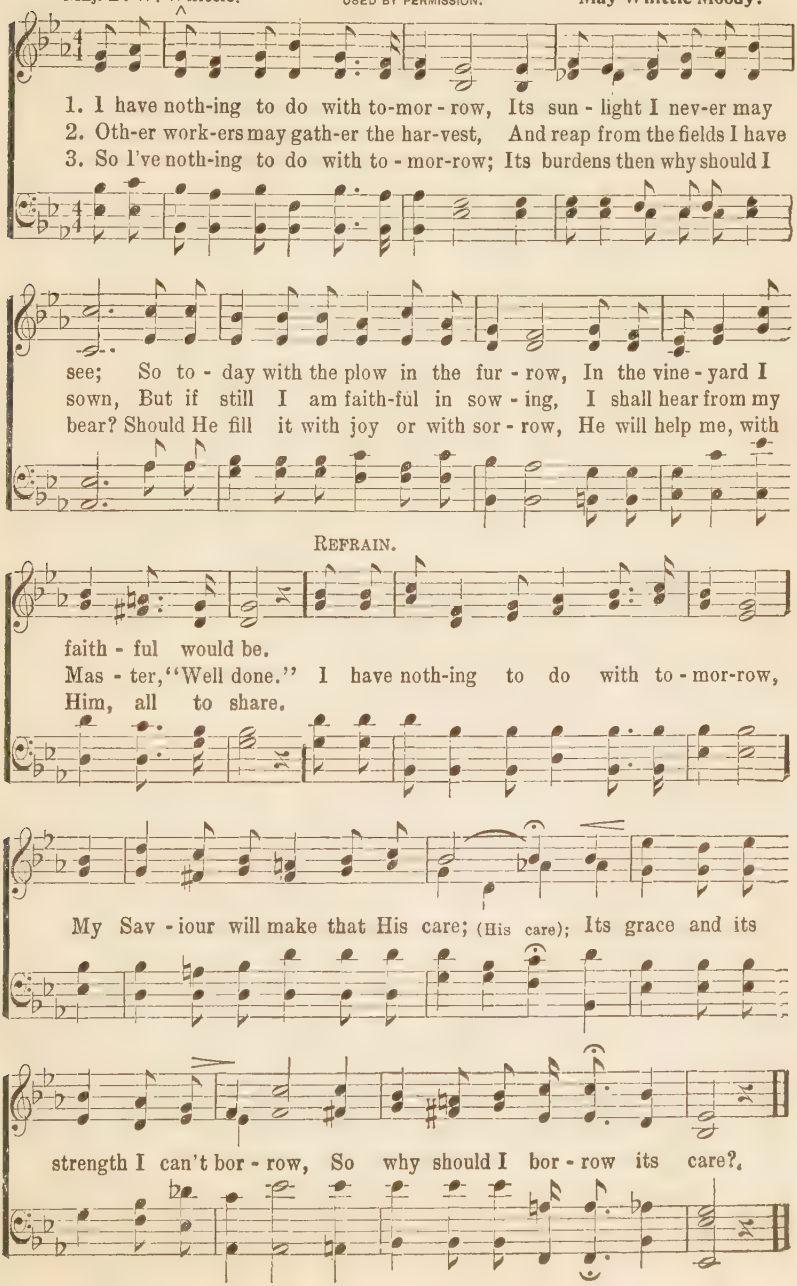

And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;....
And He is pre - par-ing a place, For me in His home a - bove;
Where I shall be-hold His face,.... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be - hold His face,

No. 44. Help Somebody To-day.

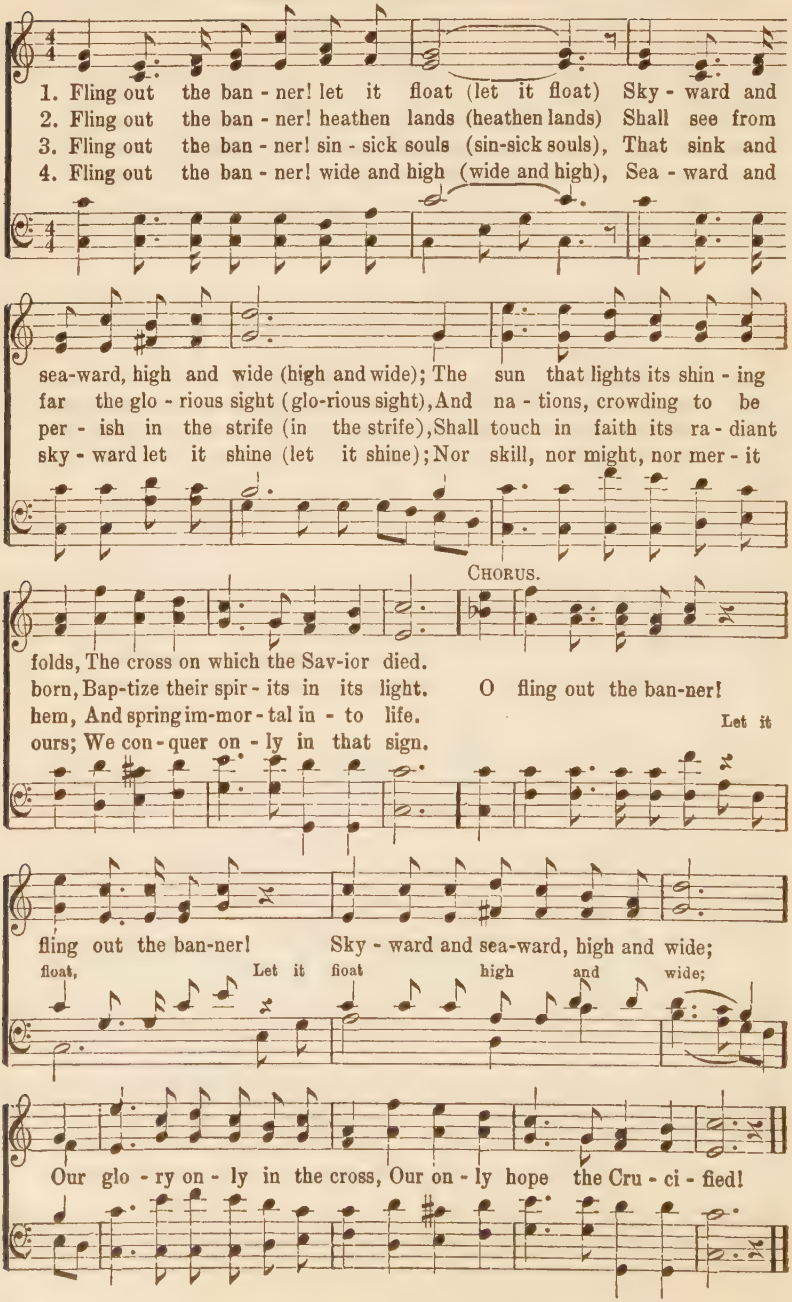
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E O. EXCELL Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 45. I Have Nothing to Do with Tomorrow.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MAY WHITTLE MOODY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. I have noth-ing to do with to-mor - row, Its sun - light I nev-er may see; So to - day with the plow in the fur - row, In the vine - yard I
2. Oth-er work-ers may gath-er the har-vest, And reap from the fields I have sown, But if still I am faith-ful in sow - ing, I shall hear from my
3. So I've noth-ing to do with to - mor-row; Its burdens then why should I bear? Should He fill it with joy or with sor - row, He will help me, with
Refrain.
faith - ful would be.
Mas - ter, "Well done." I have noth-ing to do with to - mor-row,
Him, all to share.
My Sav - iour will make that His care; (His care); Its grace and its
strength I can't bor - row, So why should I bor - row its care?

No. 46. Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. Doane. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT. USED BY PER. J. B. Herbert.

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float (let it float) Sky - ward and
2. Fling out the ban - ner! heathen lands (heathen lands) Shall see from
3. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls (sin-sick souls), That sink and
4. Fling out the ban - ner! wide and high (wide and high), Sea - ward and
sea-ward, high and wide (high and wide); The sun that lights its shin - ing
far the glo - rious sight (glo-rious sight), And na - tions, crowding to be
per - ish in the strife (in the strife), Shall touch in faith its ra - diant
sky - ward let it shine (let it shine); Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it
Chorus.
folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
born, Bap-tize their spir - its in its light. O fling out the ban-ner!
hem, And spring im-mor - tal in - to life.
ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign.
Let it
fling out the ban-ner! Sky - ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
float, Let it float high and wide;
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied!

No. 47. The Victory Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Chris-tian warrior, sing the vic-t'ry song, Ye who to the win-ning side be-
2. In all lands the sto - ry must be told, Then our eyes His coming shall be-
3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of Righteousness, With Thy glo-ry-beams the land to
4. Hon - or, pow'r and glo - ry ev - er be Un - to Him who gives the vic-to-

long; Soon from shore to shore, and sea to sea, Je-sus Christ shall conquer'r be.
hold; Prostrate at His feet all na-tions fall; We shall crown Him Lord of all.
bless, 'Su - perstition's night shall fade a - way, At the dawn of promis'd day.
ry, Je-sus Christ, whose triumph now we sing, Saviour, Lord, and coming King.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Vic - t'ry perch-es now on Is-rael's ban-ners, Lift your voic-es, sing your
Night is wan-ing, morn-ing light is break-ing, Heathen na-tions from their

Harmony.

1

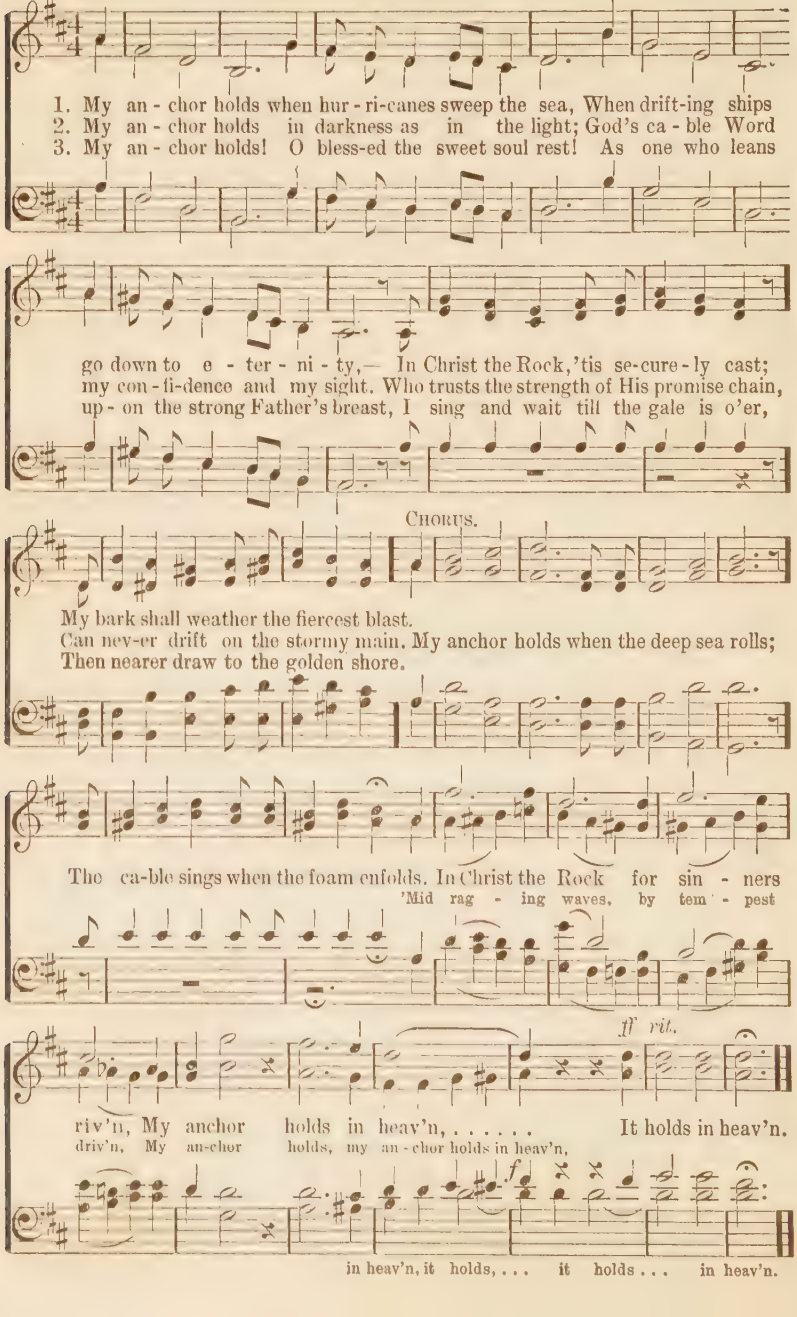
loud ho - san - nas, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, vic - to - ry is near;
slum - ber wak - ing, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, (*Omit.*)

2

Christ shall conquer'r be. Vic - to-ry is near, Christ shall conquer'r be.

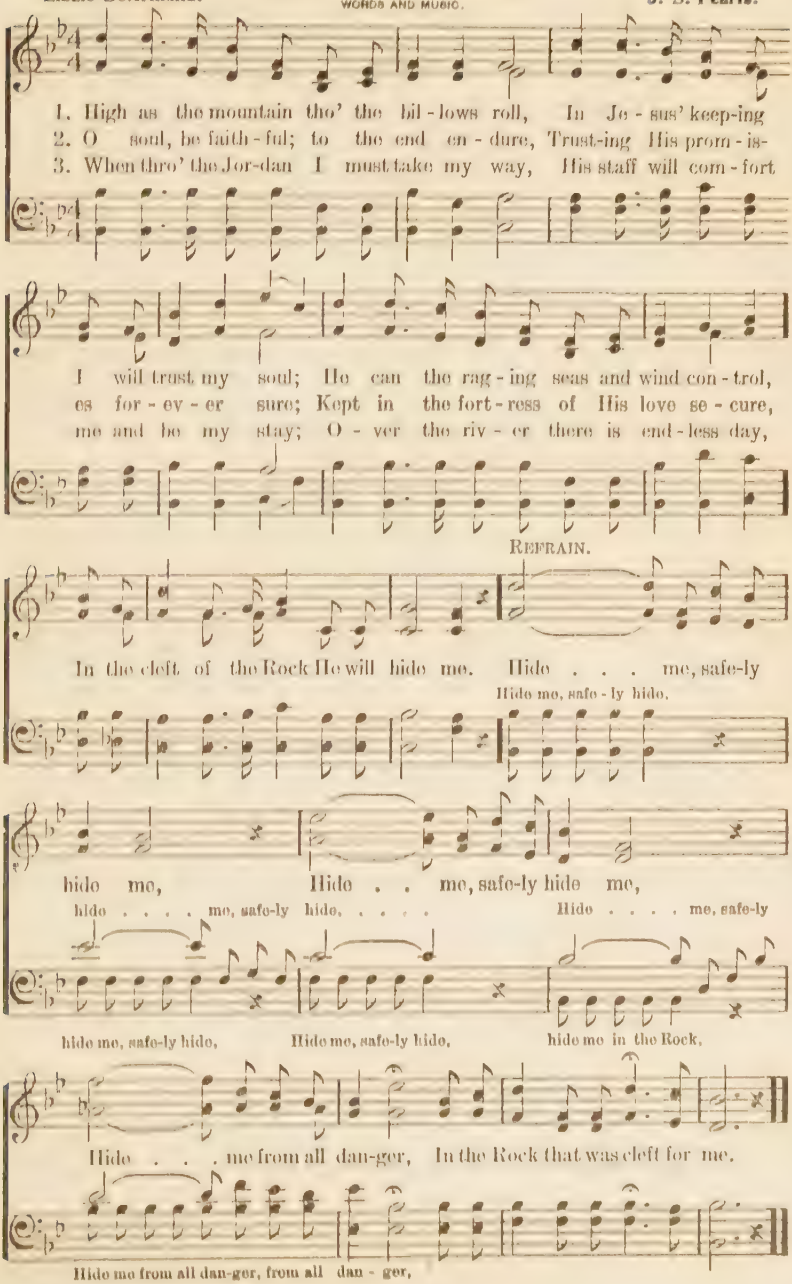
No. 48. My Anchor Holds in Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. Dedicated to my friend, Fred G. Fischer. F. E. Belden.

1. My an - chor holds when hur - ri-canes sweep the sea, When drift-ing ships
2. My an - chor holds in darkness as in the light; God's ca - ble Word
3. My an - chor holds! O bless-ed the sweet soul rest! As one who leans
go down to e - ter - ni - ty,— In Christ the Rock, 'tis se-cure - ly cast;
my con - fi-dence and my sight. Who trusts the strength of His promise chain,
up - on the strong Father's breast, I sing and wait till the gale is o'er,
Chorus.
My bark shall weather the fiercest blast.
Can nev-er drift on the stormy main. My anchor holds when the deep sea rolls;
Then nearer draw to the golden shore.
The ca-ble sings when the foam enfolds. In Christ the Rock for sin - ners
'Mid rag - ing waves, by tem - pest
ff rit.
riv'n, My anchor holds in heav'n, ... It holds in heav'n.
driv'n, My an-chor holds, my an - chor holds in heav'n,
f
in heav'n, it holds, . . . it holds . . . in heav'n.

No. 49. In the Cleft of the Rock.

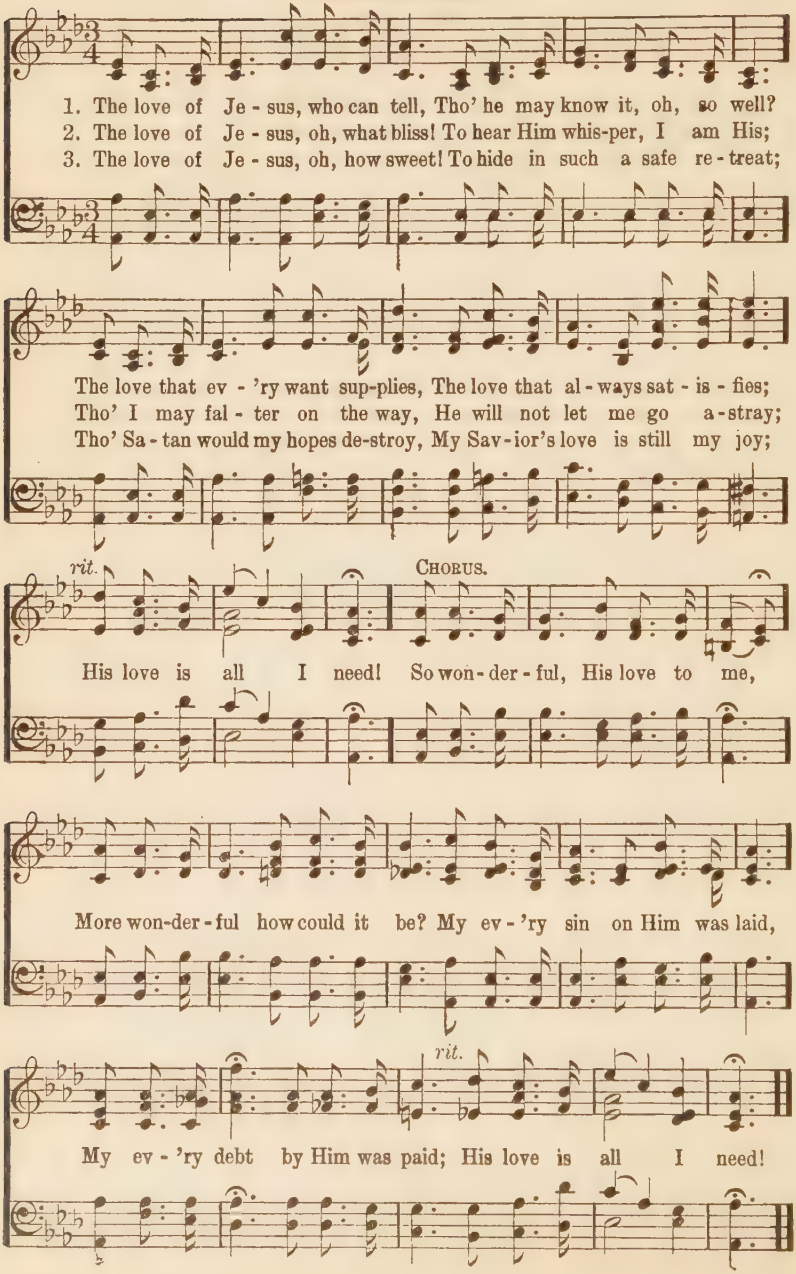
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. S. Pearis.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com - fort
I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,
REFRAIN.
In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe - ly hide.
hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,
hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, ...
Hide . . . . me, safe-ly
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,
Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.
Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

No. 50. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whis-per, I am His;
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat;
The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy;
rit.
CHORUS.
His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,
More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,
rit.
My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 51. Oh, it is Wonderful!

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. USED BY PERMISSION.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Confused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne di-vine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such

grace that so ful - ly He prof-fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a-

rit. *rit.*

me He was cru - ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suffered, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi-cient to own, to re-deem, and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un - til at the glo - ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

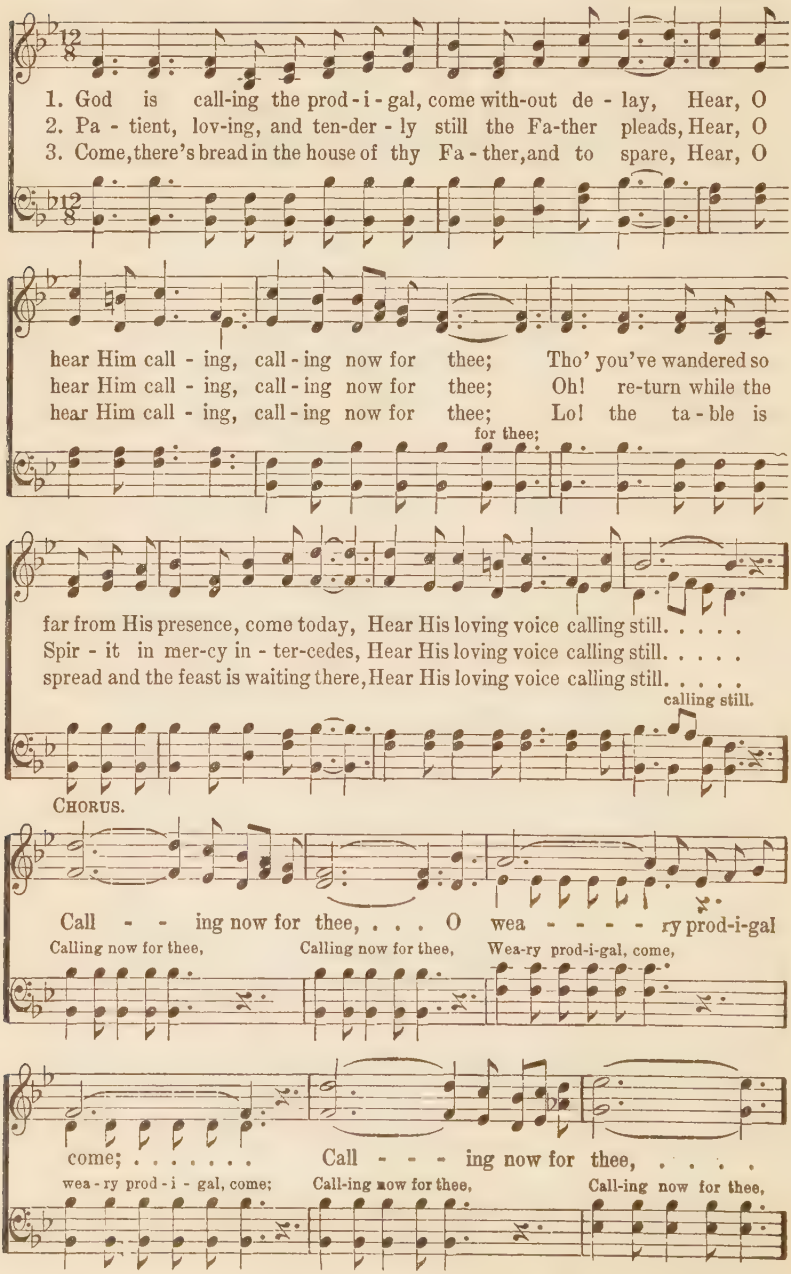
CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
won - der - ful!

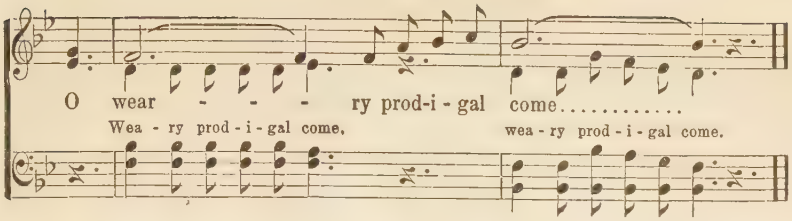
die for me; Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful to me!
won - der - ful!

No. 52. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
for thee;
far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,
come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

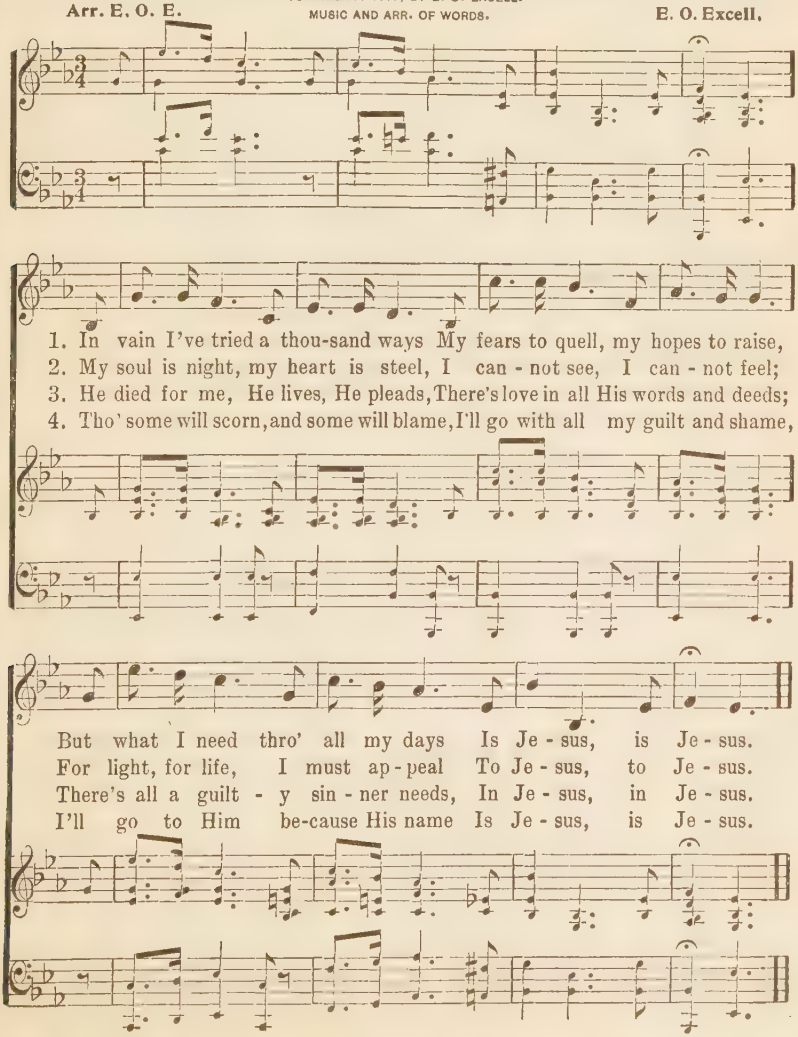
Calling the Prodigal.



No. 53. Because His Name is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

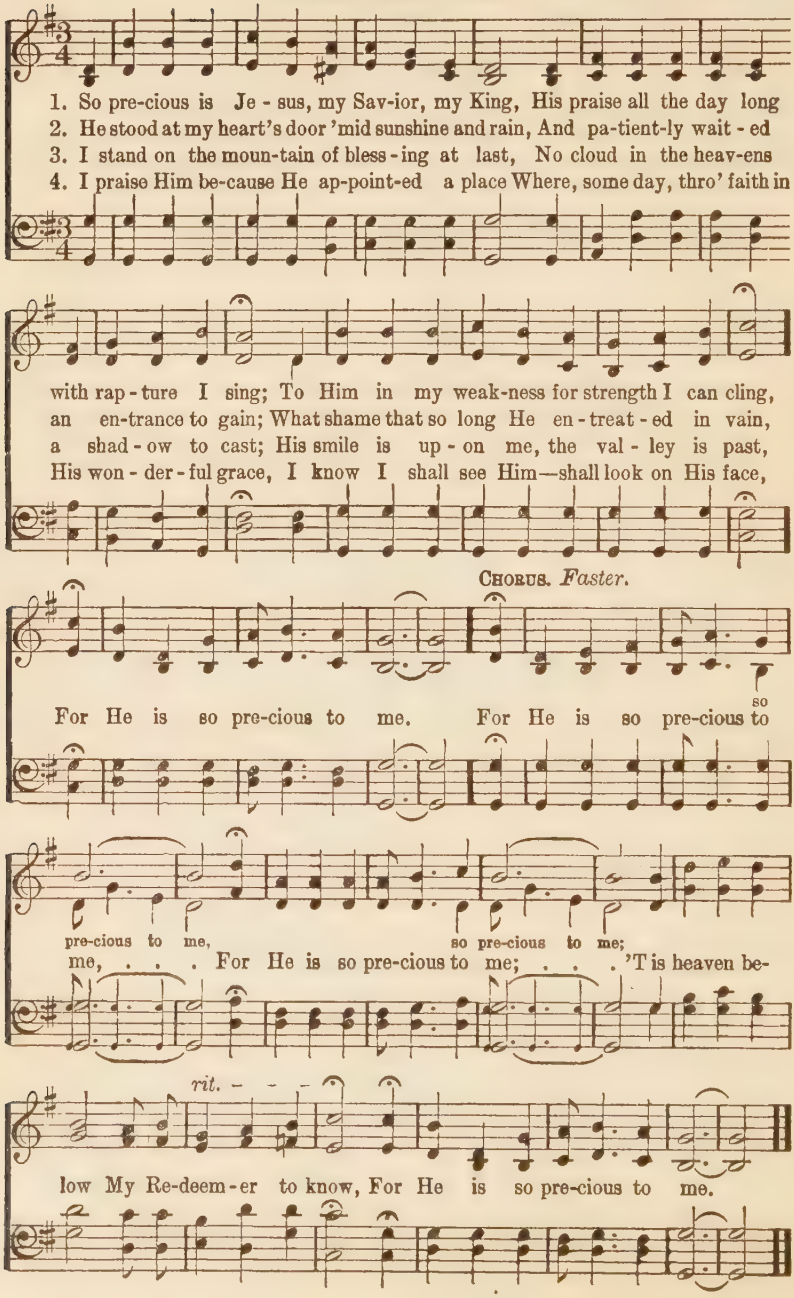
Arr. E. O. E. MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS. E. O. Excell.


1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can - not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap - peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs, In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

No. 54. He is So Precious to Me.

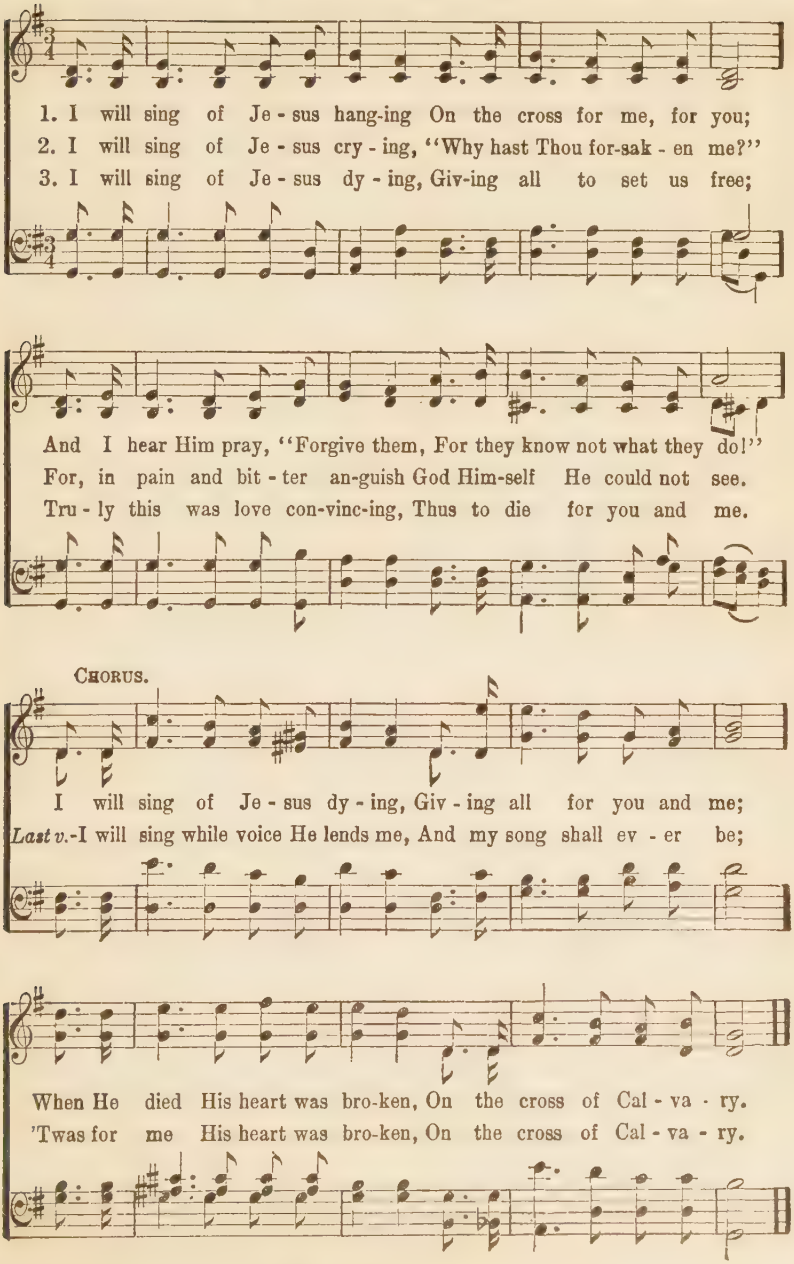
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
Chorus. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-
rit. - - -
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

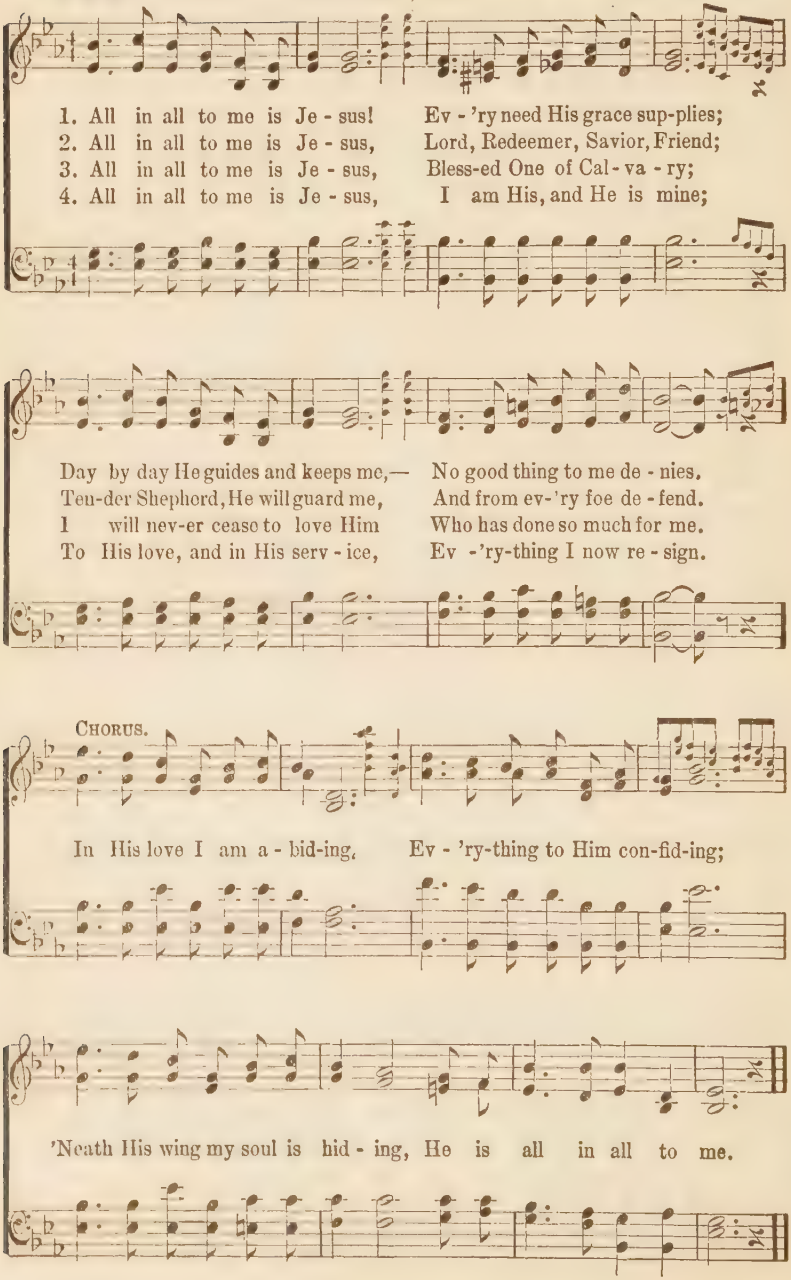
No. 55. I Will Sing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ALFRED H. ACKLEY. CHAS. BUTLER, OWNER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

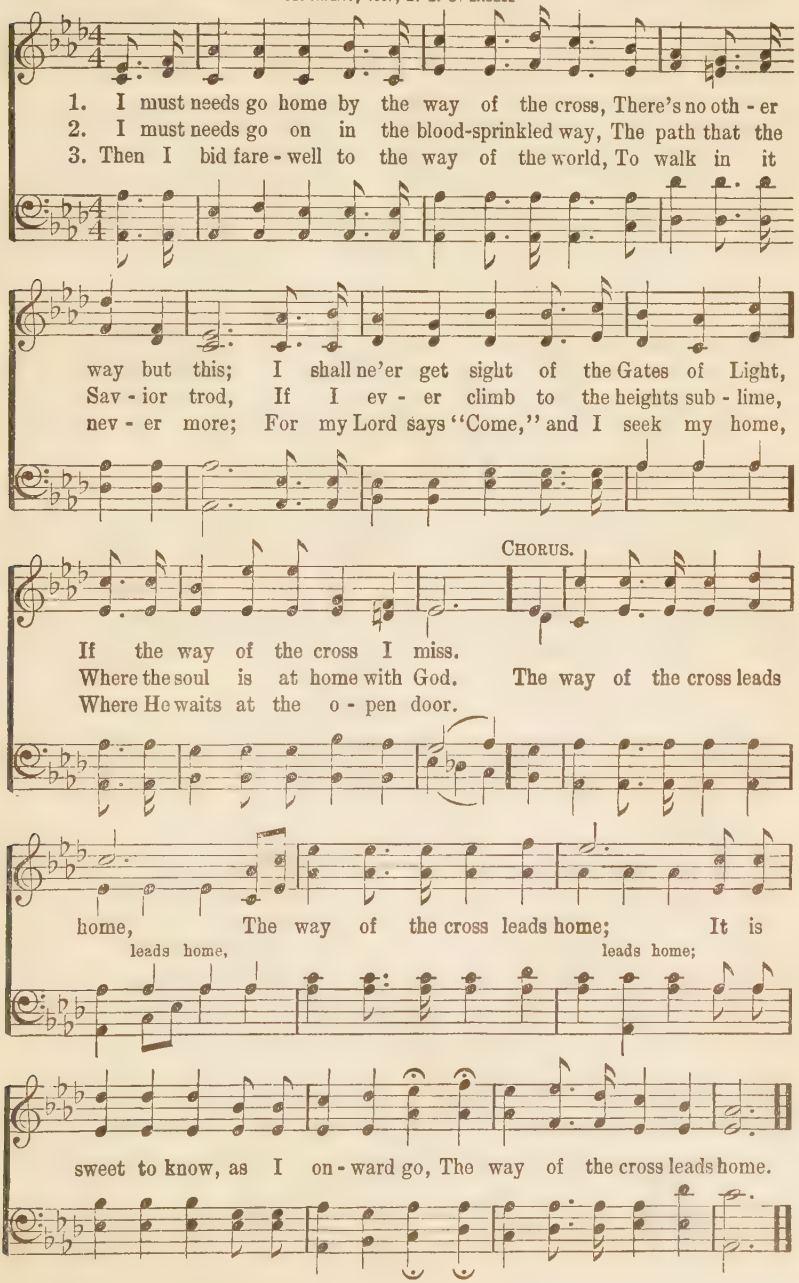
Chas. Butler. Alfred. H. Ackley.

1. I will sing of Je - sus hang-ing On the cross for me, for you;
2. I will sing of Je - sus cry - ing, "Why hast Thou for-sak - en me?"
3. I will sing of Je - sus dy - ing, Giv-ing all to set us free;
And I hear Him pray, "Forgive them, For they know not what they do!"
For, in pain and bit - ter an-guish God Him-self He could not see.
Tru - ly this was love con-vinc-ing, Thus to die for you and me.
CHORUS.
I will sing of Je - sus dy - ing, Giv - ing all for you and me;
Last v.-I will sing while voice He lends me, And my song shall ev - er be;
When He died His heart was bro-ken, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
'Twas for me His heart was bro-ken, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 56. All in All to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel

1. All in all to me is Je - sus! Ev - 'ry need His grace sup-plies;
2. All in all to me is Je - sus, Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend;
3. All in all to me is Je - sus, Bless-ed One of Cal - va - ry;
4. All in all to me is Je - sus, I am His, and He is mine;
Day by day He guides and keeps me,— No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten-der Shephord, He will guard me, And from ev-'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev-er cease to love Him Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice, Ev -'ry-thing I now re - sign.
CHORUS.
In His love I am a - bid-ing, Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fid-ing;
'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing, He is all in all to me.

No. 57. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 58. Drifting Down.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. { 1st stanza, Sopranos and Altos; 2d stanza, Tenors and Basses; 3d and 4th stanzas, all voices. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O voy-ager, i-dly drift-ing down, Turn, quick-ly turn your boat a-round!
2. Not think-ing of the gold-en shore, Not car-ing for the wrecks be-fore,
3. Why in-to death and dark-ness float? The gos-pel oar will turn your boat;
4. More swift-ly do the boats glide on, As near-er to the end they come;

rit.

Why float away from life's high ground, To the dead sea of e-ter-ni-ty?
Just lay-ing down the gos-pel oar, Reach the dead sea of e-ter-ni-ty.
Heed, heed the solemn warning note, Shun the dead sea of e-ter-ni-ty.
Soon en-ter-ing the soul's dark home, In the dead sea of e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS. *All bass voices.*

Drift-ing down, drift-ing down, To the dark

Drift-ing down, ... drift-ing down, ... To the dark . . . . . and

shore-less sea; Quick-ly turn,

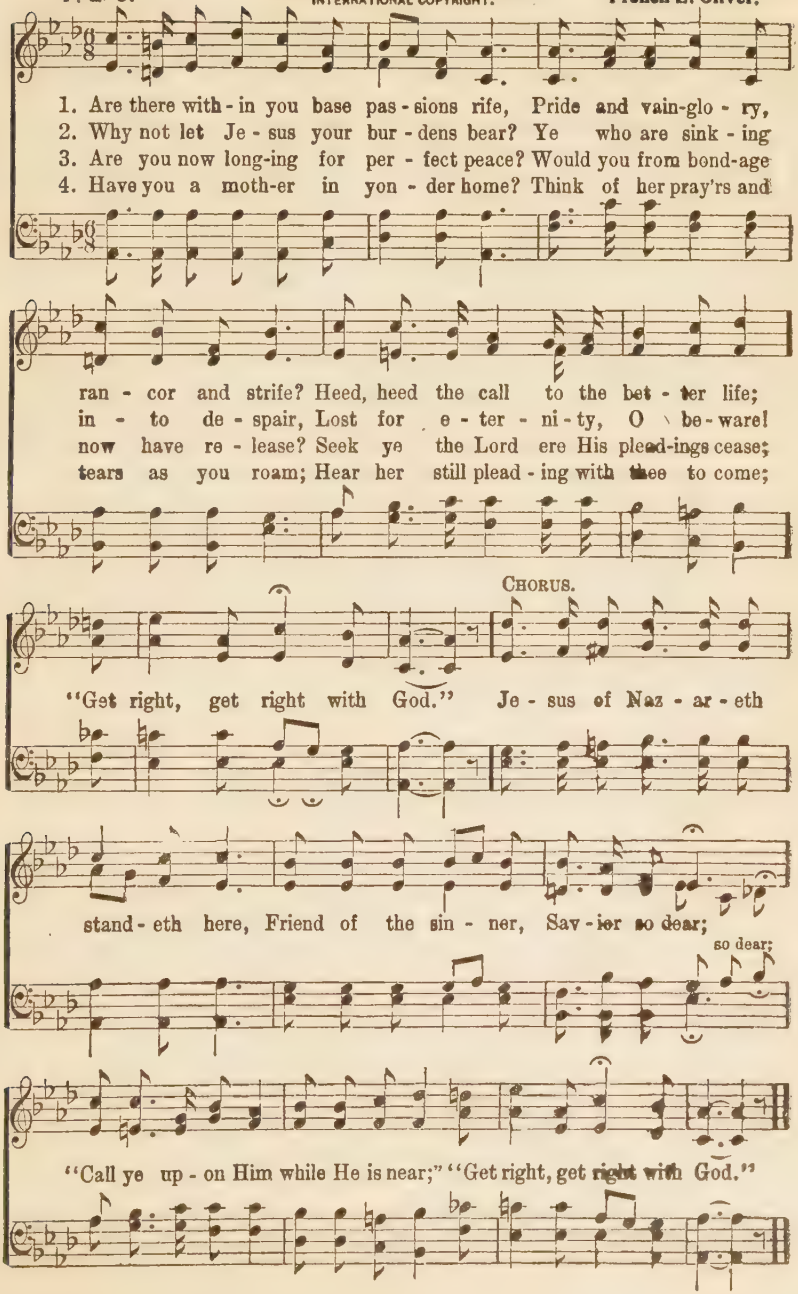
shore-less sea; . . . . . Quick-ly turn, ... quick-ly

quick-ly turn, Je-sus calls, He calls for thee.

turn, ... Je-sus calls, ...

No. 59. "Get Right With God."

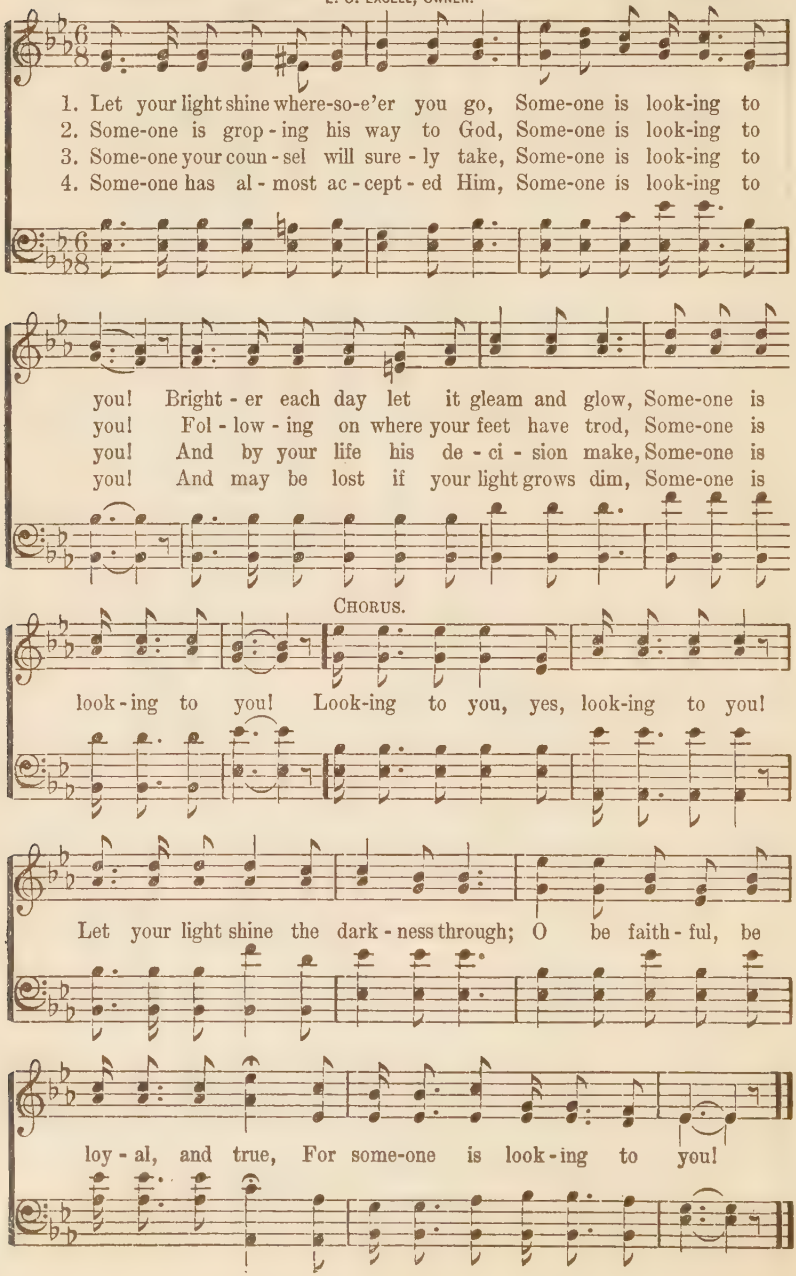
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

P. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. Are there with - in you base pas - sions rife, Pride and vain-glo - ry,
2. Why not let Je - sus your bur - dens bear? Ye who are sink - ing
3. Are you now long-ing for per - fect peace? Would you from bond-age
4. Have you a moth-er in yon - der home? Think of her pray'rs and
ran - cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet - ter life;
in - to de - spair, Lost for e - ter - ni - ty, O be - ware!
now have re - lease? Seek ye the Lord ere His plead-ings cease;
tears as you roam; Hear her still plead - ing with thee to come;
CHORUS.
"Get right, get right with God." Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth
stand - eth here, Friend of the sin - ner, Sav - ior so dear;
so dear;
"Call ye up - on Him while He is near;" "Get right, get right with God."

No. 60. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

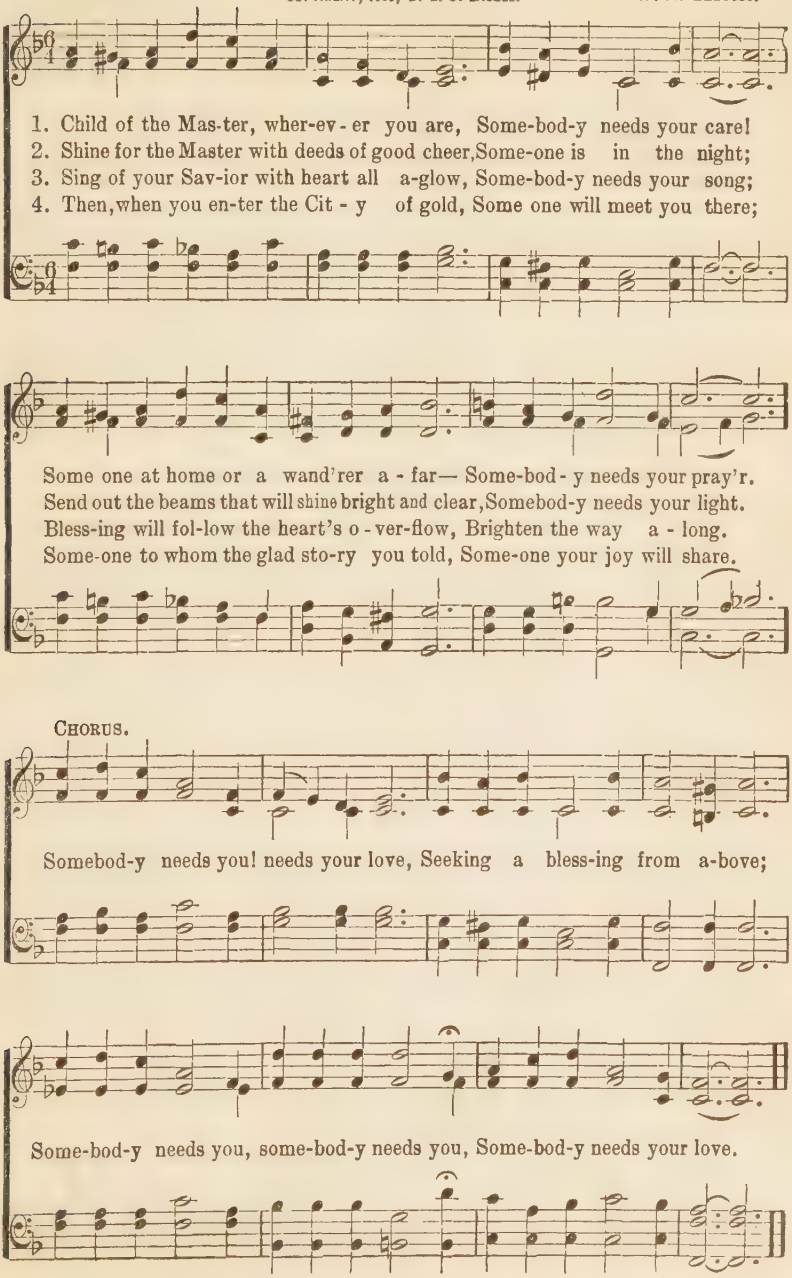
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is
Chorus.
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be
loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 61. Somebody Needs You.

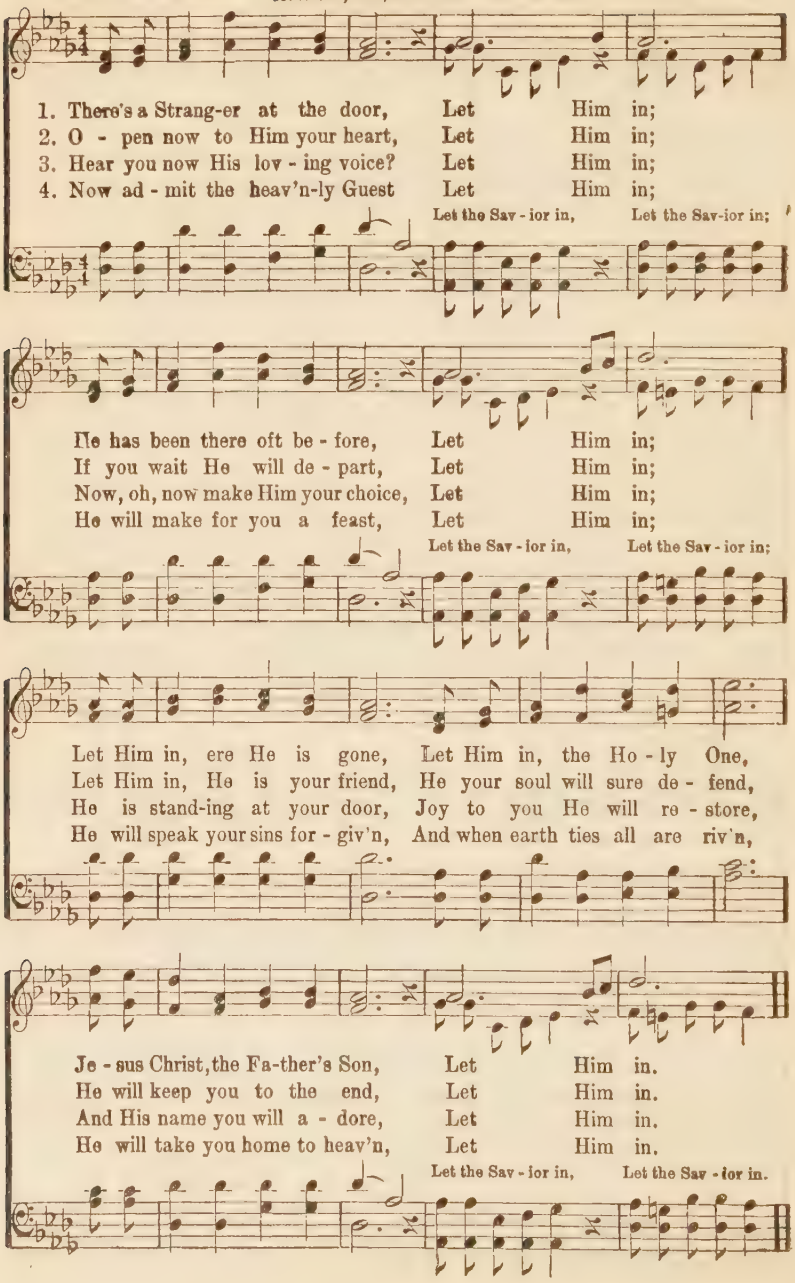
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;
Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.
CHORUS.
Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;
Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 62. Let Him In.

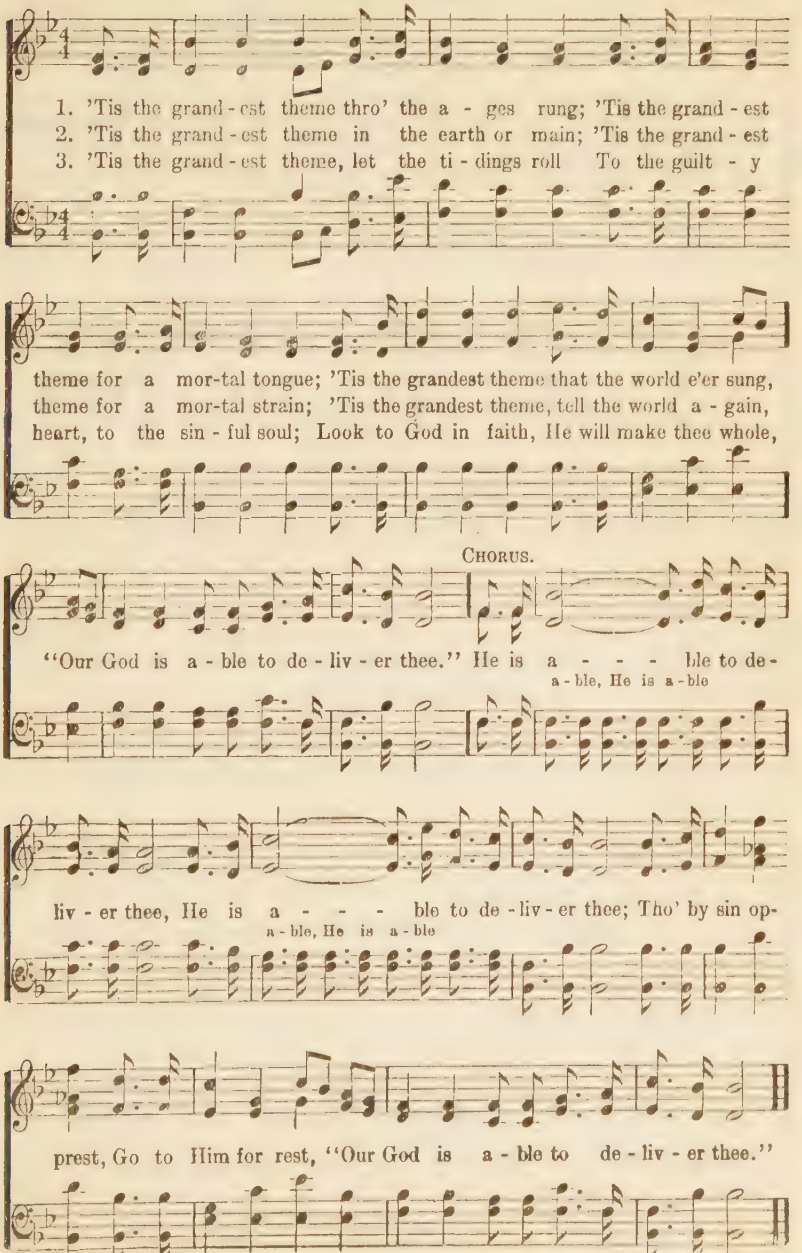
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,
Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

No. 63. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

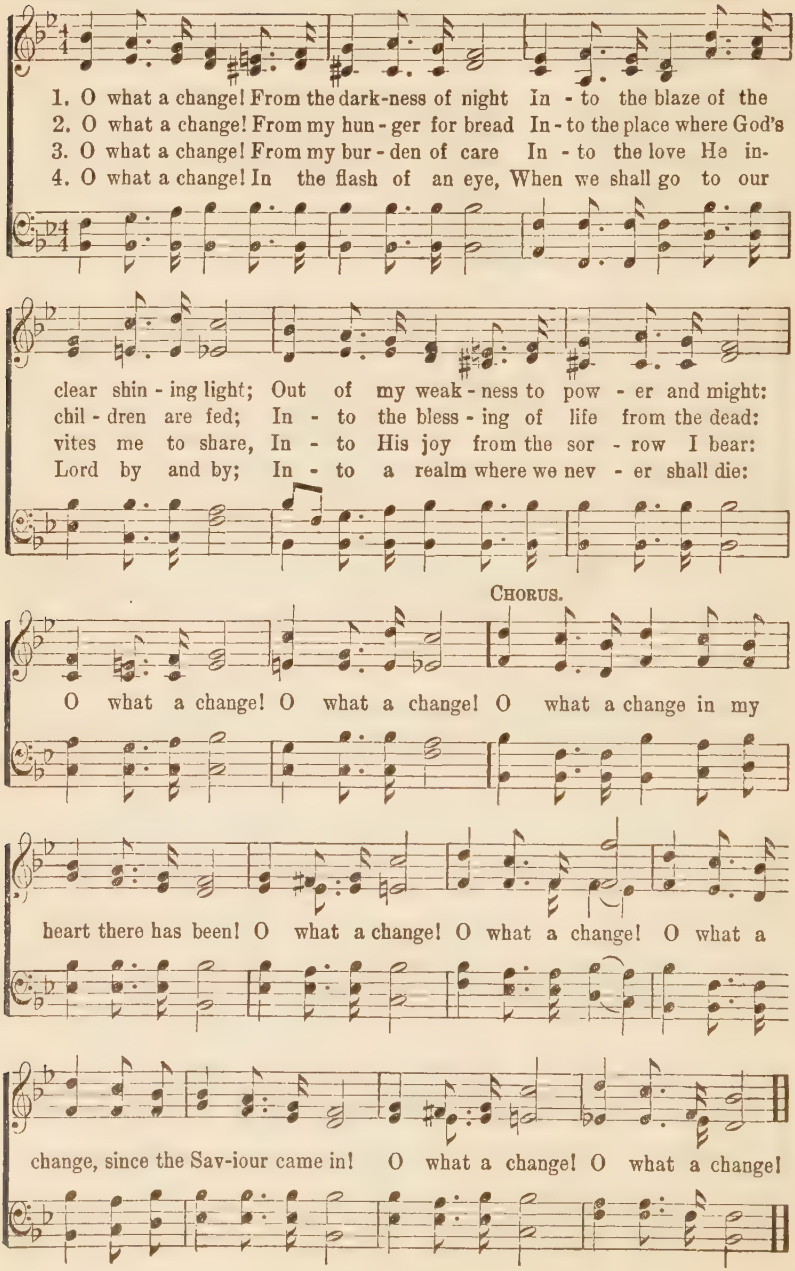
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y
theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble
liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 64. What a Change!

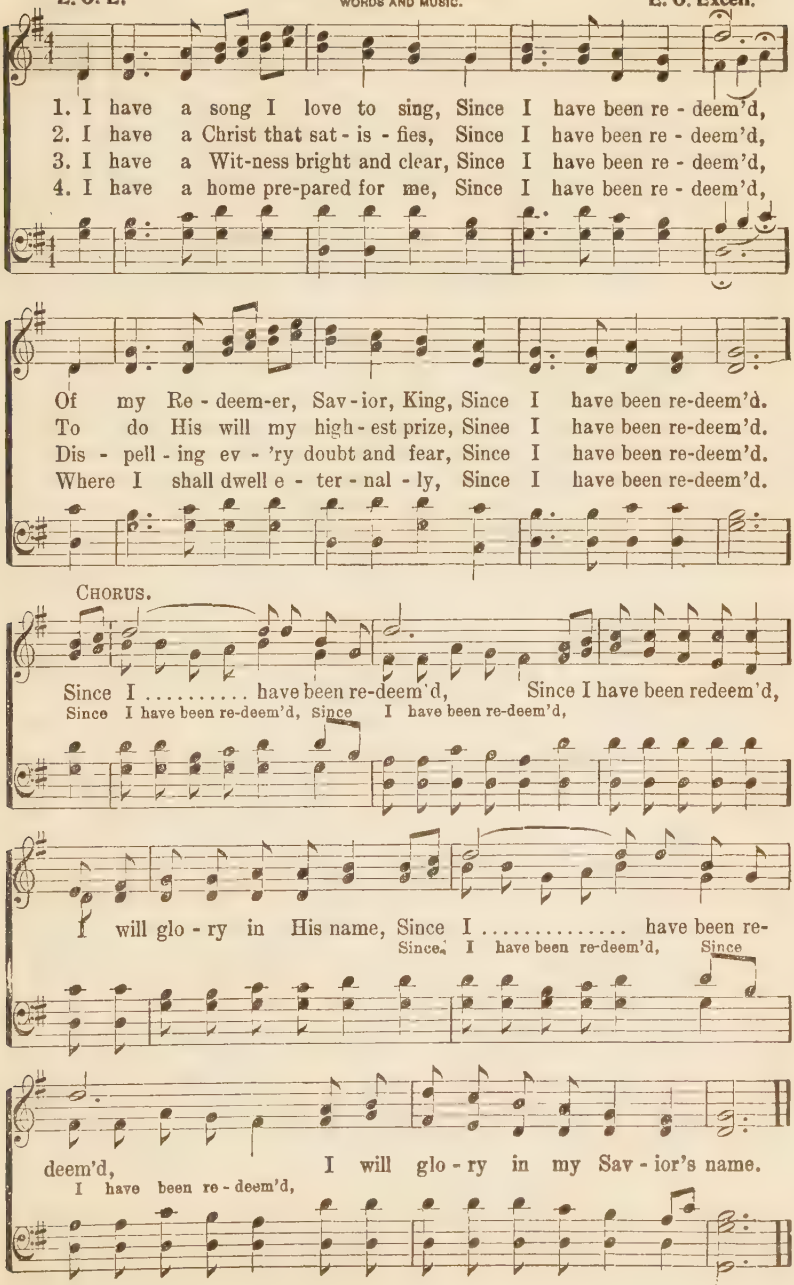
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. C D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O what a change! From the dark-ness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hun - ger for bread In - to the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the love He in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall go to our
clear shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to pow - er and might:
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead:
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear:
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die:
CHORUS.
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my
heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a
change, since the Sav-iour came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 65. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,
Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.
CHORUS.
Since I ..... have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
I will glo - ry in His name, Since I ..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since
deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re - deem'd,

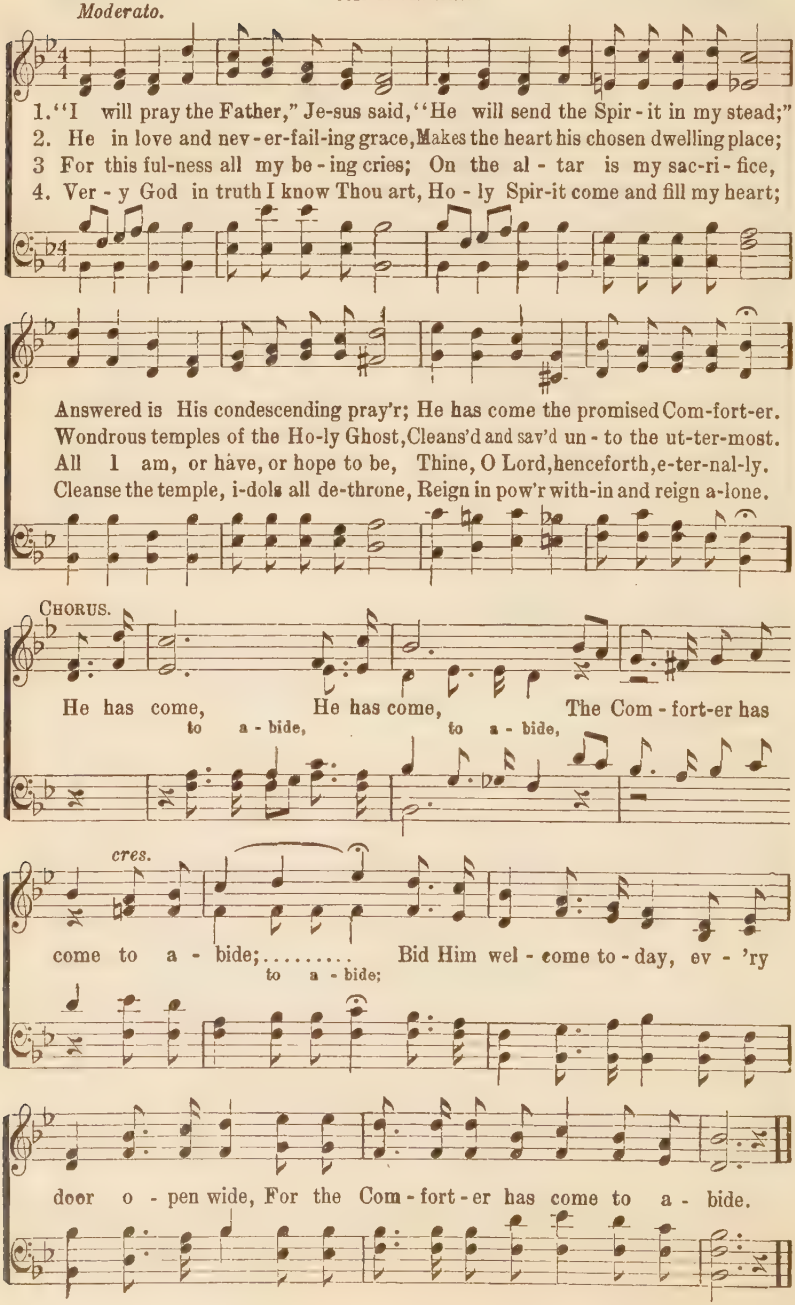
No. 66. He Has Come to Abide.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

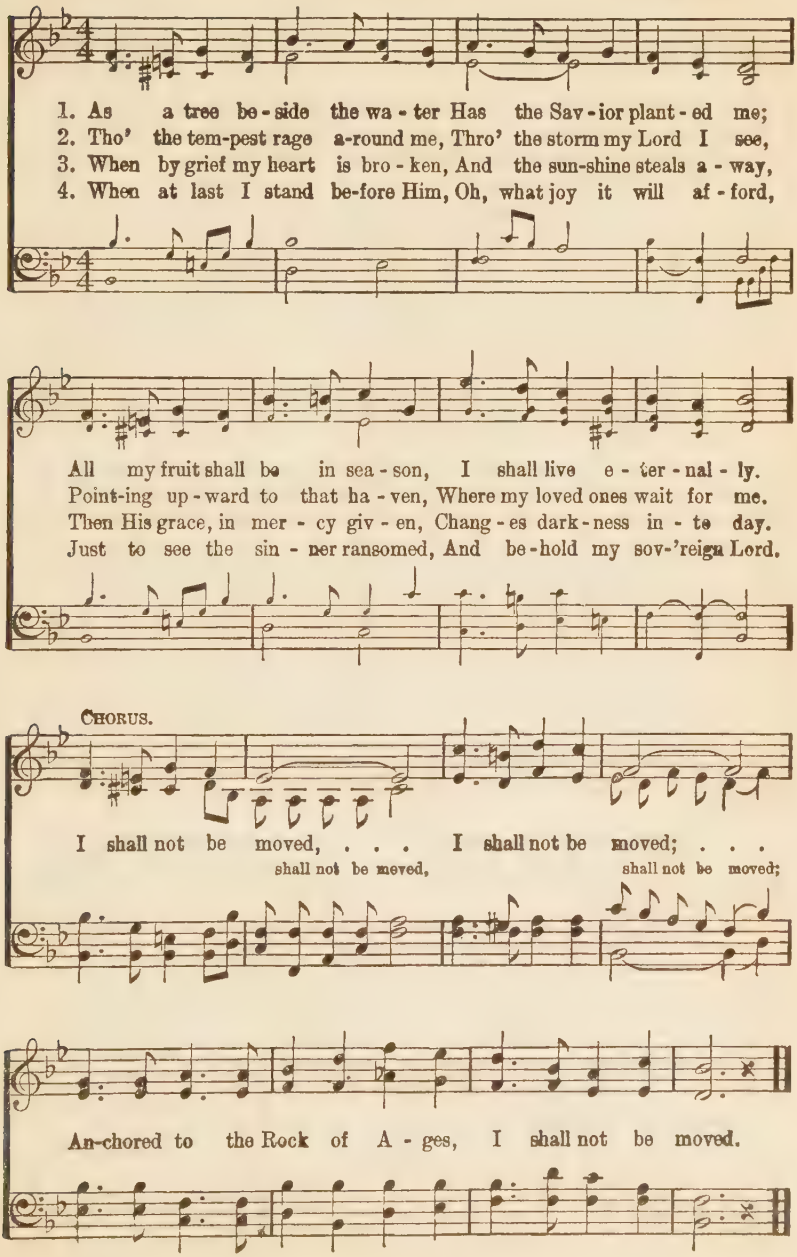
Moderato.


1. "I will pray the Father," Je-sus said, "He will send the Spir-it in my stead;"
2. He in love and nev-er-fail-ing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place;
3 For this ful-ness all my be-ing cries; On the al-tar is my sac-ri-fice,
4. Ver-y God in truth I know Thou art, Ho-ly Spir-it come and fill my heart;
Answered is His condescending pray'r; He has come the promised Com-fort-er.
Wondrous temples of the Ho-ly Ghost, Cleans'd and sav'd un-to the ut-ter-most.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the temple, i-dols all de-throne, Reign in pow'r with-in and reign a-lone.
CHORUS.
He has come, He has come, The Com-fort-er has
to a-bide, to a-bide,
cres.
come to a-bide;..... Bid Him wel-come to-day, ev-'ry
to a-bide;
door o-pen wide, For the Com-fort-er has come to a-bide.

No. 67. I Shall Not Be Moved.

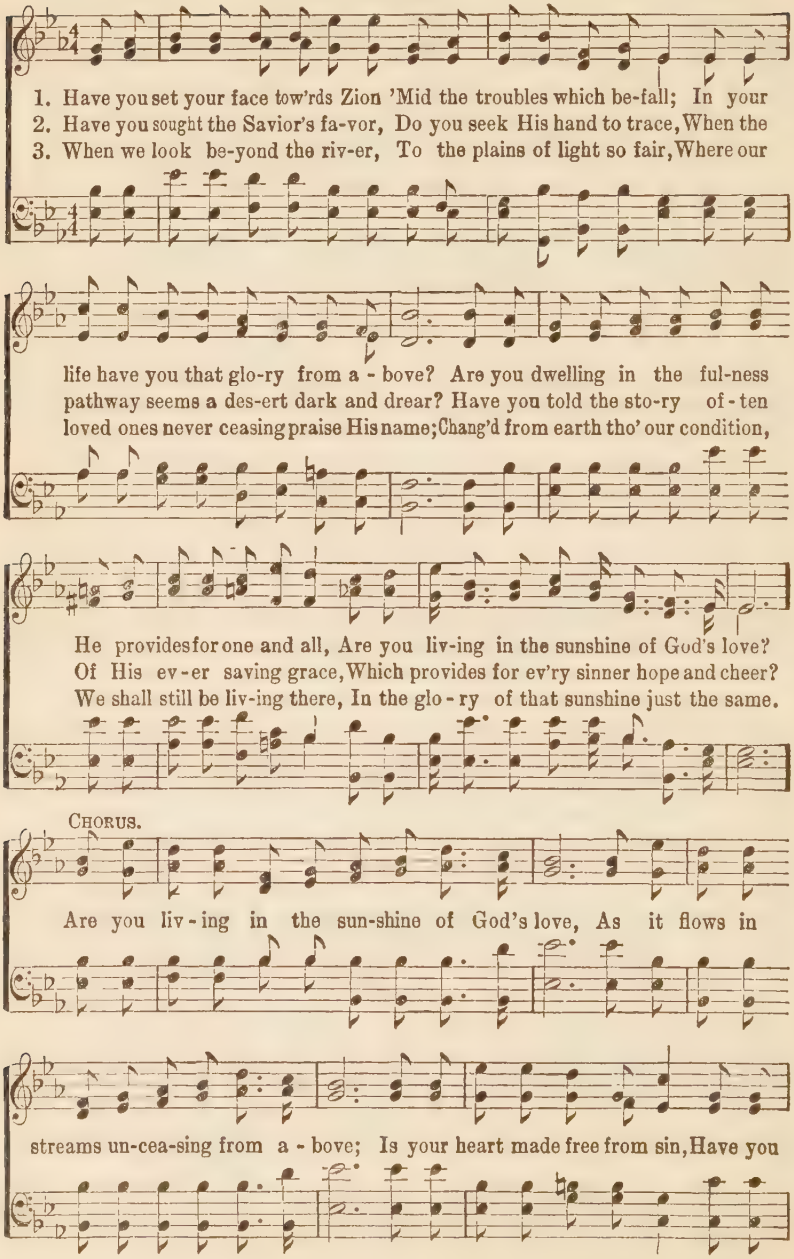
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY
CHAS. BUTLER, OWNER.

A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.

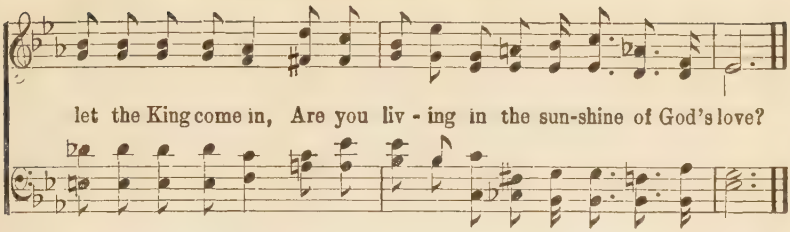

1. As a tree be-side the wa-ter Has the Sav-ior plant-ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro-ken, And the sun-shine steals a-way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af-ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea-son, I shall live e-ter-nal-ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha-ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer-cy giv-en, Chang-es dark-ness in-to day.
Just to see the sin-ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.
CHORUS.
I shall not be moved, . . . I shall not be moved; . . .
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;
An-chored to the Rock of A-ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 68. The Sunshine of God's Love.

Dedicated to Miss Annie W. Maclaren.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

1. Have you set your face tow'rds Zion 'Mid the troubles which be-fall; In your life have you that glo-ry from a - bove? Are you dwelling in the ful-ness
2. Have you sought the Savior's fa-vor, Do you seek His hand to trace, When the pathway seems a des-ert dark and drear? Have you told the sto-ry of - ten
3. When we look be-yond the riv-er, To the plains of light so fair, Where our loved ones never ceasing praise His name; Chang'd from earth tho' our condition,
He provides for one and all, Are you liv-ing in the sunshine of God's love?
Of His ev-er saving grace, Which provides for ev'ry sinner hope and cheer?
We shall still be liv-ing there, In the glo-ry of that sunshine just the same.
CHORUS.
Are you liv-ing in the sun-shine of God's love, As it flows in
streams un-cea-sing from a - bove; Is your heart made free from sin, Have you

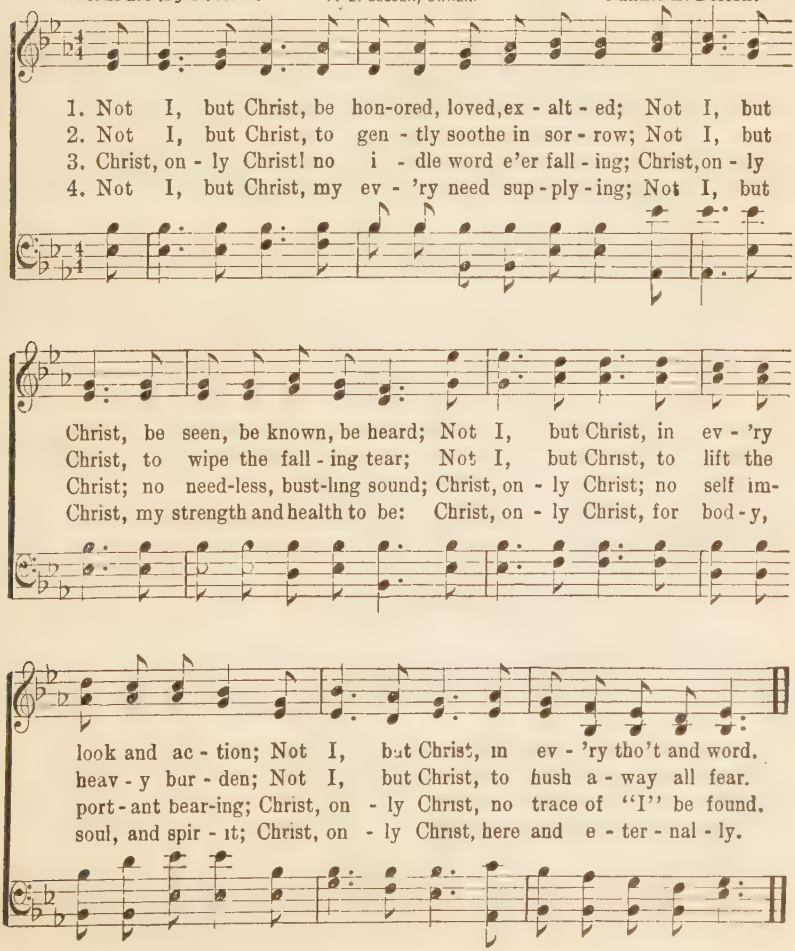
The Sunshine of God's Love.



No. 69. Not I, But Christ.

"Not I: But Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2:20.

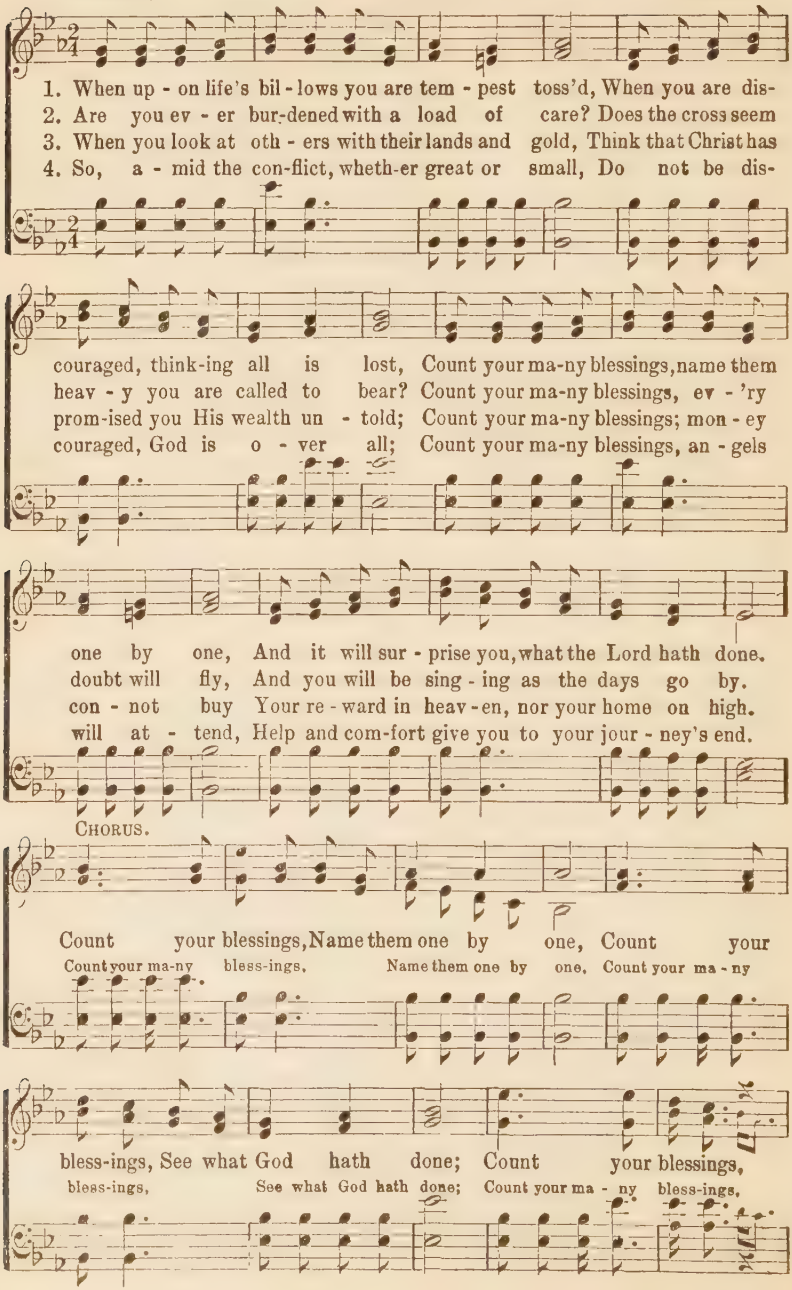
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY FANNIE E. BOLTON.
F. E. BELDEN, OWNER.

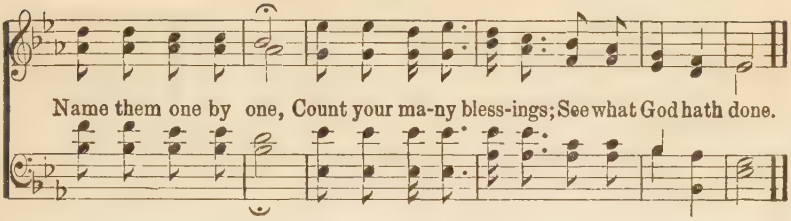
Words arr. by F. E. B. Fannie E. Bolton.

1. Not I, but Christ, be hon-ored, loved, ex - alt - ed; Not I, but
2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row; Not I, but
3. Christ, on - ly Christ! no i - dle word e'er fall - ing; Christ, on - ly
4. Not I, but Christ, my ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing; Not I, but
Christ, be seen, be known, be heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry
Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear; Not I, but Christ, to lift the
Christ; no need-less, bust-ling sound; Christ, on - ly Christ; no self im-
Christ, my strength and health to be: Christ, on - ly Christ, for bod - y,
look and ac - tion; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry tho't and word.
heav - y bur - den; Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
port - ant bear-ing; Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found.
soul, and spir - it; Christ, on - ly Christ, here and e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 70. Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

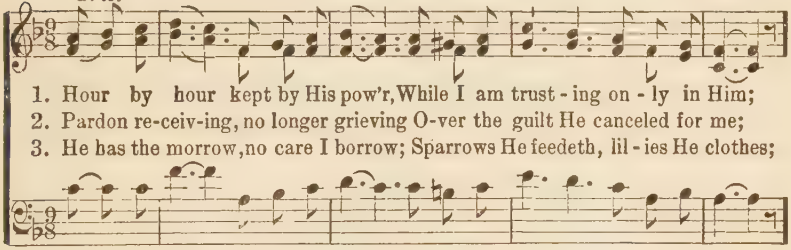

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest toss'd, When you are dis-
couraged, think-ing all is lost, Count your ma-ny blessings, name them
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your ma-ny blessings, ev - 'ry
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your ma-ny blessings; mon - ey
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your ma-ny blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur - prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
con - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your ma-ny bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your ma - ny
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings,

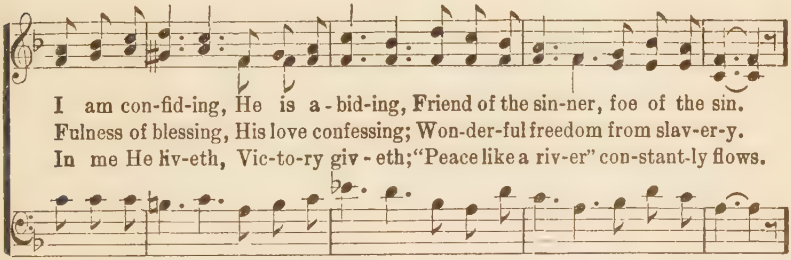
Count Your Blessings.

No. 71. Hour by Hour.

F. E. B. *Trio.*

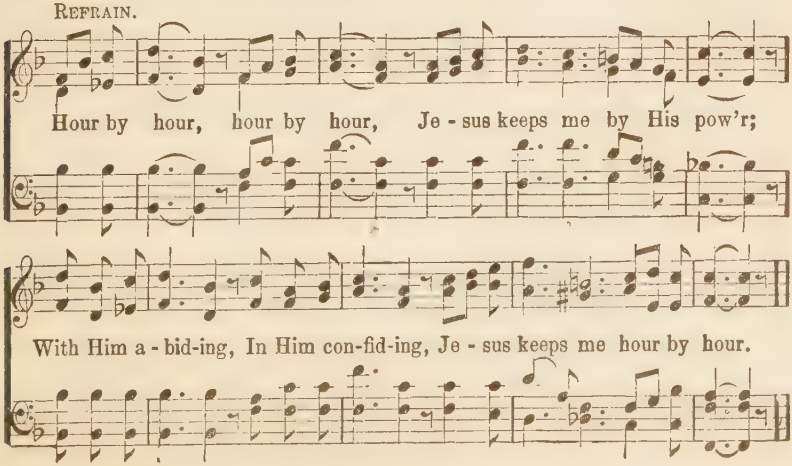
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.


1. Hour by hour kept by His pow'r, While I am trust - ing on - ly in Him;
2. Pardon re-ceiv-ing, no longer grieving O-ver the guilt He canceled for me;
3. He has the morrow, no care I borrow; Sparrows He feedeth, lil - ies He clothes;


I am con-fid-ing, He is a - bid-ing, Friend of the sin-ner, foe of the sin.
Fulness of blessing, His love confessing; Won-der-ful freedom from slav-er-y.
In me He liv-eth, Vic-to-ry giv - eth; "Peace like a riv-er" con-stant-ly flows.

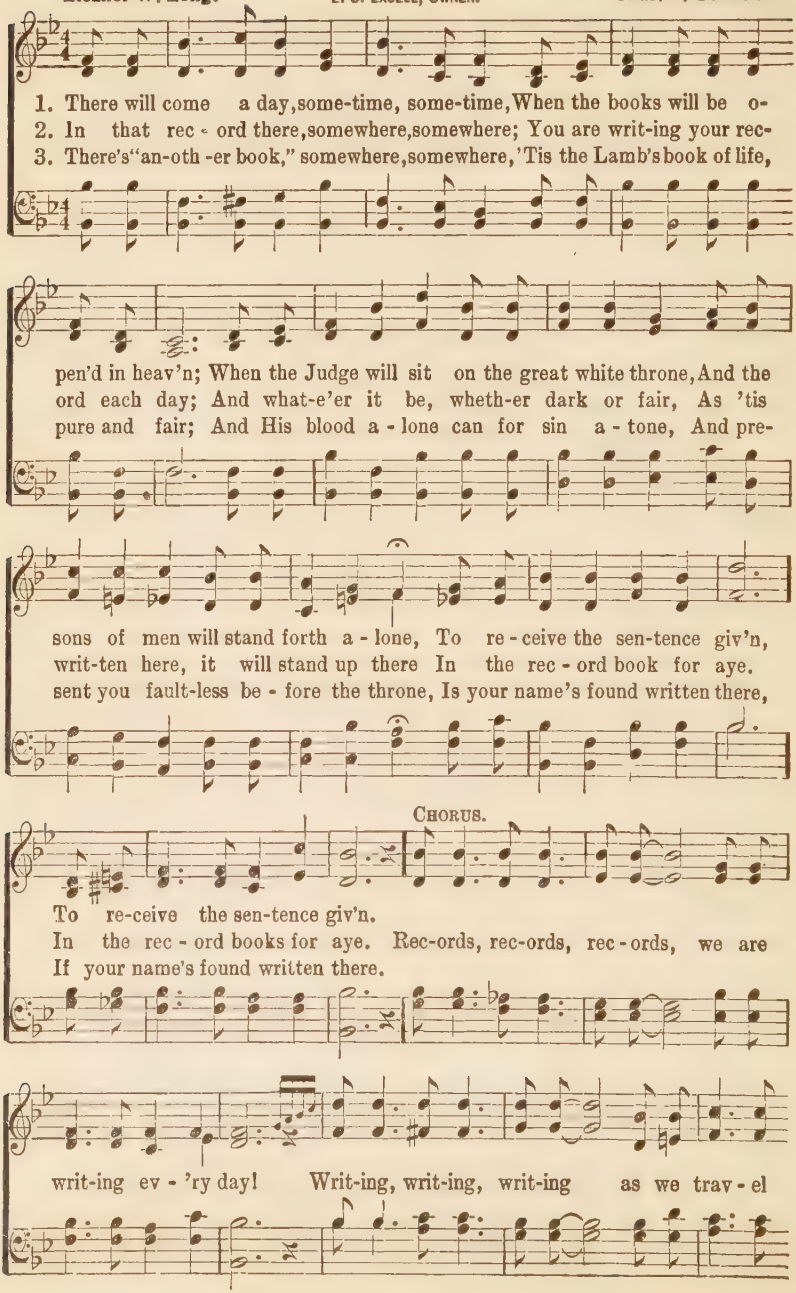
REFRAIN.

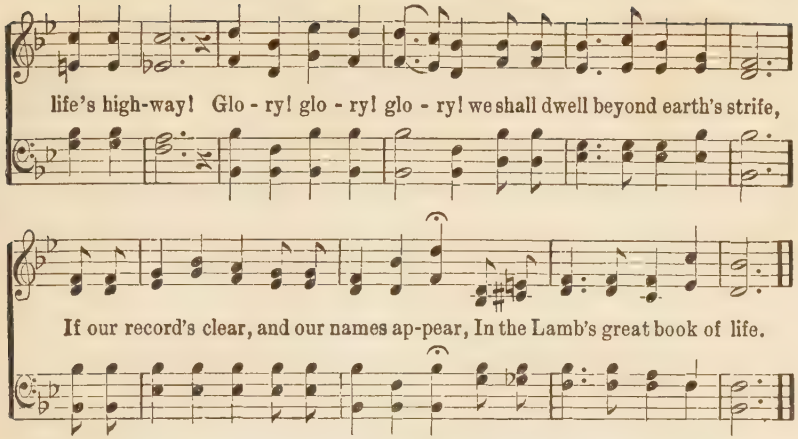


No. 72. Records.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. Chas. H. Gabriel.

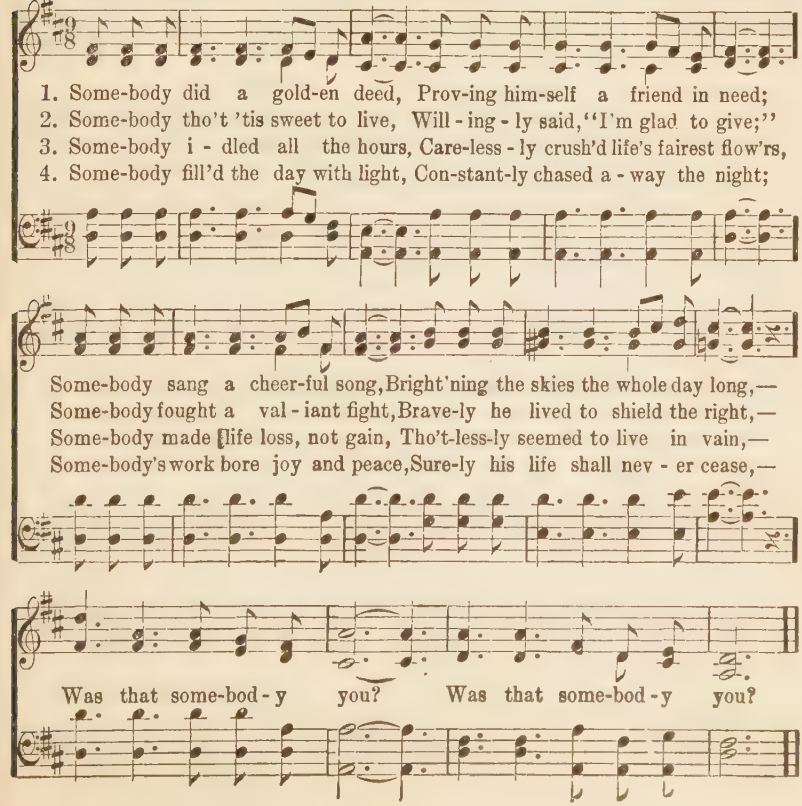

1. There will come a day, some-time, some-time, When the books will be o-
2. In that rec - ord there, somewhere, somewhere; You are writ-ing your rec-
3. There's "an-oth-er book," somewhere, somewhere, 'Tis the Lamb's book of life,
pen'd in heav'n; When the Judge will sit on the great white throne, And the
ord each day; And what-e'er it be, wheth-er dark or fair, As 'tis
pure and fair; And His blood a - lone can for sin a - tone, And pre-
sons of men will stand forth a - lone, To re - ceive the sen-tence giv'n,
writ-ten here, it will stand up there In the rec - ord book for aye.
sent you fault-less be - fore the throne, Is your name's found written there,
CHORUS.
To re-ceive the sen-tence giv'n.
In the rec - ord books for aye. Rec-ords, rec-ords, rec - ords, we are
If your name's found written there.
writ-ing ev - 'ry day! Writ-ing, writ-ing, writ-ing as we trav - el


life's high-way! Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! we shall dwell beyond earth's strife,
If our record's clear, and our names ap-pear, In the Lamb's great book of life.

No. 73. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT 1901 BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

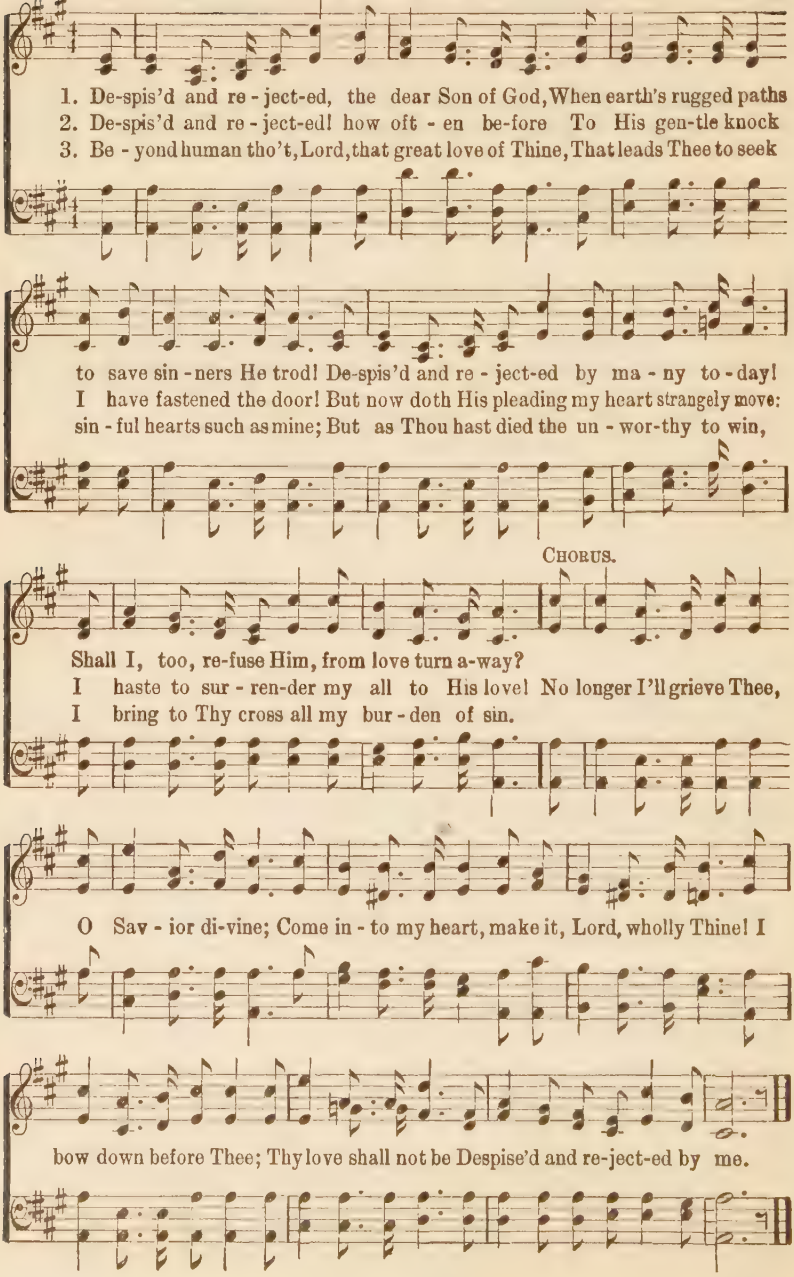
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will - ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less - ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;
Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-body fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 74. Despised and Rejected.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

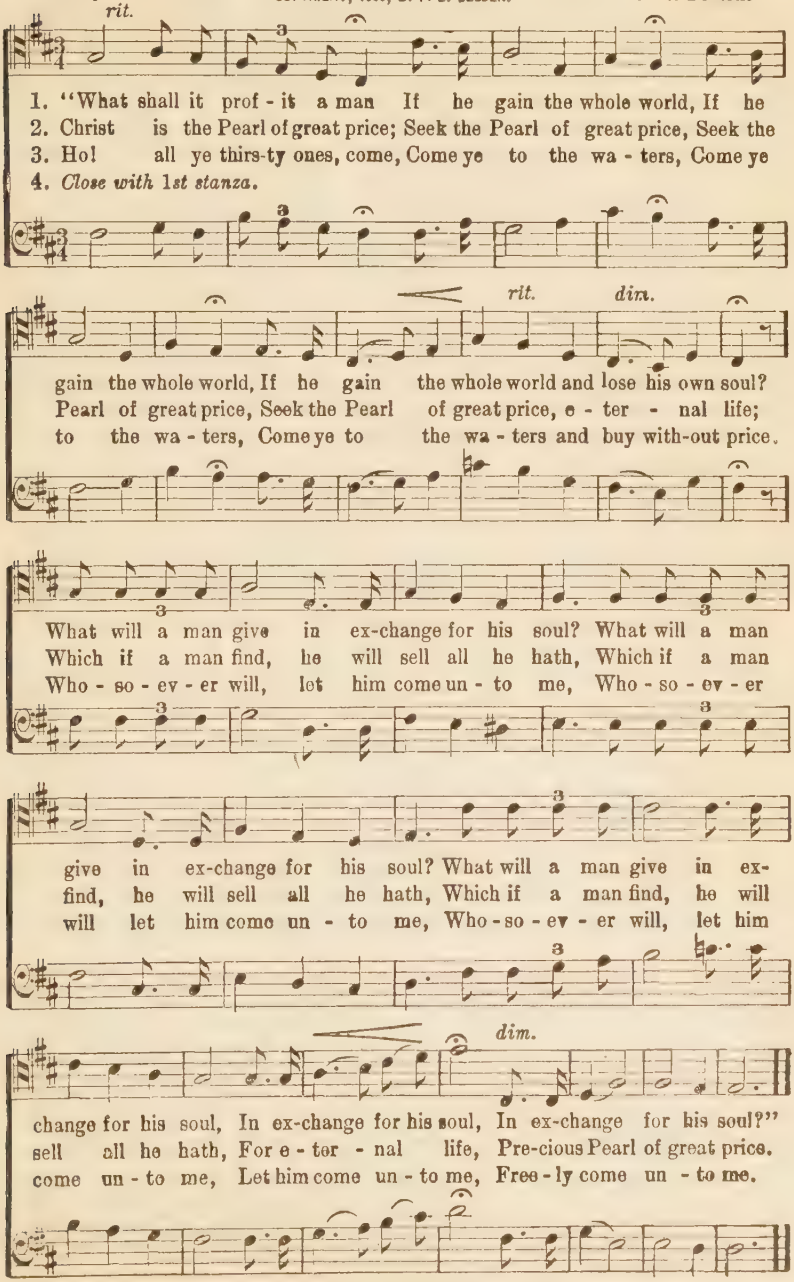
Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed, the dear Son of God, When earth's rugged paths
2. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed! how oft-en be-fore To His gen-tle knock
3. Be-yond human tho't, Lord, that great love of Thine, That leads Thee to seek
to save sin-ners He trod! De-spis'd and re-ject-ed by ma-ny to-day!
I have fastened the door! But now doth His pleading my heart strangely move:
sin-ful hearts such as mine; But as Thou hast died the un-wor-thy to win,
CHORUS.
Shall I, too, re-fuse Him, from love turn a-way?
I haste to sur-ren-der my all to His love! No longer I'll grieve Thee,
I bring to Thy cross all my bur-den of sin.
O Sav-ior di-vine; Come in-to my heart, make it, Lord, wholly Thine! I
bow down before Thee; Thy love shall not be Despise'd and re-ject-ed by me.

No. 75. What Shall It Profit A Man.

Tenor and Baritone, or Soprano and Baritone, or Tenor and Alto, without instrument.

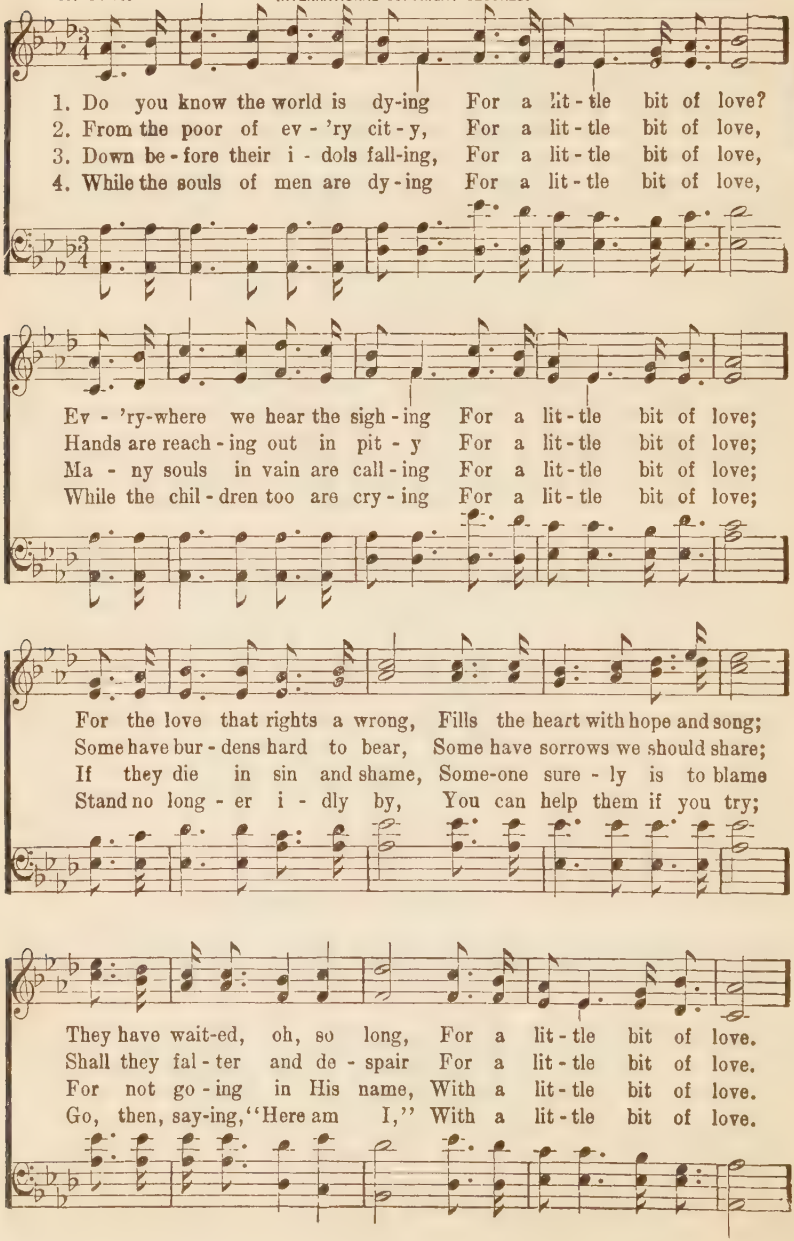
Arr. by F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

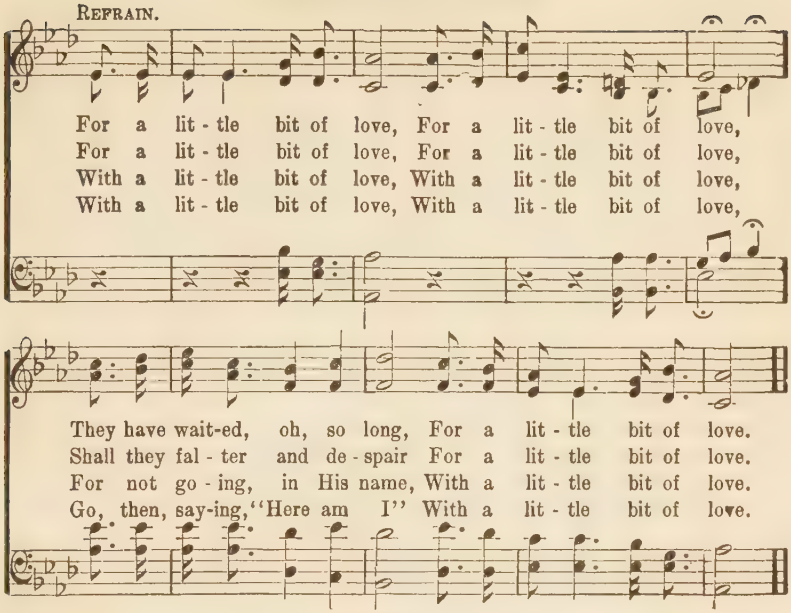

rit.
1. "What shall it prof - it a man If he gain the whole world, If he
2. Christ is the Pearl of great price; Seek the Pearl of great price, Seek the
3. Ho! all ye thirs-ty ones, come, Come ye to the wa - ters, Come ye
4. Close with 1st stanza.
rit.
dim.
gain the whole world, If he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?
Pearl of great price, Seek the Pearl of great price, e - ter - nal life;
to the wa - ters, Come ye to the wa - ters and buy with-out price.
What will a man give in ex-change for his soul? What will a man
Which if a man find, he will sell all he hath, Which if a man
Who - so - ev - er will, let him come un - to me, Who - so - ev - er
give in ex-change for his soul? What will a man give in ex-
find, he will sell all he hath, Which if a man find, he will
will let him come un - to me, Who - so - ev - er will, let him
dim.
change for his soul, In ex-change for his soul, In ex-change for his soul?"
sell all he hath, For e - ter - nal life, Pre-cious Pearl of great price.
come un - to me, Let him come un - to me, Free - ly come un - to me.

No. 76. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

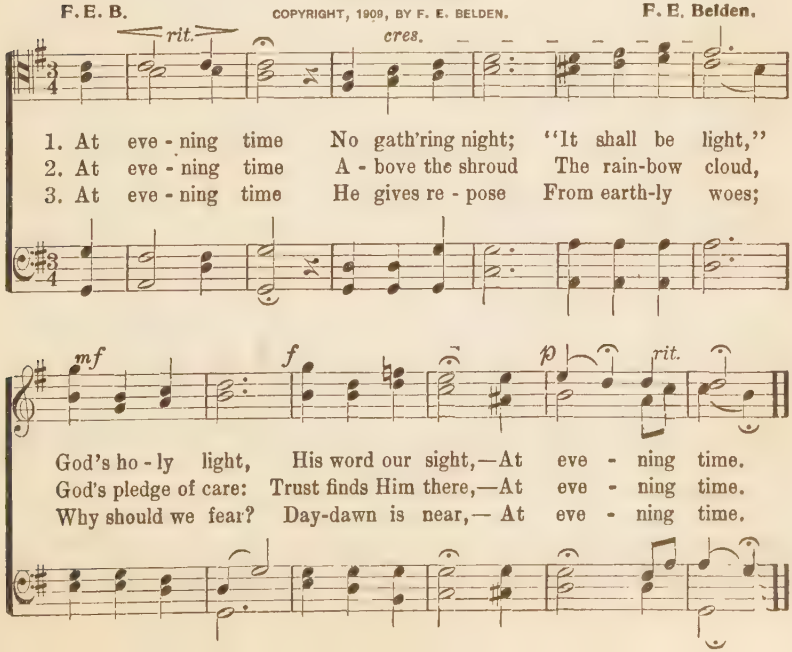
A Little Bit of Love.

Refrain.
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 77. "At Evening Time."

Dedicated to my friend, Thoro Harris.
(For Male Voices.)

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.


rit.
cres.
1. At eve - ning time No gath'ring night; "It shall be light,"
2. At eve - ning time A - bove the shroud The rain-bow cloud,
3. At eve - ning time He gives re - pose From earth-ly woes;
mf
f
p
rit.
God's ho - ly light, His word our sight,—At eve - ning time.
God's pledge of care: Trust finds Him there,—At eve - ning time.
Why should we fear? Day-dawn is near,— At eve - ning time.

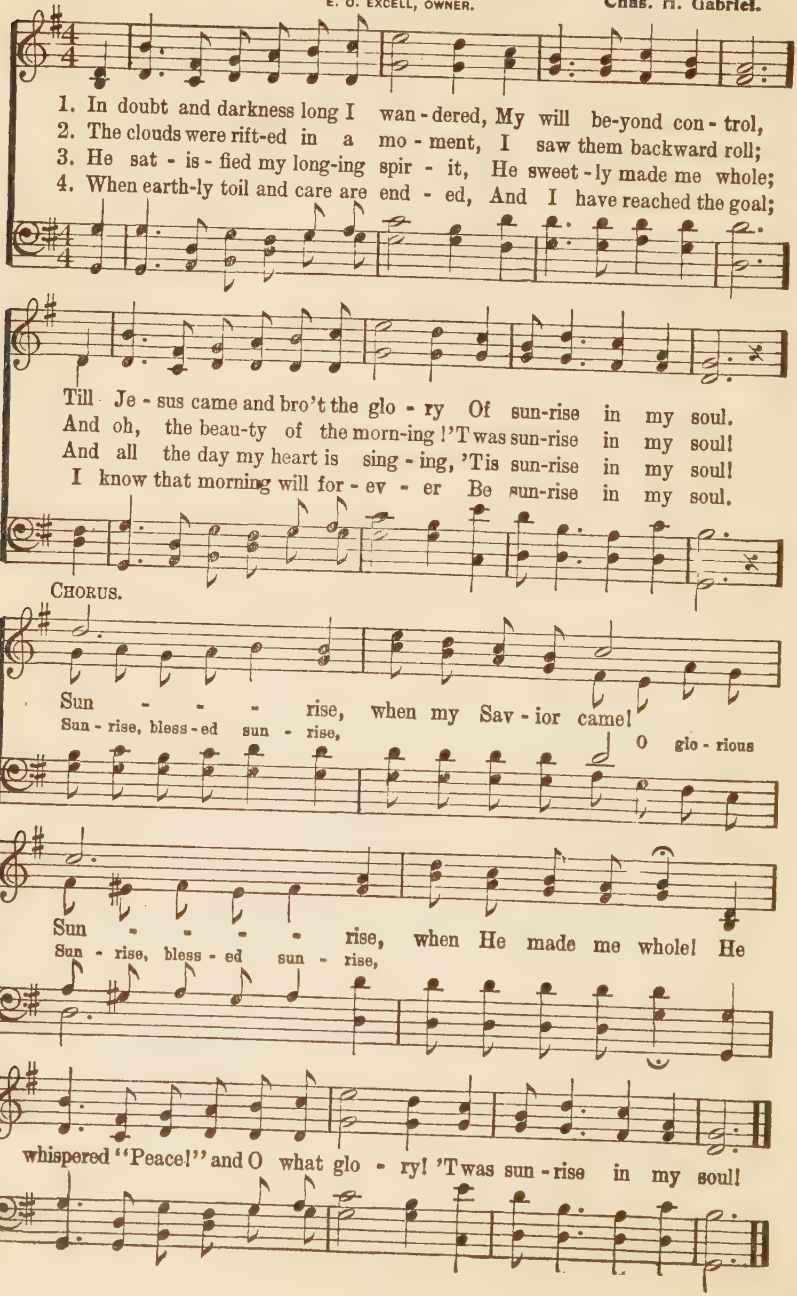
No. 78.

Sunrise in My Soul.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. In doubt and darkness long I wan - dered, My will be-yond con - trol,
2. The clouds were rift-ed in a mo - ment, I saw them backward roll;
3. He sat - is - fied my long-ing spir - it, He sweet - ly made me whole;
4. When earth-ly toil and care are end - ed, And I have reached the goal;
Till Je - sus came and bro't the glo - ry Of sun-rise in my soul.
And oh, the beau-ty of the morn-ing! 'Twas sun-rise in my soul!
And all the day my heart is sing - ing, 'Tis sun-rise in my soul!
I know that morning will for - ev - er Be sun-rise in my soul.
CHORUS.
Sun - - - rise, when my Sav - ior came!
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise,
O glo - rious
Sun - - - - rise, when He made me whole! He
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise,
whispered "Peace!" and O what glo - ry! 'Twas sun - rise in my soul!

No. 79. Keep the Heart Singing.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

FINE.

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
singing, singing all the while; brighter.

D. S.

smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

No. 80. Casting All Your Care Upon Jesus.

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1908, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

1. O bless - ed rest, when we re - cline On nev - er fail-ing pow'r di-vine,
2. Al-might-y strength! but stronger yet The love that nev - er can for-get:
3. Be - yond the mountain peaks that rise A-bove the clouds that veil the skies,
4. Who trusts His word hath clearest sight, Who trusts His pow'r hath greatest might,
5. Man fail - eth man in trouble's hour, As fails at noon the fee-ble flow'r:

God's might-y arms en - fold - ing us, The arms that hold the un - i-verse!
Un - fath-om'd o-cean, calm and broad! A-maz - ing mer-cy of our God!
Look up! the high - est won-der see,—God's love that fills e - ter - ni - ty.
Who trusts His love doth nev - er bear The heart of doubt, the brow of care.
Who trusts in God, here and a - far Shines on, tho' fail-eth sun and star.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Cast - ing all ..... your care up - on Je - sus, Cast-ing all ....
All your care, all up - on Him, All your care,

rit.

your care up - on Je - sus, Cast-ing all ..... your care up - on
all up - on Him, All your care,

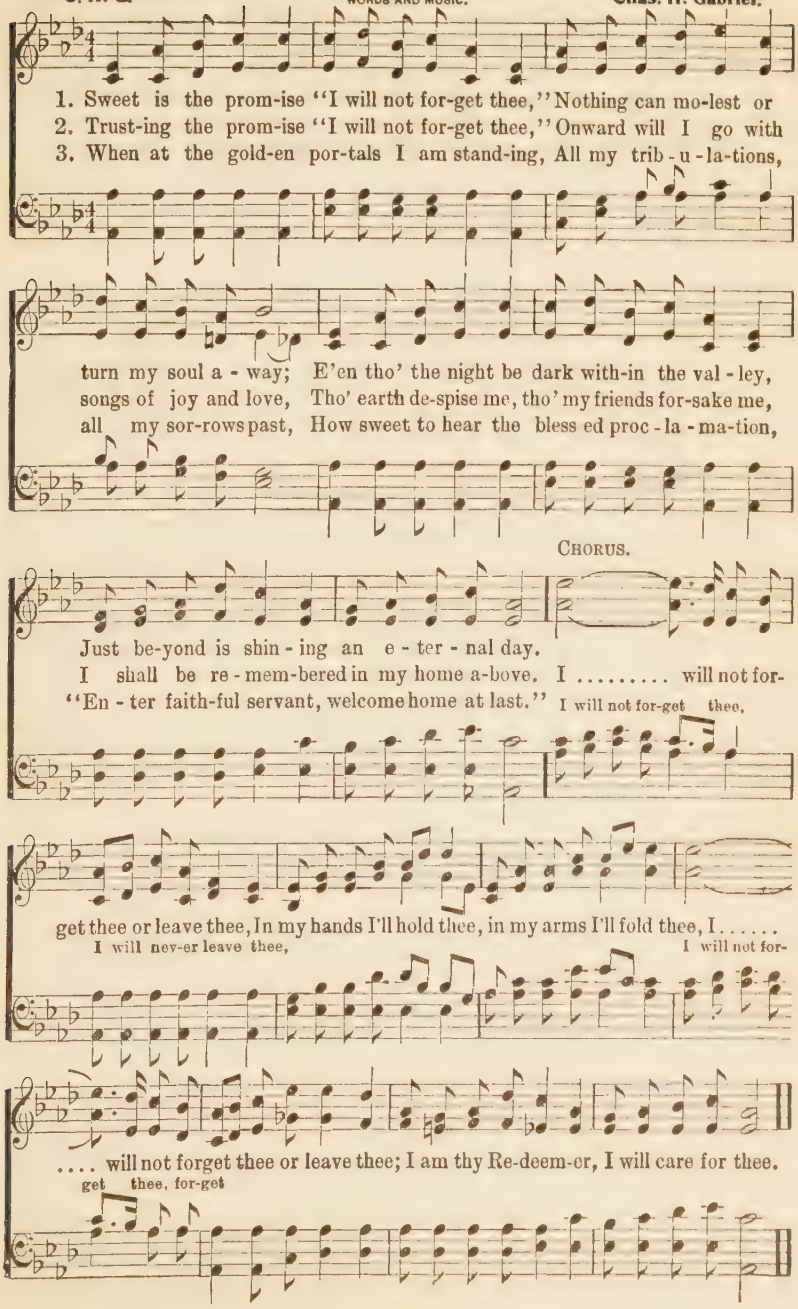
p

Je - sus, For He car - eth, He car - eth for you.....
for you.

All up - on Him,

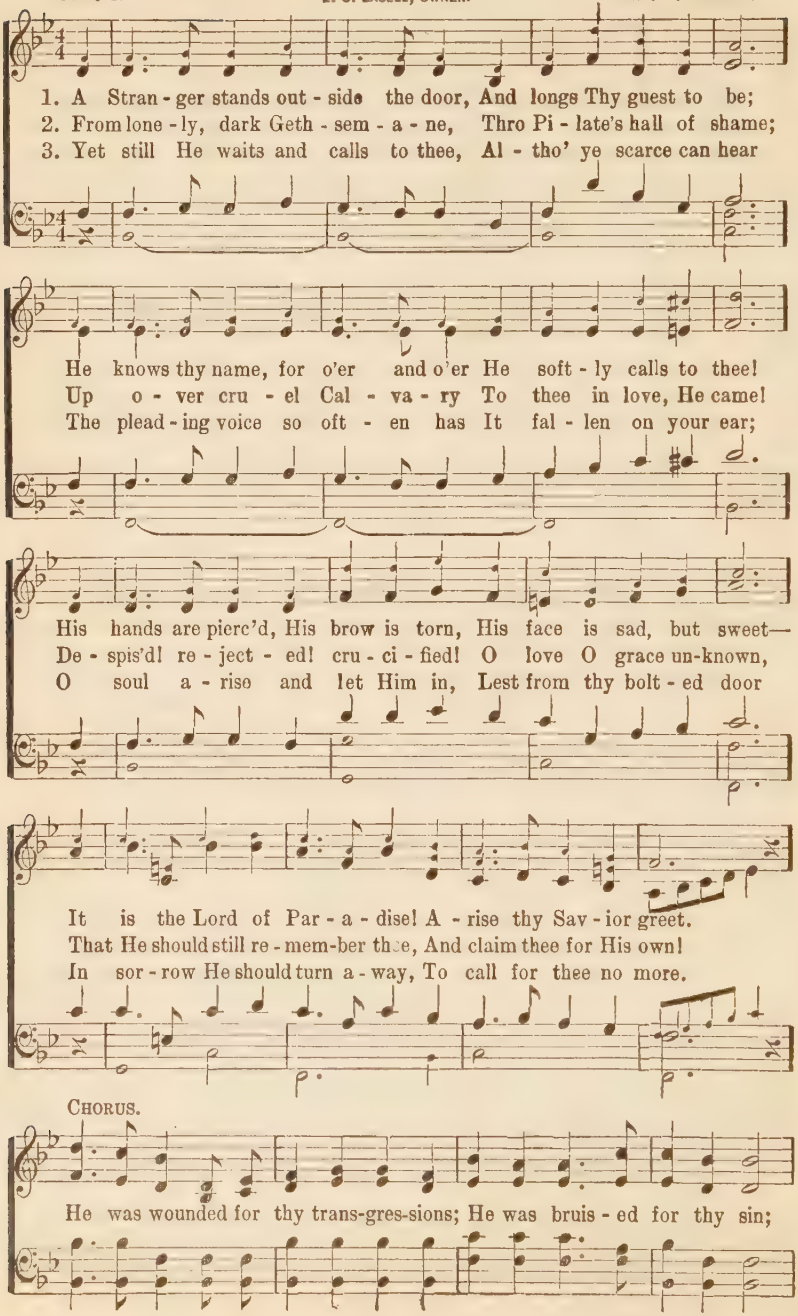
No. 81. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O EXCELL.

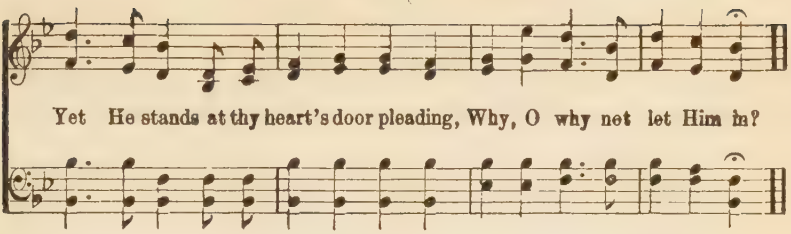
C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless ed proc-la-ma-tion,
CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I ..... will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,
get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee,
I will not for-
.... will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
get thee, for-get

No. 82. The Slighted Stranger.

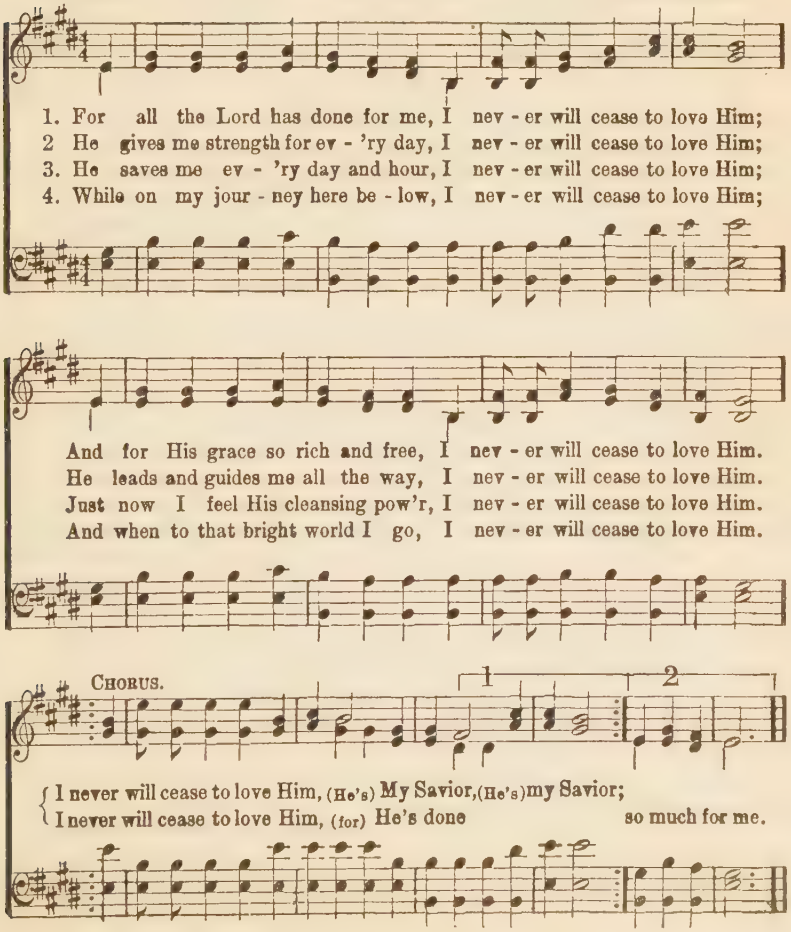
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Stran - ger stands out - side the door, And longs Thy guest to be;
2. From lone - ly, dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Thro Pi - late's hall of shame;
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear
He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee!
Up o - ver cru - el Cal - va - ry To thee in love, He came!
The plead - ing voice so oft - en has It fal - len on your ear;
His hands are pierc'd, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spis'd! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love O grace un-known,
O soul a - rise and let Him in, Lest from thy bolt - ed door
It is the Lord of Par - a - dise! A - rise thy Sav - ior greet.
That He should still re - mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own!
In sor - row He should turn a - way, To call for thee no more.
CHORUS.
He was wounded for thy trans-gres-sions; He was bruis - ed for thy sin;

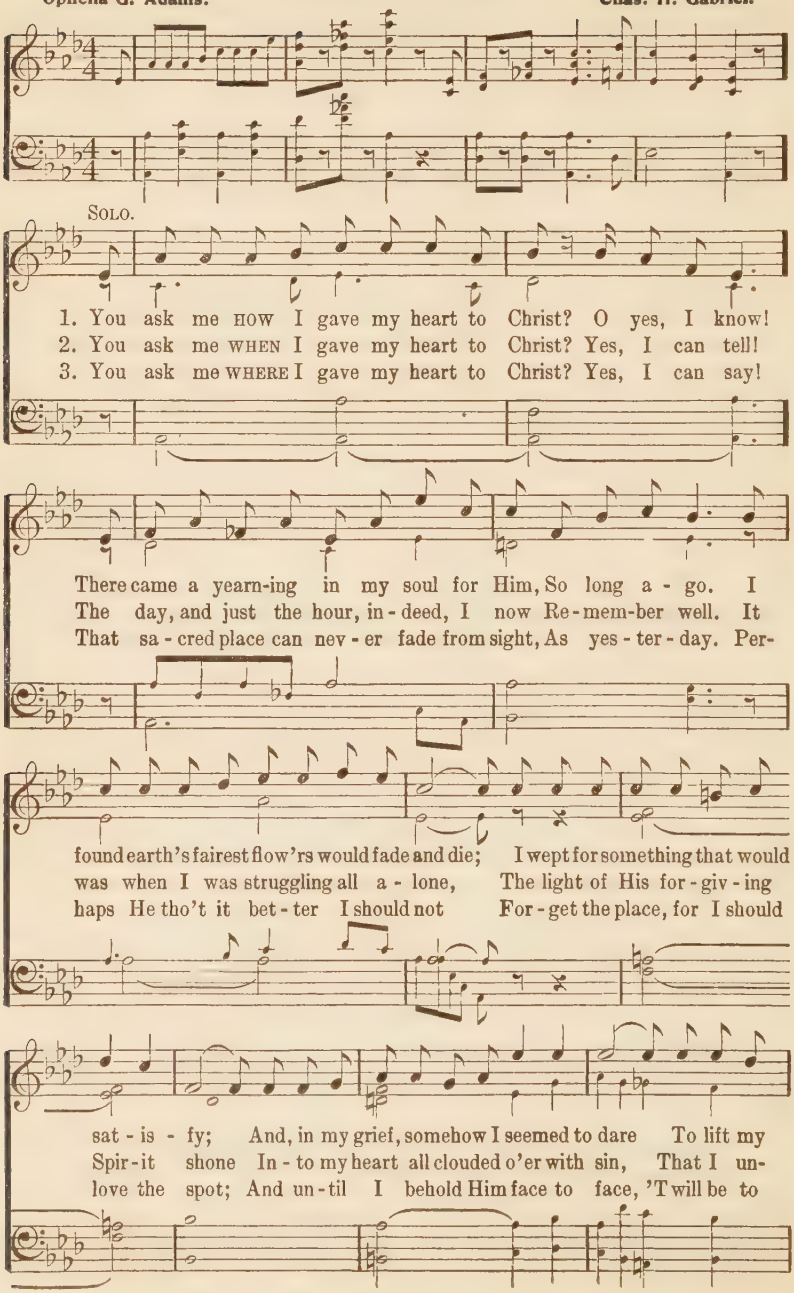
The Slighted Stranger.



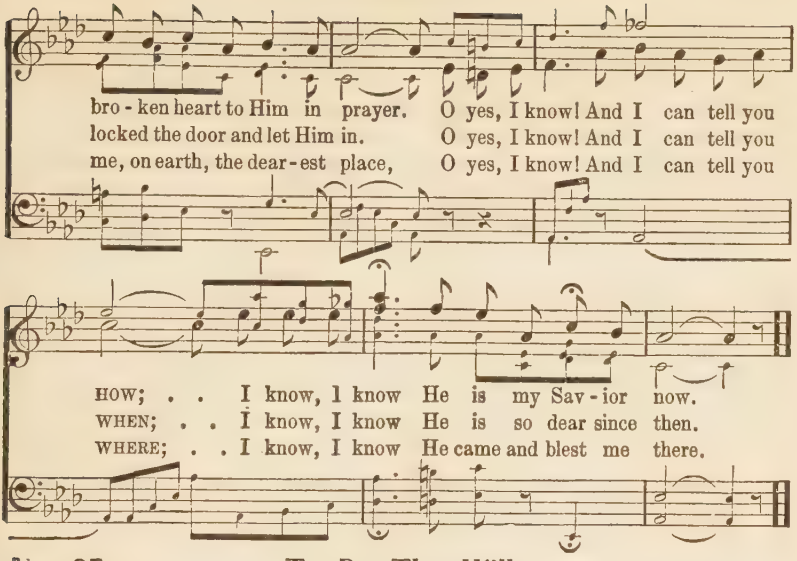
No. 83. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
2 He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour - ney here be - low, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Chorus.
1
2
I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

No. 84. I Know.

Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

SOLO.
1. You ask me HOW I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know!
2. You ask me WHEN I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell!
3. You ask me WHERE I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say!
There came a yearn-ing in my soul for Him, So long a - go. I
The day, and just the hour, in - deed, I now Re-mem-ber well. It
That sa - cred place can nev - er fade from sight, As yes - ter - day. Per-
found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would
was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for - giv - ing
haps He tho't it bet - ter I should not For - get the place, for I should
sat - is - fy; And, in my grief, somehow I seemed to dare To lift my
Spir - it shone In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, That I un-
love the spot; And un - til I behold Him face to face, 'T will be to

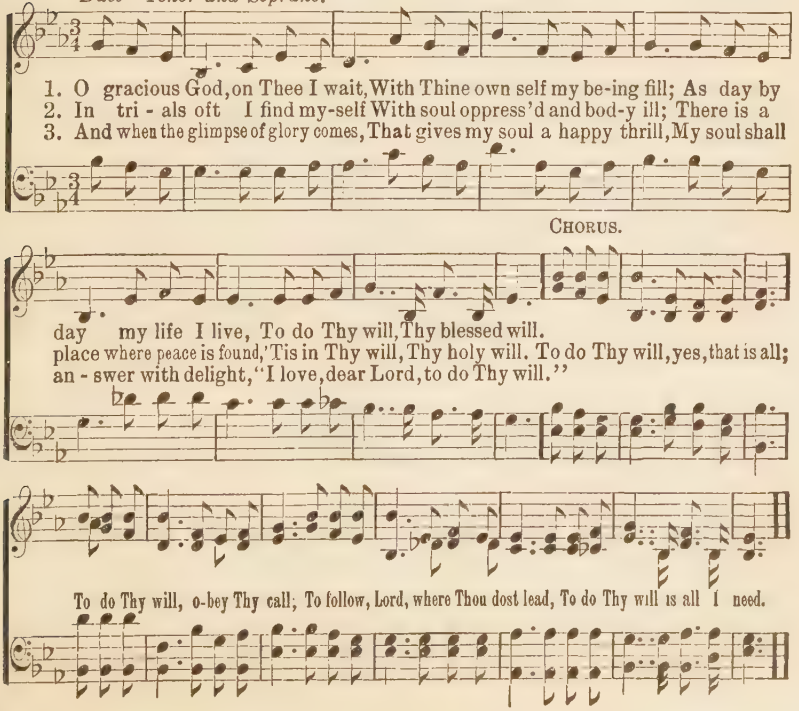
I Know.


bro - ken heart to Him in prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
locked the door and let Him in. O yes, I know! And I can tell you
me, on earth, the dear - est place, O yes, I know! And I can tell you
HOW; . . I know, I know He is my Sav - ior now.
WHEN; . . I know, I know He is so dear since then.
WHERE; . . I know, I know He came and blest me there.

No. 85. To Do Thy Will.

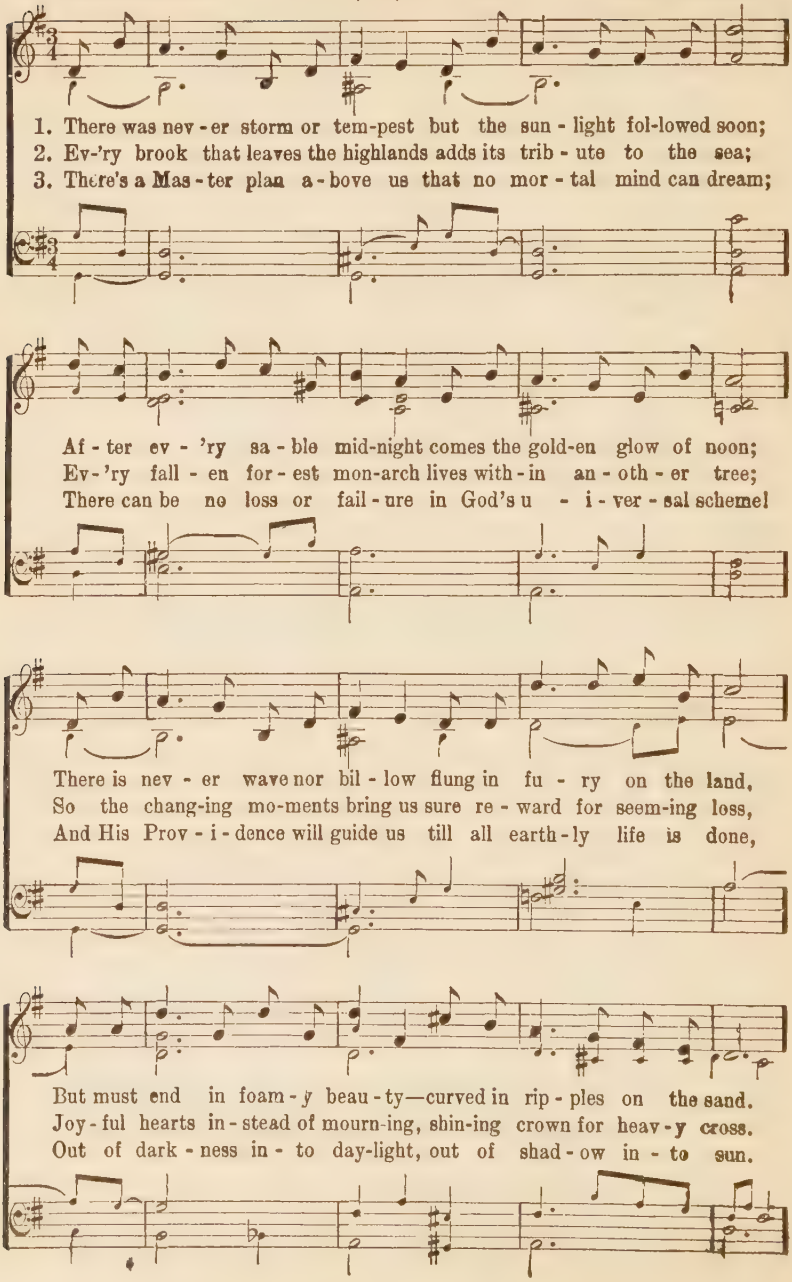
W. H. Pike. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DAVIS & PIKE. USED BY PER. Mrs. W. H. Pike.

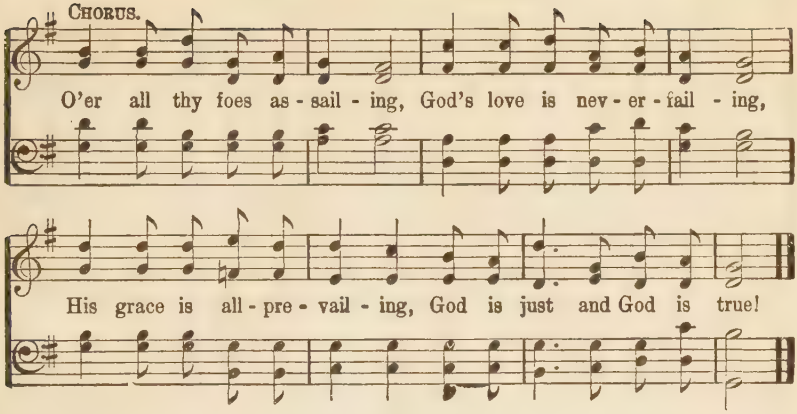
Duet—Tenor and Soprano.


1. O gracious God, on Thee I wait, With Thine own self my be-ing fill; As day by
2. In tri - als oft I find my-self With soul oppress'd and bod-y ill; There is a
3. And when the glimpse of glory comes, That gives my soul a happy thrill, My soul shall
CHORUS.
day my life I live, To do Thy will, Thy blessed will.
place where peace is found, 'Tis in Thy will, Thy holy will. To do Thy will, yes, that is all;
an - swer with delight, "I love, dear Lord, to do Thy will."
To do Thy will, o-bey Thy call; To follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead, To do Thy will is all I need.

No. 86. God's Providence.

Edith S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

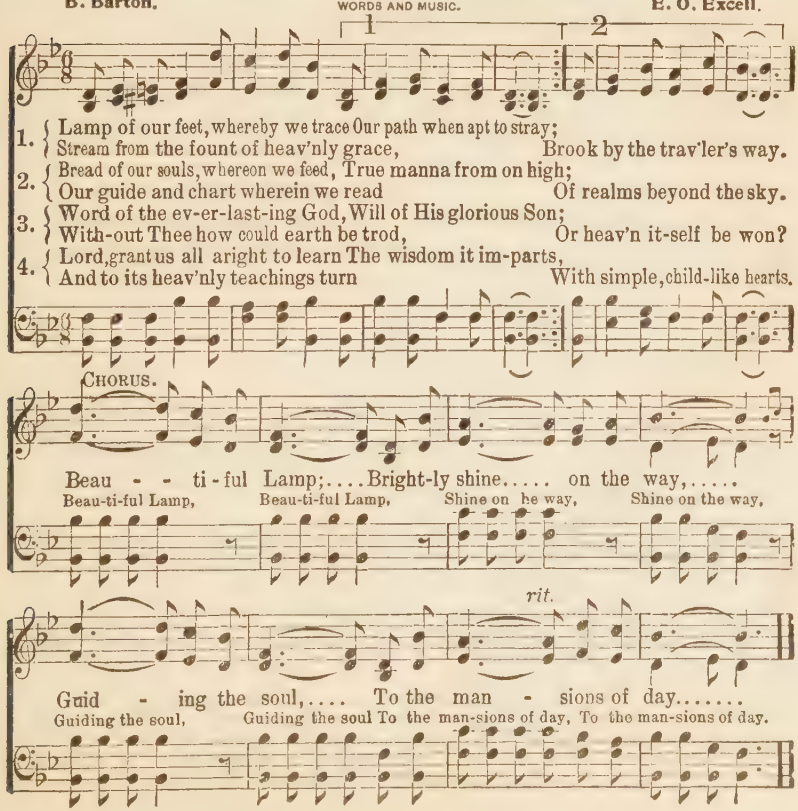

1. There was nev - er storm or tem-pest but the sun - light fol-lowed soon;
2. Ev-'ry brook that leaves the highlands adds its trib - ute to the sea;
3. There's a Mas - ter plan a - bove us that no mor - tal mind can dream;
Af - ter ev - 'ry sa - ble mid-night comes the gold-en glow of noon;
Ev-'ry fall - en for - est mon-arch lives with - in an - oth - er tree;
There can be no loss or fail - ure in God's u - i - ver - sal scheme!
There is nev - er wave nor bil - low flung in fu - ry on the land,
So the chang-ing mo-ments bring us sure re - ward for seem-ing loss,
And His Prov - i - dence will guide us till all earth - ly life is done,
But must end in foam - y beau - ty—curved in rip - ples on the sand.
Joy - ful hearts in - stead of mourn-ing, shin-ing crown for heav - y cross.
Out of dark - ness in - to day-light, out of shad - ow in - to sun.

God's Providence.

No. 87. The Bible.

B. Barton.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1
2
1. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path when apt to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way.
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky.
3. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God, Will of His glorious Son;
With-out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won?
4. Lord, grant us all aright to learn The wisdom it im-parts,
And to its heav'nly teachings turn With simple, child-like hearts.
CHORUS.
Beau - - ti-ful Lamp;....Bright-ly shine..... on the way,.....
Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,
rit.
Guid - ing the soul,.... To the man - sions of day.....
Guiding the soul, Guiding the soul To the man-sions of day, To the man-sions of day.

No. 88. The Grand Old Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and pro-claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa - thers, And send it un - to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proudly own it, Be - lieve, and search its

lect it nev - er! Un-fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges,
prophets spok - en; His seal im-print - ed glows up - on its pag - es,
ev - 'ry na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in darkness,
sa - cred pag - es; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—

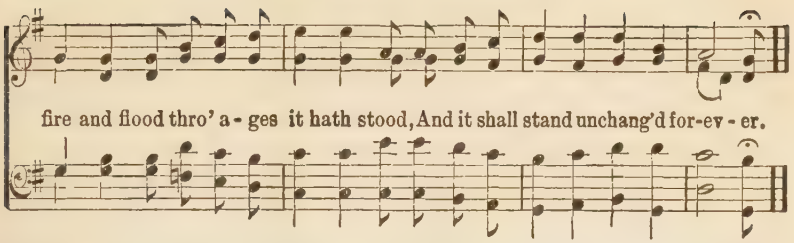
CHORUS.

And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er!
And not a pre - cept can be brok-en. O bless-ed book,.....
That lights the way un - to sal - va-tion. O bless-ed book,
Im-mor - tal life thro' end - less a - ges.

the on - ly book,..... The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
the on - ly book,

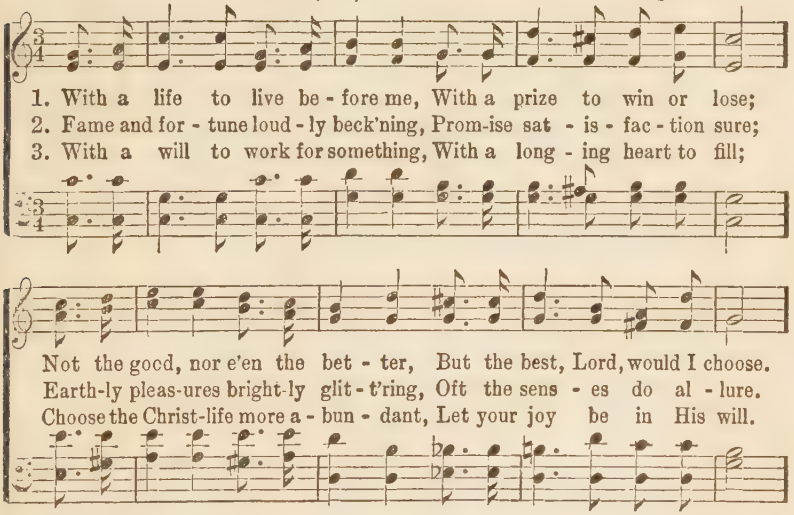
* With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY.

The Grand Old Bible.

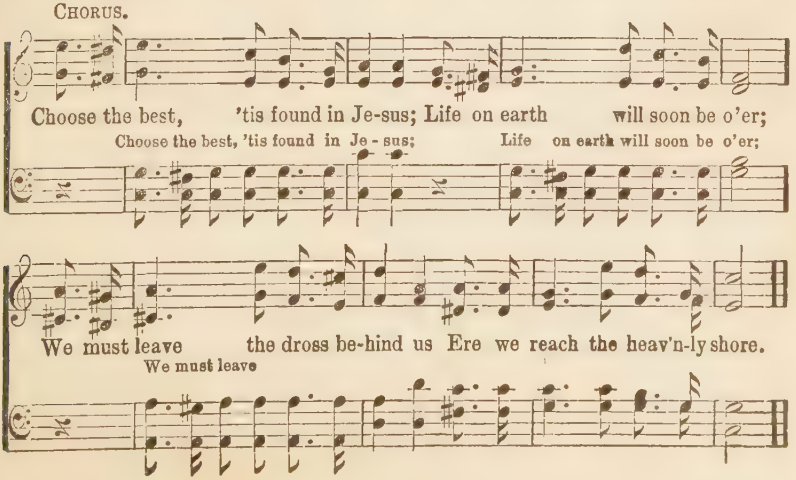


No. 89. Choose the Best.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY EVANGELIST JOHN A. DAVIS. George H. Carr.

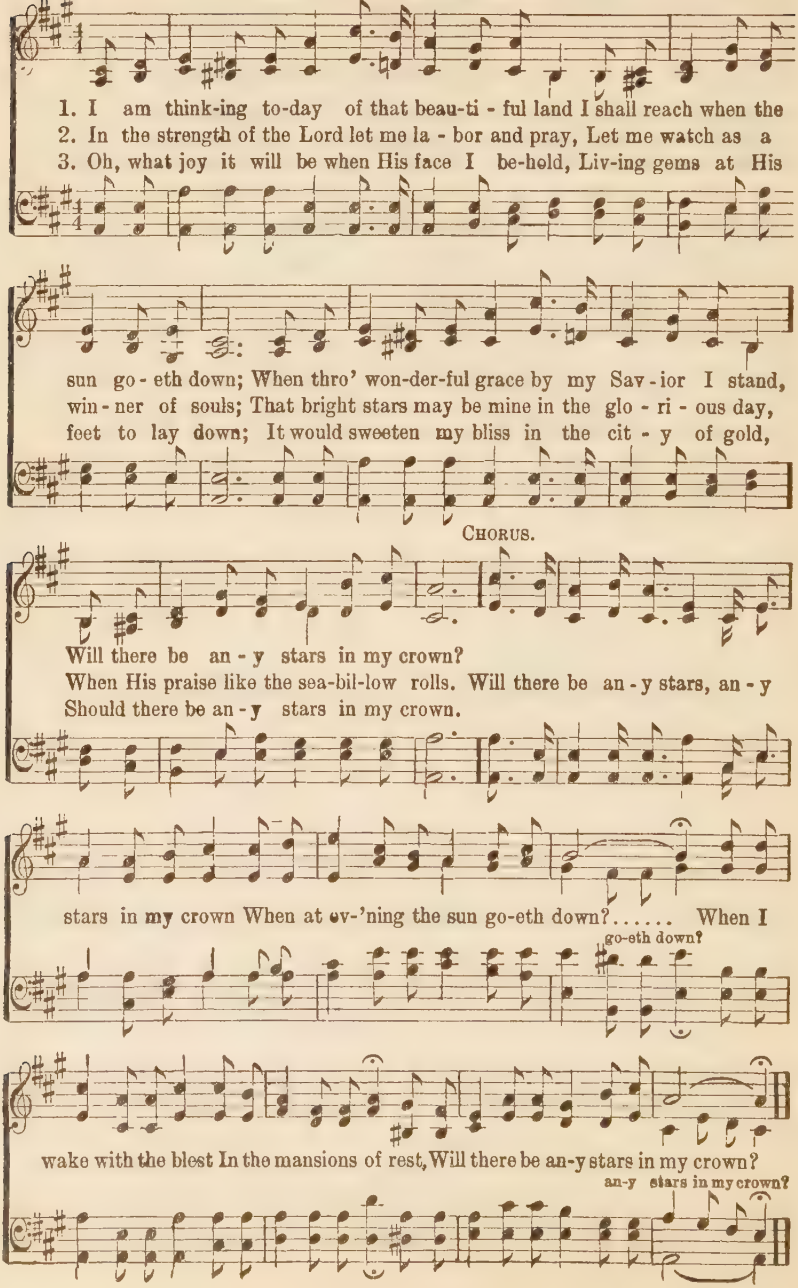

1. With a life to live be - fore me, With a prize to win or lose;
2. Fame and for - tune loud - ly beck'ning, Prom-ise sat - is - fac - tion sure;
3. With a will to work for something, With a long - ing heart to fill;
Not the good, nor e'en the bet - ter, But the best, Lord, would I choose.
Earth-ly pleas-ures bright-ly glit - t'ring, Oft the sens - es do al - lure.
Choose the Christ-life more a - bun - dant, Let your joy be in His will.

CHORUS.


Choose the best, 'tis found in Je-sus; Life on earth will soon be o'er;
Choose the best, 'tis found in Je - sus; Life on earth will soon be o'er;
We must leave the dross be-hind us Ere we reach the heav'n-ly shore.
We must leave

No. 90. Will There be any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

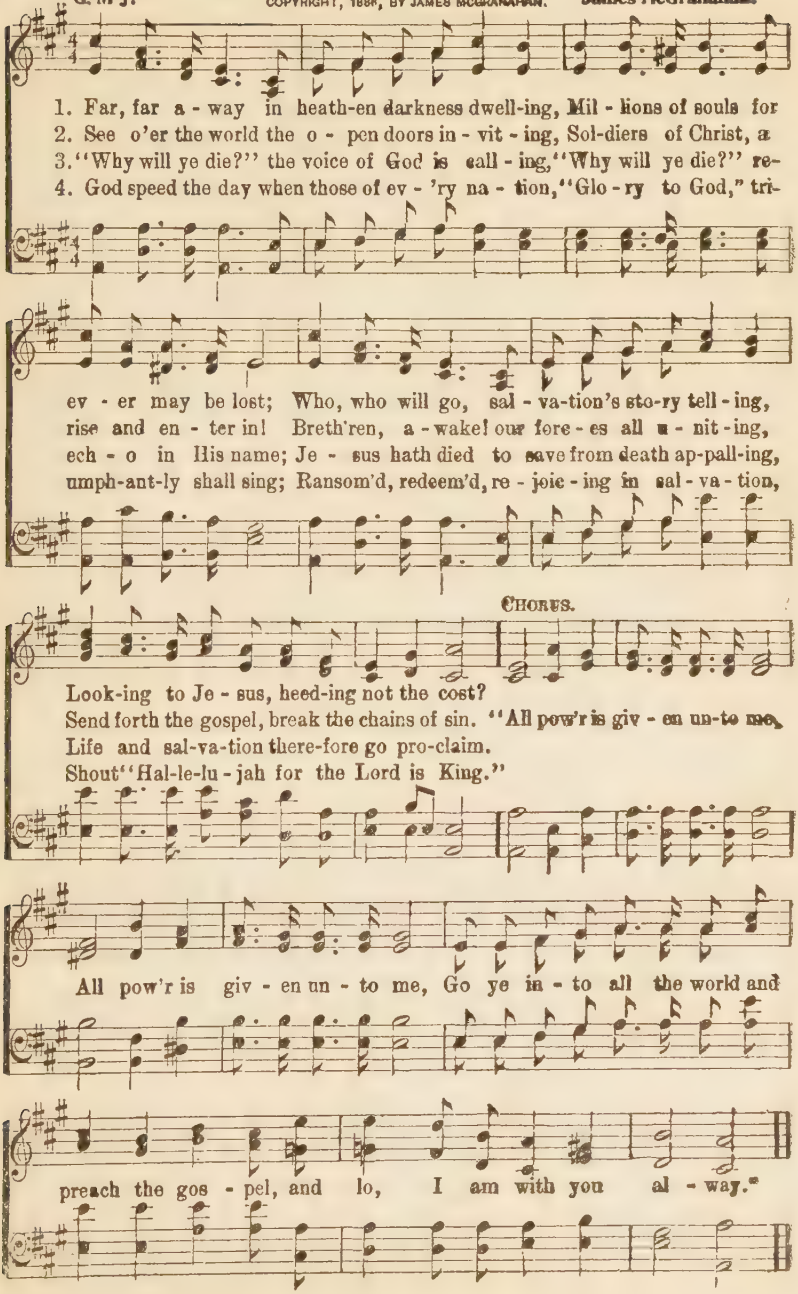
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 91. Go Ye Into All the World.

Matt. 28: 18. Mark 16: 15.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.

G. M J. James McGranahan.


1. Far, far a - way in heath-en darkness dwell-ing, Mil - lions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev - 'ry na - tion, "Glo - ry to God," tri-
ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal - va-tion's sto-ry tell - ing,
rise and en - ter in! Breth'ren, a - wake! our fore - es all u - nit - ing,
ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
umph-ant-ly shall sing; Ransom'd, redeem'd, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,
CHORUS.
Look-ing to Je - sus, heed-ing not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv - en un-to me,
Life and sal-va-tion there-fore go pro-claim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu - jah for the Lord is King."
All pow'r is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and
preach the gos - pel, and lo, I am with you al - way."

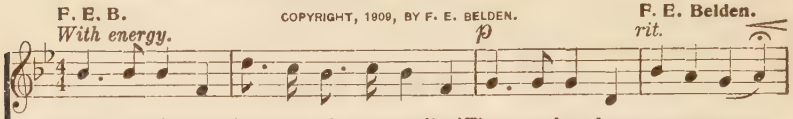
No. 92. Launch the Life-Boat!

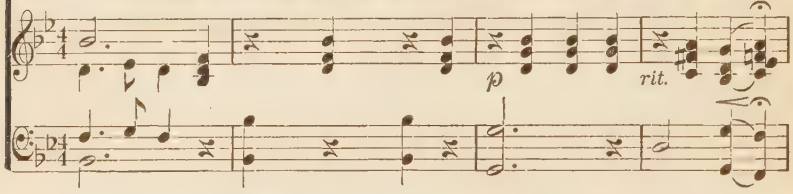
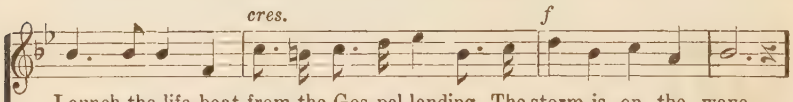
"Because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin; but his blood will I require thine hand."—Ezek. 3: 18-20.

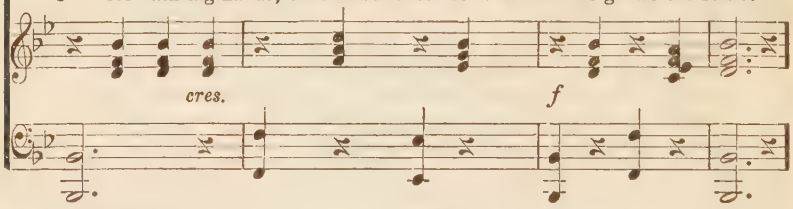
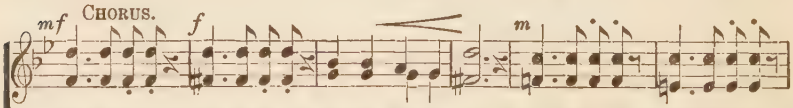
F. E. B. *With energy.*

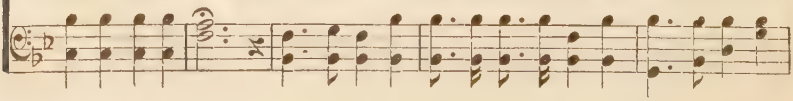
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

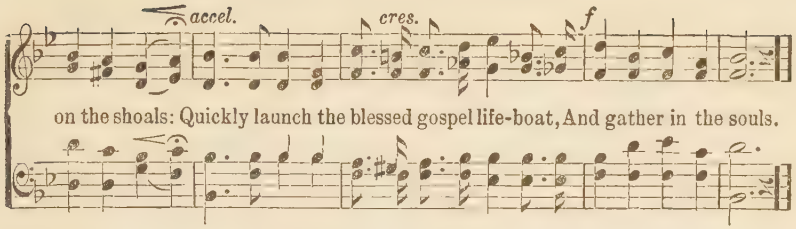
F. E. Belden.



1. Launch the life-boat! many souls are stranding! There are loved ones we may save,
2. Oft be-neath the calm and sun-ny wa - ters Hid-den shoals of dan-ger lie;
3. Oft up-on life's dark and stormy o - cean Stur-dy manhood's bark is tossed;
4. O for hearts to love as did the Mas-ter Those who sadly fail in life!



Launch the life-boat from the Gos-pel landing, The storm is on the wave.
Christ is need-ed by our sons and daughters, To res-cue ere they die.
Christ a-lone can still the wild com-mo-tion And save the sail - or lost.
O for will-ing hands, that la-bor fast - er The fierc-er grows the strife!

Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat! Tho' the surg-es roar; Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat

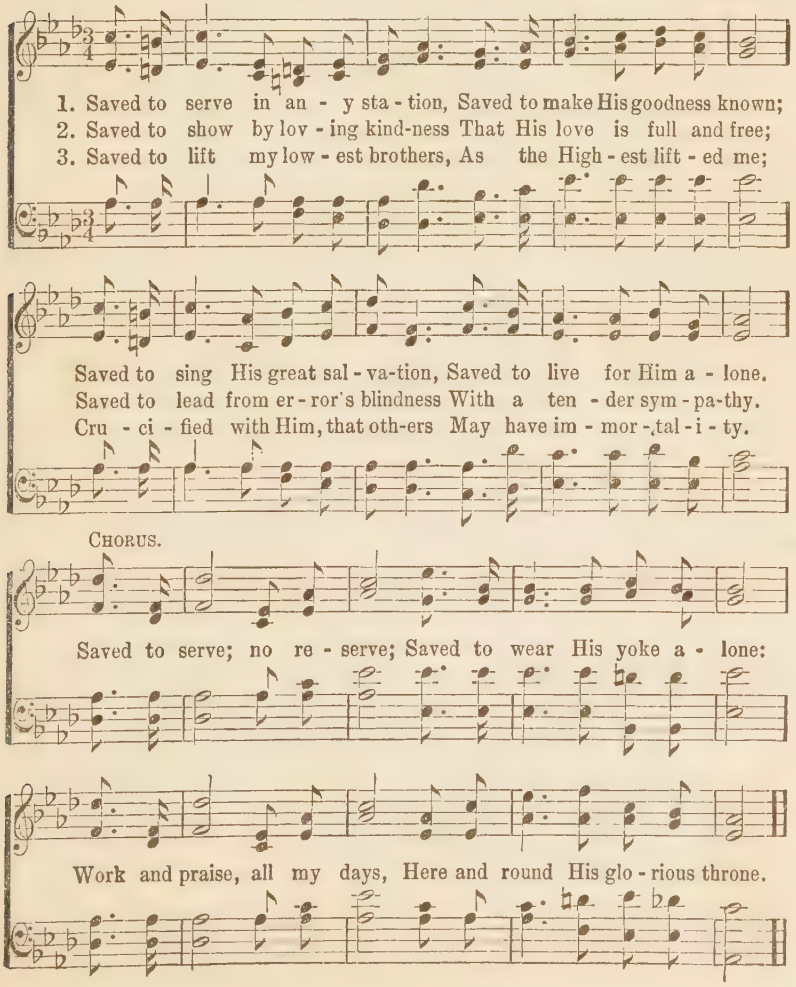
From the gospel shore! Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of evil, Wrecks of youth up-

Launch the Life-Boat.



No. 93. Saved to Serve.

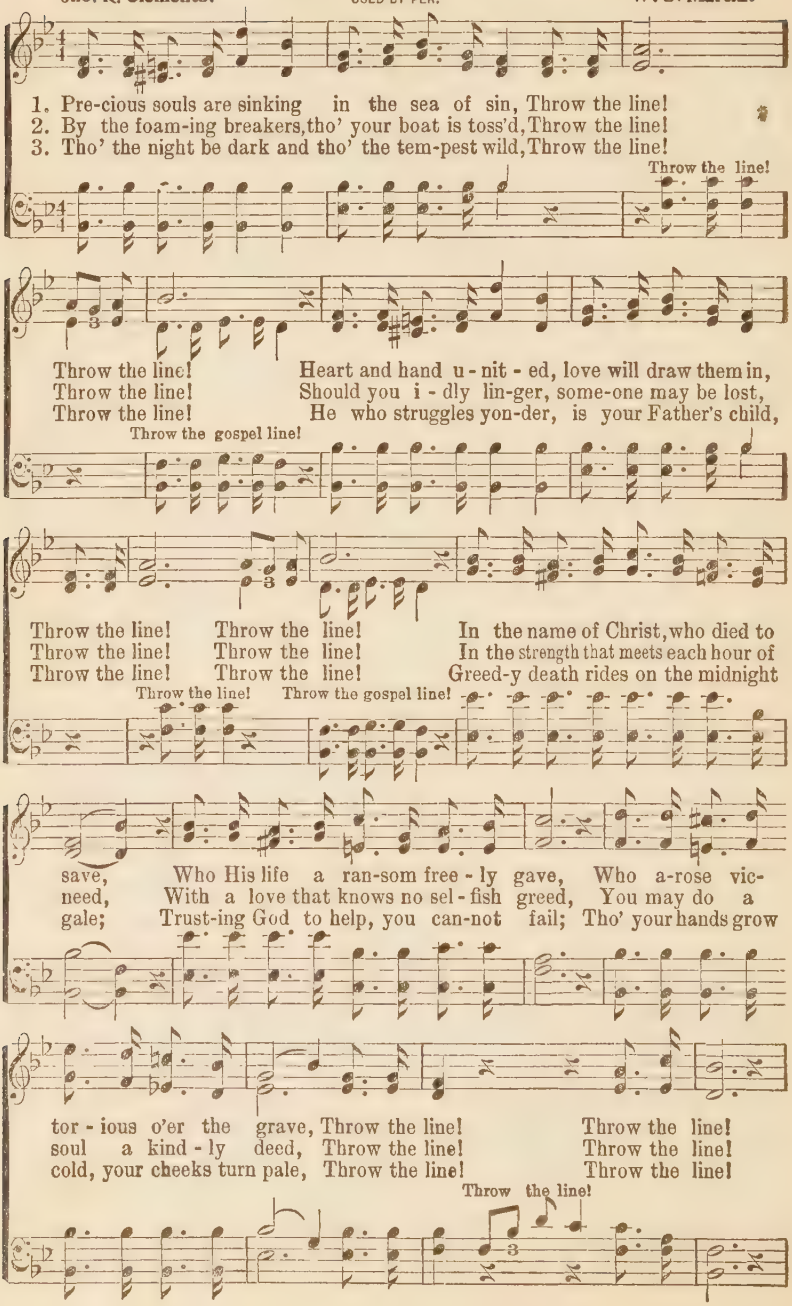
"With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."—Eph. 6: 7.

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

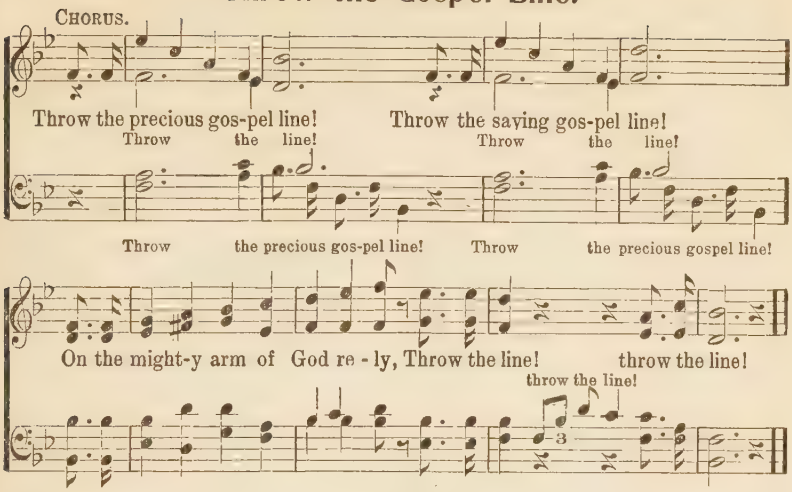

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make His goodness known;
2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind-ness That His love is full and free;
3. Saved to lift my low - est brothers, As the High - est lift - ed me;
Saved to sing His great sal - va-tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
Saved to lead from er - ror's blindness With a ten - der sym - pa-thy.
Cru - ci - fied with Him, that oth-ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.
CHORUS.
Saved to serve; no re - serve; Saved to wear His yoke a - lone:
Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glo - rious throne.

No. 94. Throw the Gospel Line.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
USED BY PER.

Jno. R. Clements. W. S. Martin.

1. Pre-cious souls are sinking in the sea of sin, Throw the line!
2. By the foam-ing breakers, tho' your boat is toss'd, Throw the line!
3. Tho' the night be dark and tho' the tem-pest wild, Throw the line!
Throw the line!
Throw the line! Heart and hand u - nit - ed, love will draw them in,
Throw the line! Should you i - dly lin-ger, some-one may be lost,
Throw the line! He who struggles yon-der, is your Father's child,
Throw the gospel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the name of Christ, who died to
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the strength that meets each hour of
Throw the line! Throw the line! Greed-y death rides on the midnight
Throw the line! Throw the gospel line!
save, Who His life a ran-som free - ly gave, Who a-rose vic-
need, With a love that knows no sel - fish greed, You may do a
gale; Trust-ing God to help, you can-not fail; Tho' your hands grow
tor - ious o'er the grave, Throw the line! Throw the line!
soul a kind - ly deed, Throw the line! Throw the line!
cold, your cheeks turn pale, Throw the line! Throw the line!
Throw the line!

Throw the Gospel Line.

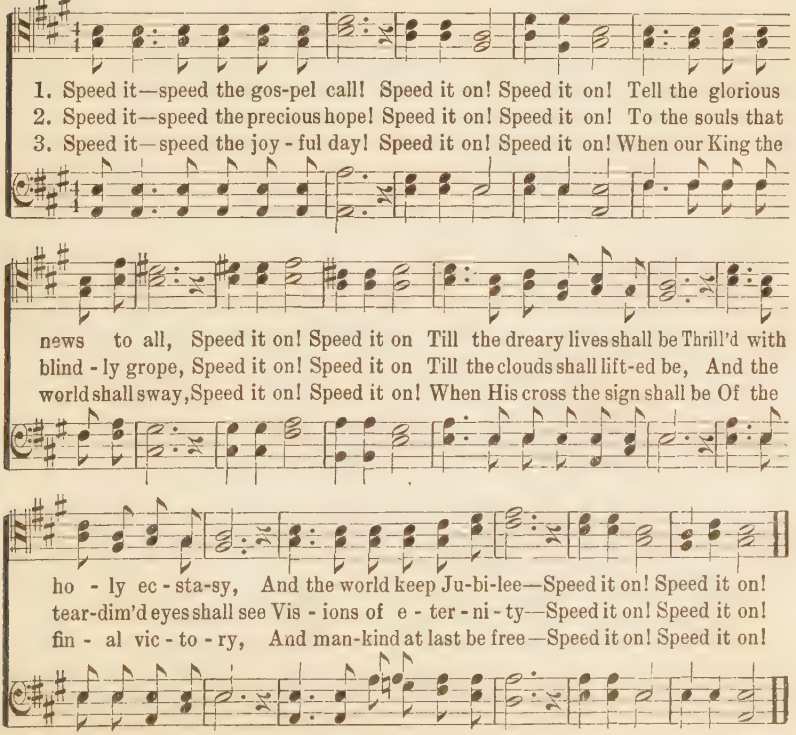

Chorus.
Throw the precious gos-pel line! Throw the saving gos-pel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line!
Throw the precious gos-pel line! Throw the precious gospel line!
On the might-y arm of God re - ly, Throw the line! throw the line!
throw the line!

No. 95. Speed It On.

MALE QUARTET.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
USED BY PER.

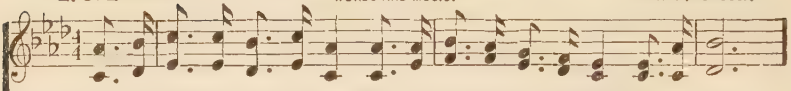
Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Rosecrans.


1. Speed it—speed the gos-pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on! Tell the glorious
2. Speed it—speed the precious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on! To the souls that
3. Speed it—speed the joy - ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on! When our King the
news to all, Speed it on! Speed it on Till the dreary lives shall be Thrill'd with
blind - ly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on Till the clouds shall lift-ed be, And the
world shall sway, Speed it on! Speed it on! When His cross the sign shall be Of the
ho - ly ec - sta-sy, And the world keep Ju-bi-lee—Speed it on! Speed it on!
tear-dim'd eyes shall see Vis - ions of e - ter - ni - ty—Speed it on! Speed it on!
fin - al vic - to - ry, And man-kind at last be free—Speed it on! Speed it on!

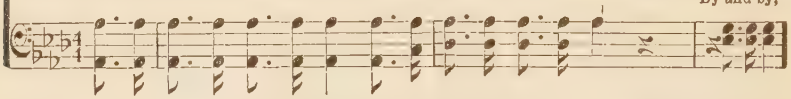
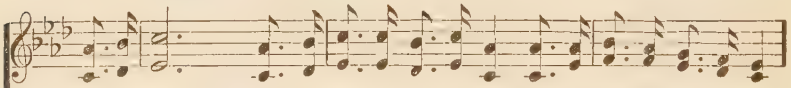
No. 96. We Shall Stand Before the King.

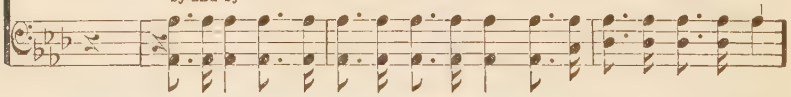
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

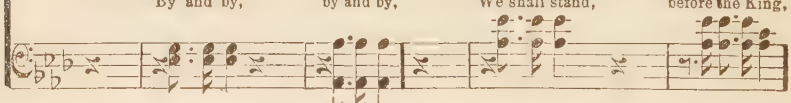


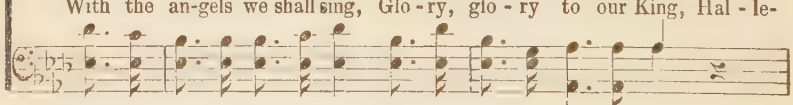
1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

By and by,

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

by and by

CHORUS

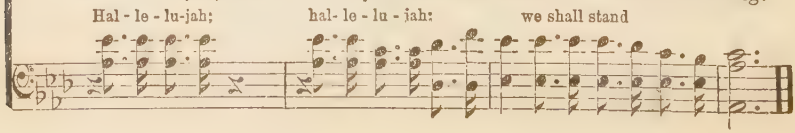
By and by, ... by and by. We shall stand, . . before the King, ...

By and by, by and by, We shall stand, before the King,

With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le-



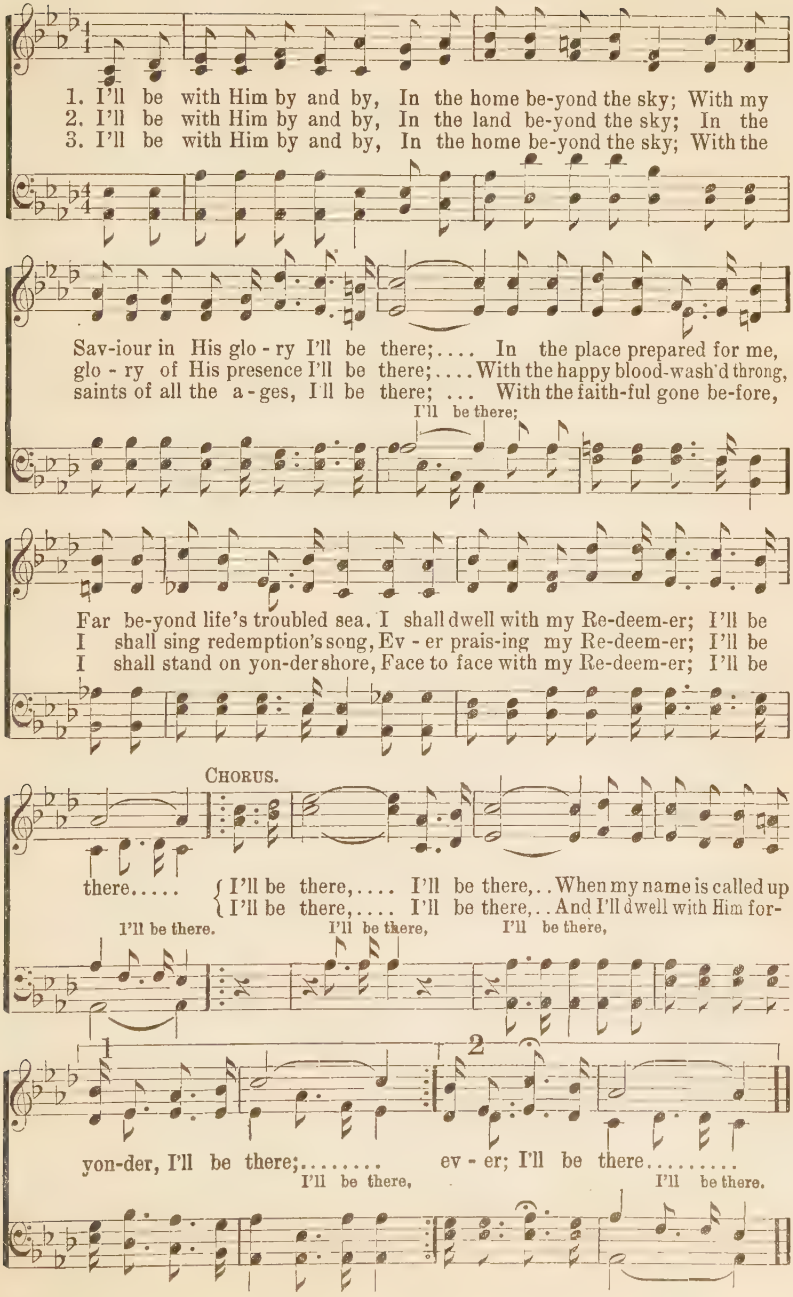
lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand . . . . . before the King.

Hal - le - lu-jah; hal- le - lu - jah; we shall stand



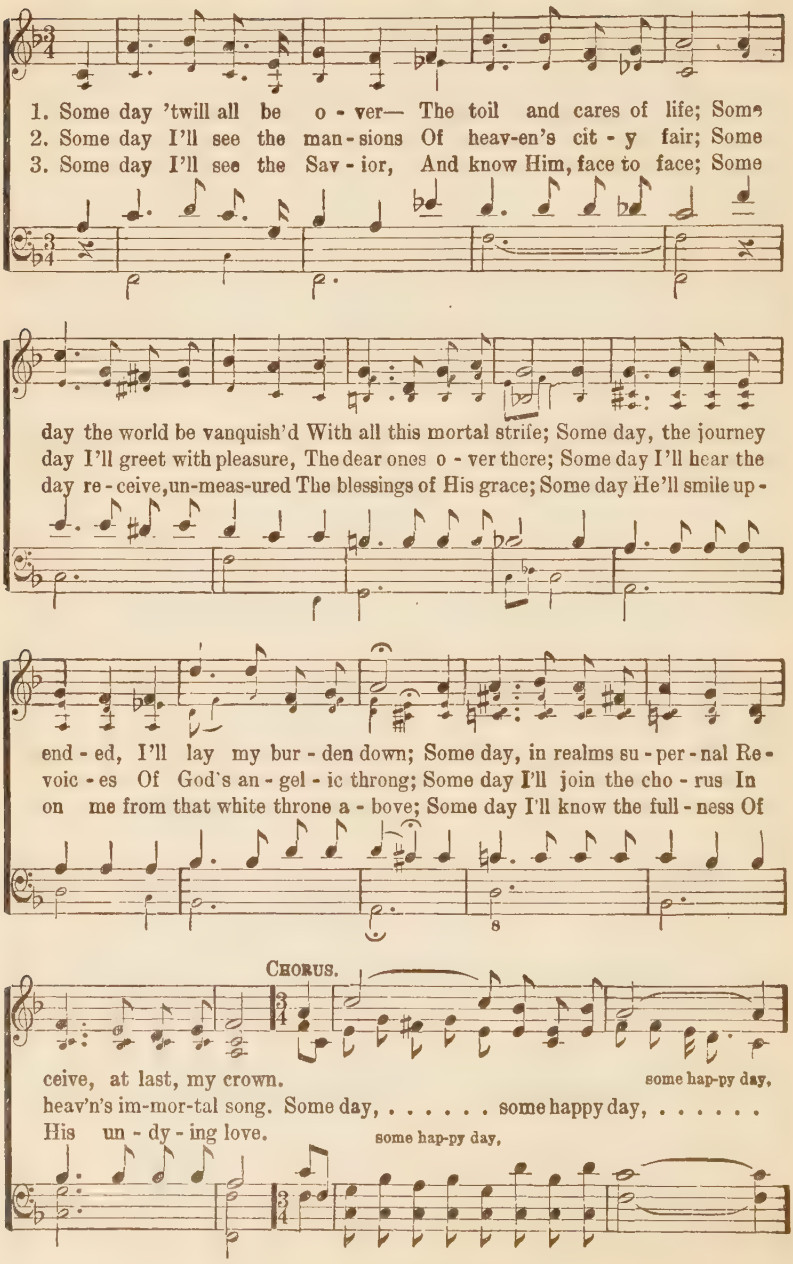
No. 97. I'll Be There.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

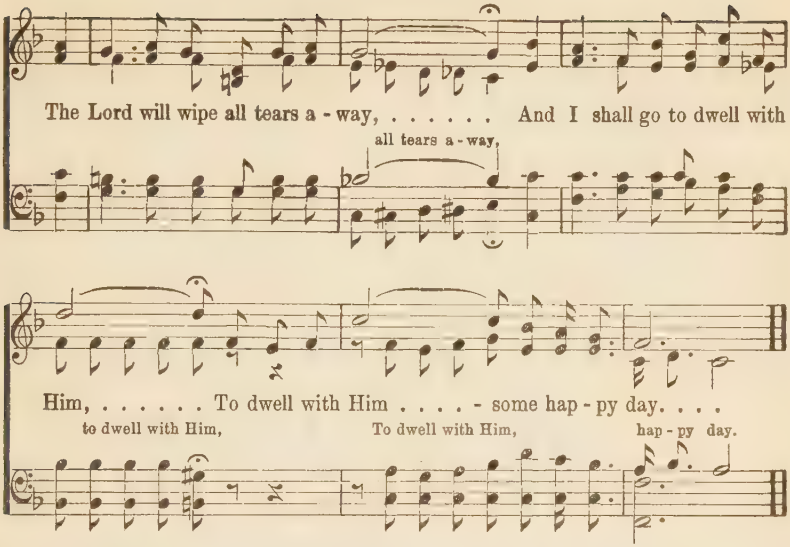
Z. A. Space. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky; With my
2. I'll be with Him by and by, In the land be-yond the sky; In the
3. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky; With the
Sav-iour in His glo - ry I'll be there; .... In the place prepared for me,
glo - ry of His presence I'll be there; .... With the happy blood-wash'd throng,
saints of all the a - ges, I'll be there; ... With the faith-ful gone be-fore,
I'll be there;
Far be-yond life's troubled sea. I shall dwell with my Re-deem-er; I'll be
I shall sing redemption's song, Ev - er prais-ing my Re-deem-er; I'll be
I shall stand on yon-der shore, Face to face with my Re-deem-er; I'll be
CHORUS.
there.....
I'll be there, ... I'll be there, .. When my name is called up
I'll be there, ... I'll be there, .. And I'll dwell with Him for-
I'll be there.
I'll be there,
I'll be there,
1
2
yon-der, I'll be there; .....
ev - er; I'll be there .....
I'll be there,
I'll be there.

No. 98. Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some
day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones o - ver there; Some day I'll hear the
day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -
end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of
CHORUS.
ceive, at last, my crown.
some hap-py day,
heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
His un - dy - ing love.
some hap-py day,

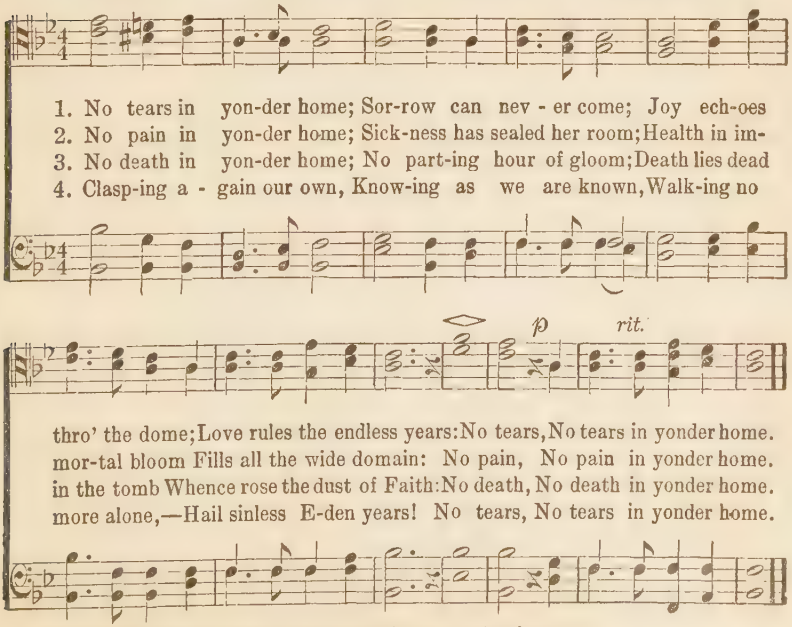
Some Day.


The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, ... And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a - way,
Him, ... To dwell with Him . . . . - some hap - py day. . . .
to dwell with Him,
To dwell with Him,
hap - py day.

No. 99. No Tears.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

F. E. Belden. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. E. BELDEN. I. B. Woodbury, arr.


1. No tears in yon-der home; Sor-row can nev - er come; Joy ech-oes
2. No pain in yon-der home; Sick-ness has sealed her room; Health in im-
3. No death in yon-der home; No part-ing hour of gloom; Death lies dead
4. Clasp-ing a - gain our own, Know-ing as we are known, Walk-ing no
p
rit.
thro' the dome; Love rules the endless years: No tears, No tears in yonder home.
mor-tal bloom Fills all the wide domain: No pain, No pain in yonder home.
in the tomb Whence rose the dust of Faith: No death, No death in yonder home.
more alone,—Hail sinless E-den years! No tears, No tears in yonder home.

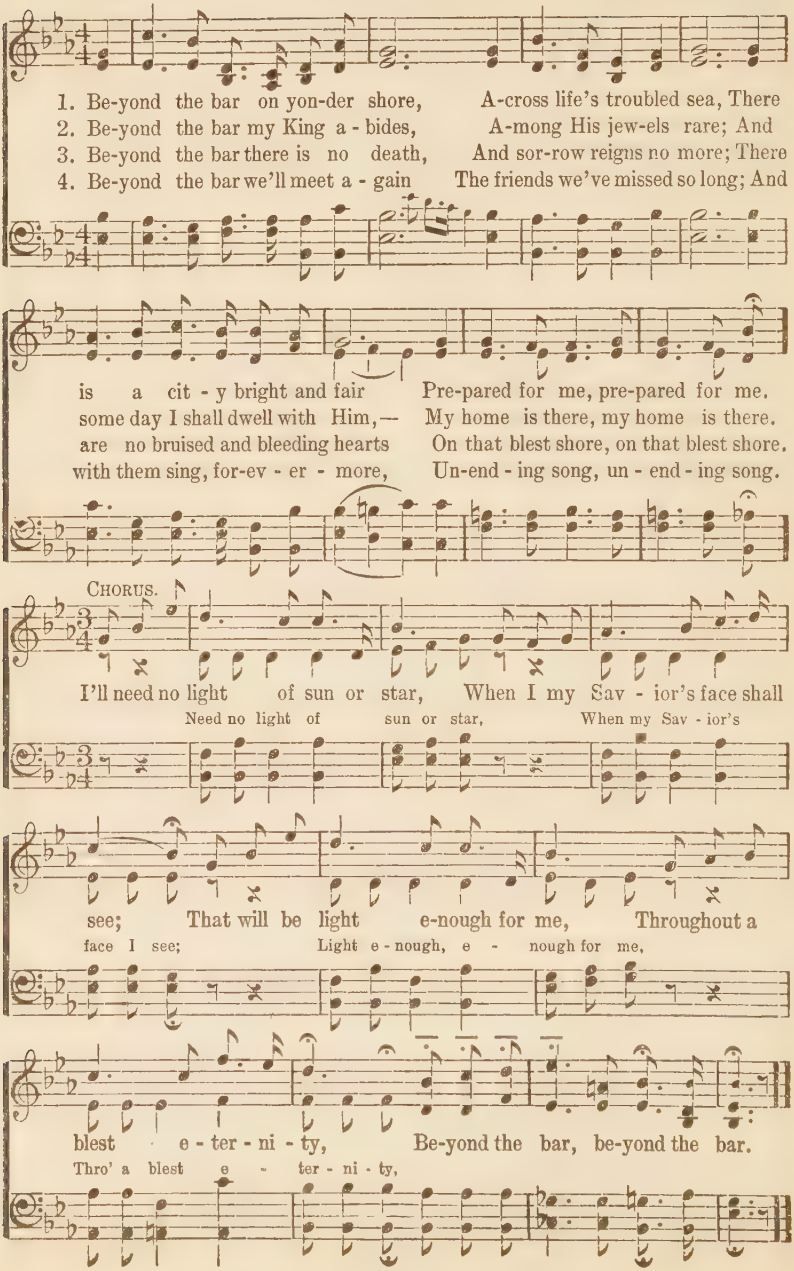
*May be sung with good effect Alto taking 1st Tenor, an octave lower.

No. 100. Beyond the Bar.

T. M. Eastwood.

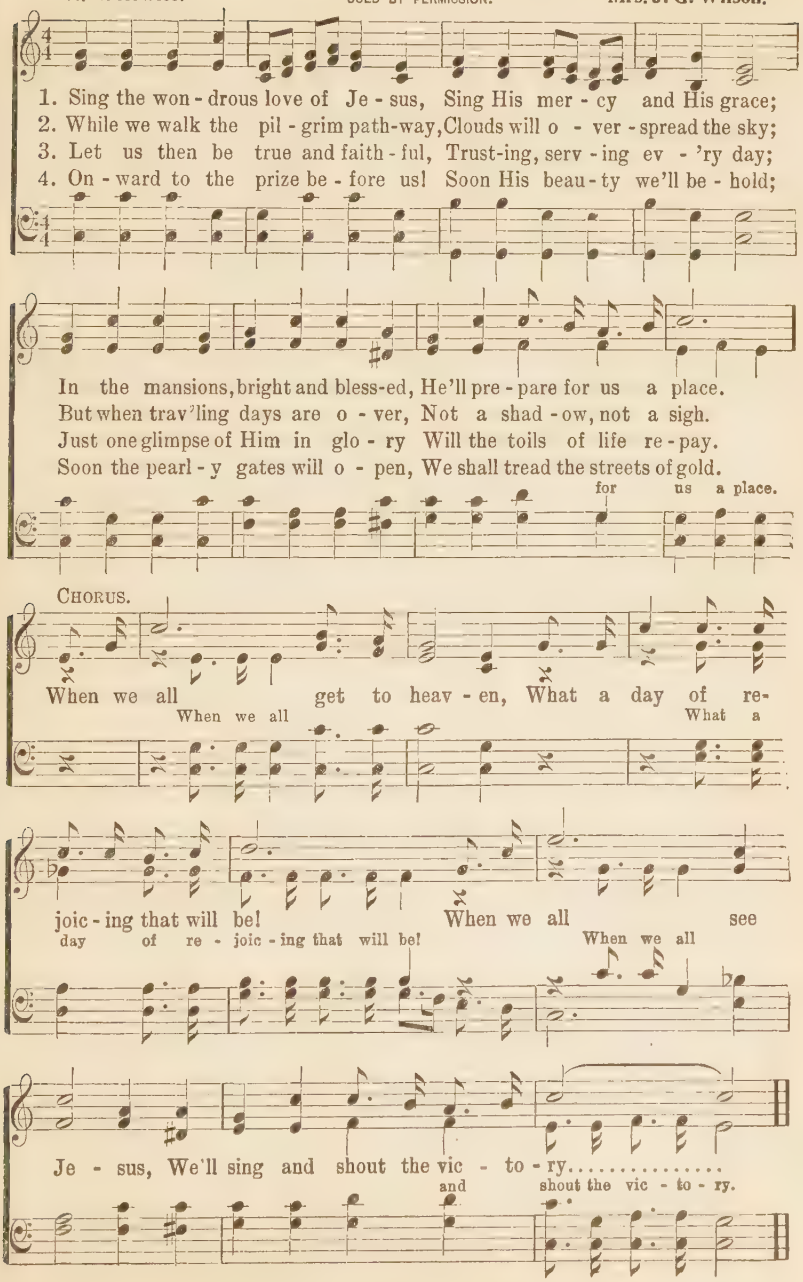
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.


1. Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And
is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him,— My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.
CHORUS.
I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's
see; That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
face I see; Light e - nough, e - nough for me,
blest e - ter - ni - ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

No. 101. When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;
In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 102. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. Charlie D. Tillman.

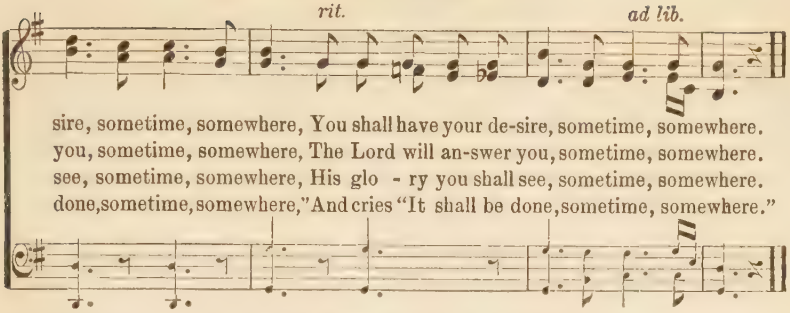
1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-

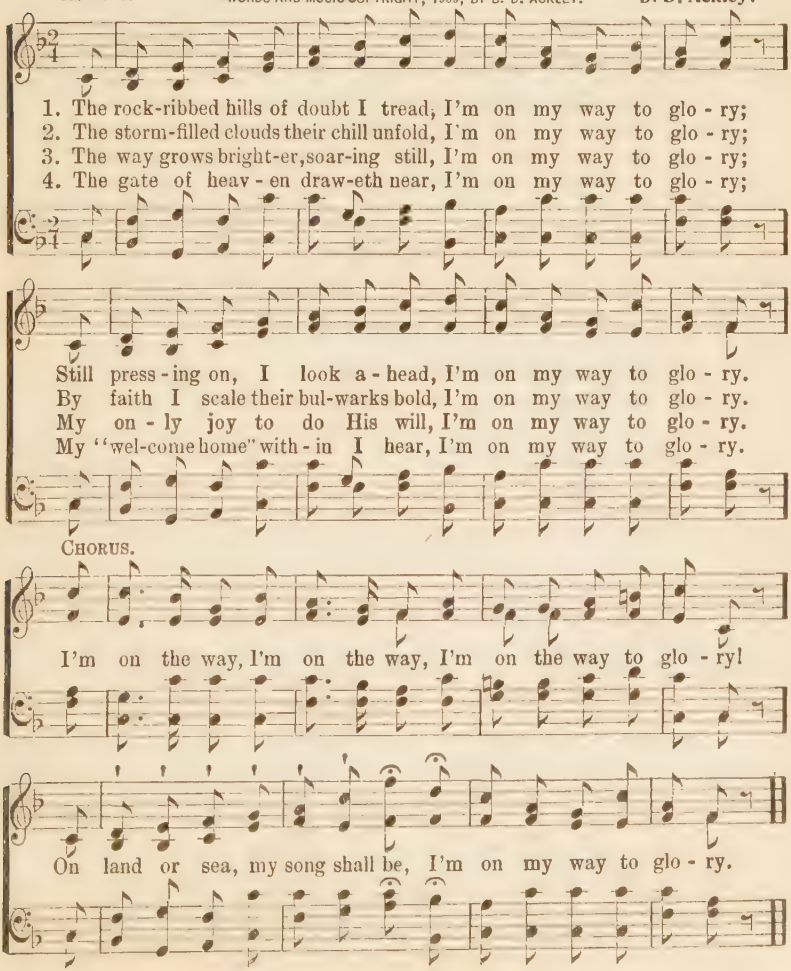
part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de -
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be

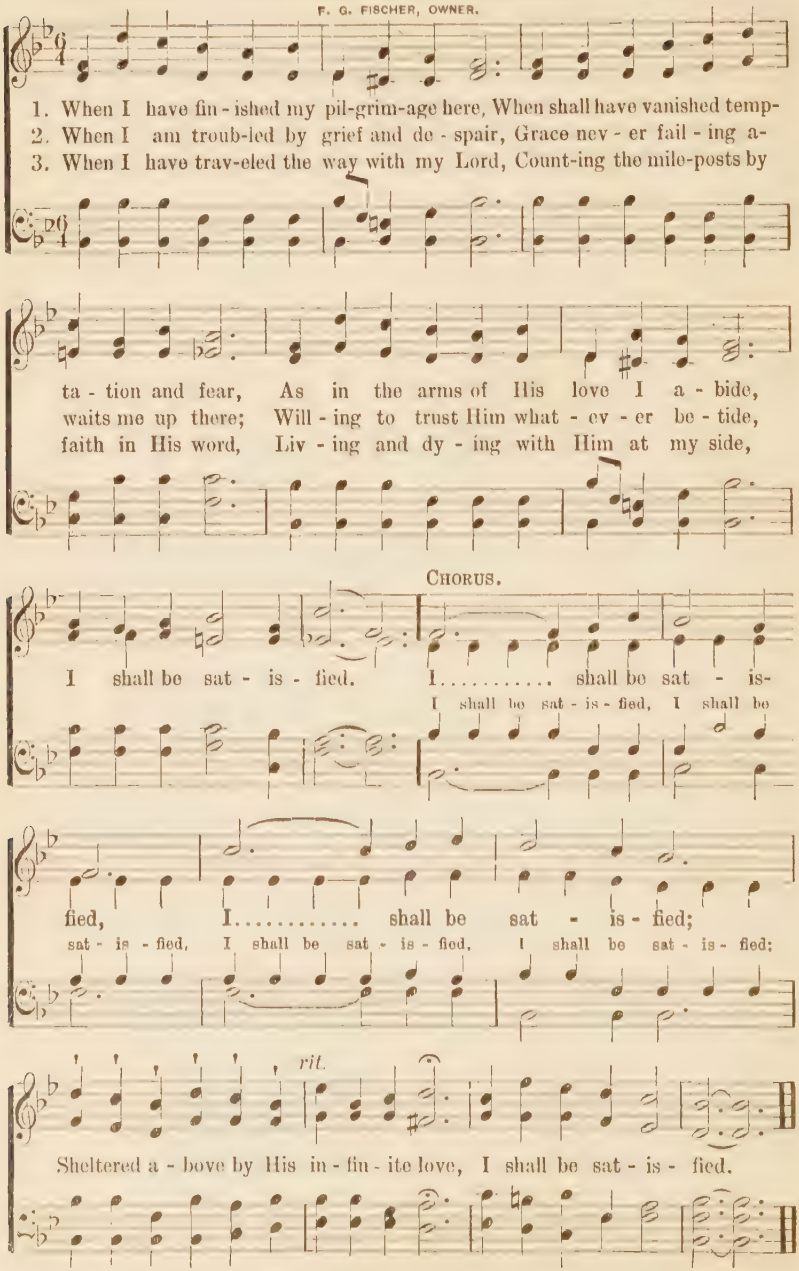
Sometime, Somewhere.


rit.
ad lib.
sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your de-sire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an-swer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere," And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

No. 103. I'm On the Way to Glory.

A. H. A. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

1. The rock-ribbed hills of doubt I tread, I'm on my way to glo - ry;
2. The storm-filled clouds their chill unfold, I'm on my way to glo - ry;
3. The way grows bright-er, soar-ing still, I'm on my way to glo - ry;
4. The gate of heav - en draw-eth near, I'm on my way to glo - ry;
Still press - ing on, I look a - head, I'm on my way to glo - ry.
By faith I scale their bul-warks bold, I'm on my way to glo - ry.
My on - ly joy to do His will, I'm on my way to glo - ry.
My "wel-come home" with - in I hear, I'm on my way to glo - ry.
CHORUS.
I'm on the way, I'm on the way, I'm on the way to glo - ry!
On land or sea, my song shall be, I'm on my way to glo - ry.

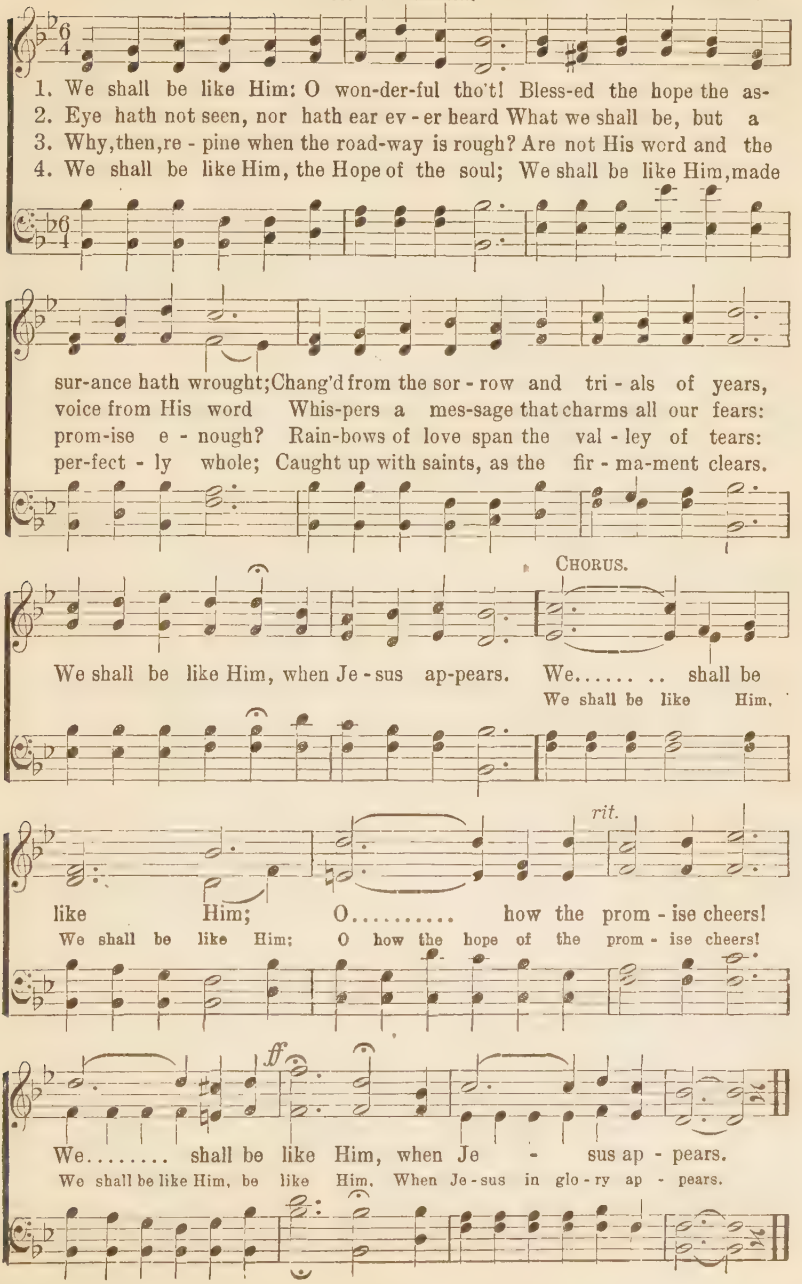
No. 104. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY. F. G. FISCHER, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin - ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,
Chorus.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;
rit.
Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 105. We Shall Be Like Him.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

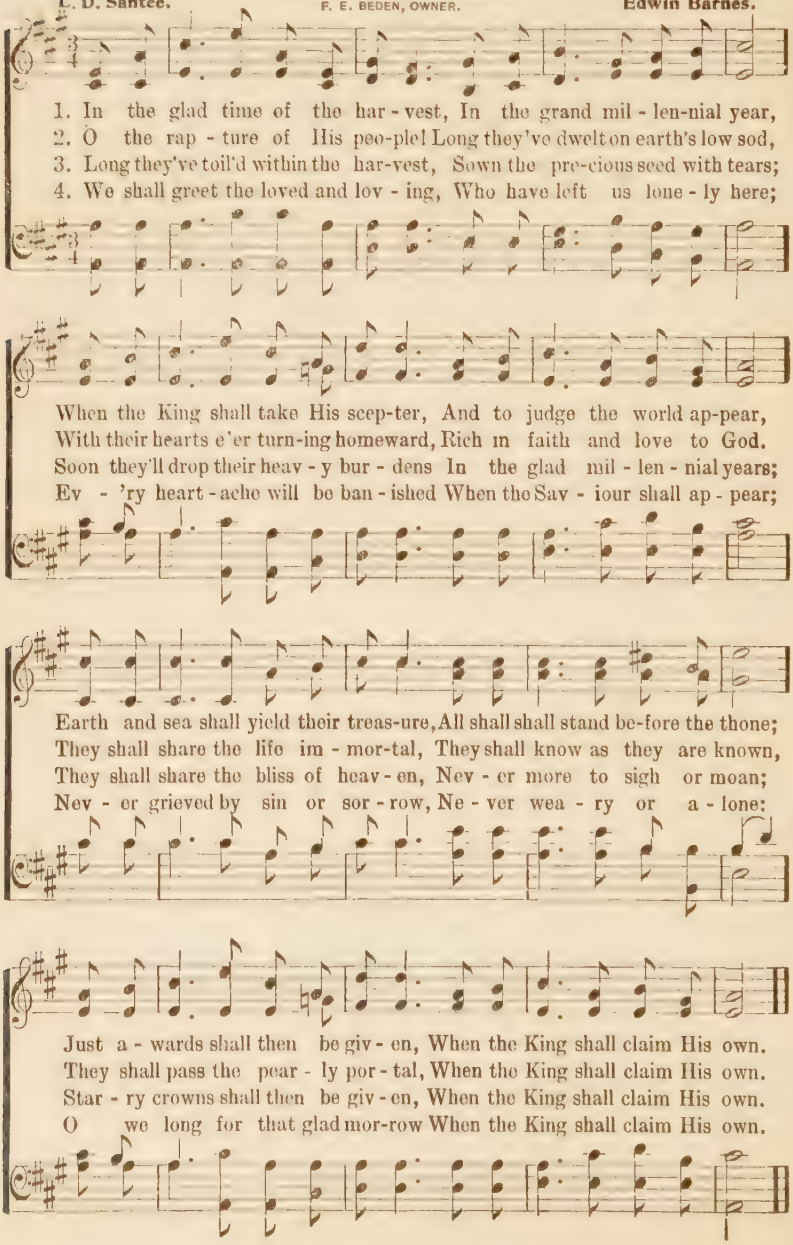
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We shall be like Him: O won-der-ful tho't! Bless-ed the hope the as-
2. Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ev - er heard What we shall be, but a
3. Why, then, re - pine when the road-way is rough? Are not His word and the
4. We shall be like Him, the Hope of the soul; We shall be like Him, made
sur-ance hath wrought; Chang'd from the sor - row and tri - als of years,
voice from His word Whis-pers a mes-sage that charms all our fears:
prom-ise e - nough? Rain-bows of love span the val - ley of tears:
per-fect - ly whole; Caught up with saints, as the fir - ma-ment clears.
CHORUS.
We shall be like Him, when Je - sus ap-pears. We..... shall be
We shall be like Him,
like Him; O..... how the prom - ise cheers!
We shall be like Him; O how the hope of the prom - ise cheers!
rit.
ff
We..... shall be like Him, when Je - sus ap - pears.
We shall be like Him, be like Him. When Je - sus in glo - ry ap - pears.

No. 106. When the King Shall Claim His Own.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY EDWIN BARNES.
F. E. BEDEN, OWNER.

L. D. Santee. Edwin Barnes.

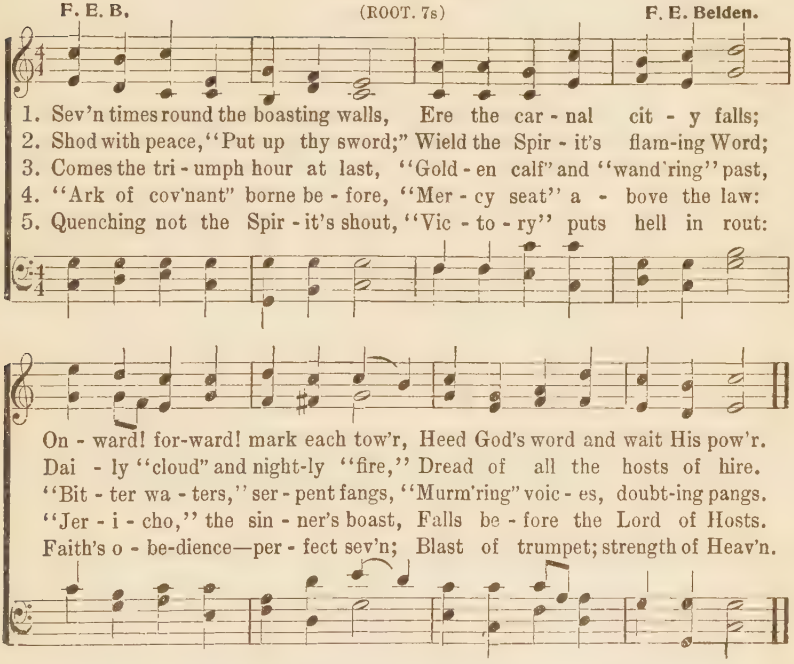

1. In the glad time of the har - vest, In the grand mil - len-nial year,
2. O the rap - ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
3. Long they've toil'd within the har-vest, Sown the pre-cious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and lov - ing, Who have left us lone - ly here;
When the King shall take His scep-ter, And to judge the world ap-pear,
With their hearts e'er turn-ing homeward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they'll drop their heav - y bur - dens In the glad mil - len - nial years;
Ev - 'ry heart - ache will be ban - ished When the Sav - iour shall ap - pear;
Earth and sea shall yield their treas-ure, All shall shall stand be-fore the thone;
They shall share the life im - mor-tal, They shall know as they are known,
They shall share the bliss of heav - en, Nev - er more to sigh or moan;
Nev - er grieved by sin or sor - row, Ne - ver wea - ry or a - lone;
Just a - wards shall then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
They shall pass the pear - ly por - tal, When the King shall claim His own.
Star - ry crowns shall then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
O we long for that glad mor-row When the King shall claim His own.

CHORUS DEPARTMENT.

No. 107. "Seven Times."

HYMN OF FAITH.

F. E. B. (ROOT. 7s) F. E. Belden.


1. Sev'n times round the boasting walls, Ere the car - nal cit - y falls;
2. Shod with peace, "Put up thy sword;" Wield the Spir - it's flam-ing Word;
3. Comes the tri - umph hour at last, "Gold - en calf" and "wand'ring" past,
4. "Ark of cov'nant" borne be - fore, "Mer - cy seat" a - bove the law:
5. Quenching not the Spir - it's shout, "Vic - to - ry" puts hell in rout:
On - ward! for-ward! mark each tow'r, Heed God's word and wait His pow'r.
Dai - ly "cloud" and night-ly "fire," Dread of all the hosts of hire.
"Bit - ter wa - ters," ser - pent fangs, "Murm'ring" voic - es, doubt-ing pangs.
"Jer - i - cho," the sin - ner's boast, Falls be - fore the Lord of Hosts.
Faith's o - be-dience—per - fect sev'n; Blast of trumpet; strength of Heav'n.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

108. HYMN OF PRAISE.

1 Glory, honor, praise and pow'r,
Are the Lord's this very hour,
For the wonders He hath done,
Thro' His well-beloved Son.

2 Holy Spirit, quick'ning fire,
Ev'ry heart and tongue inspire
As our prayer and praises rise,
Grateful incense to the skies.

3 Praise for Thy best love to man,
In redemption's glorious plan;
Marvelous! Thy life was giv'n,
Us, Thy foes, to lift to heav'n!

4 Daily gifts of grace untold
From Thy bounteous hand unfold;
Thine a never-failing store;
Ours to ask and thank Thee more.

F. E. B.

109. HYMN OF COURAGE.

1 Sleep not, soldier of the cross,
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose,
This is royal battle ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Onward! 'tis the call of heav'n;
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,
Nobly strive as He hath striv'n.

3 Break thro' Satan's host of ill,
Tread the might of passion down,
Struggle onward, onward still;
To the victor is the crown.

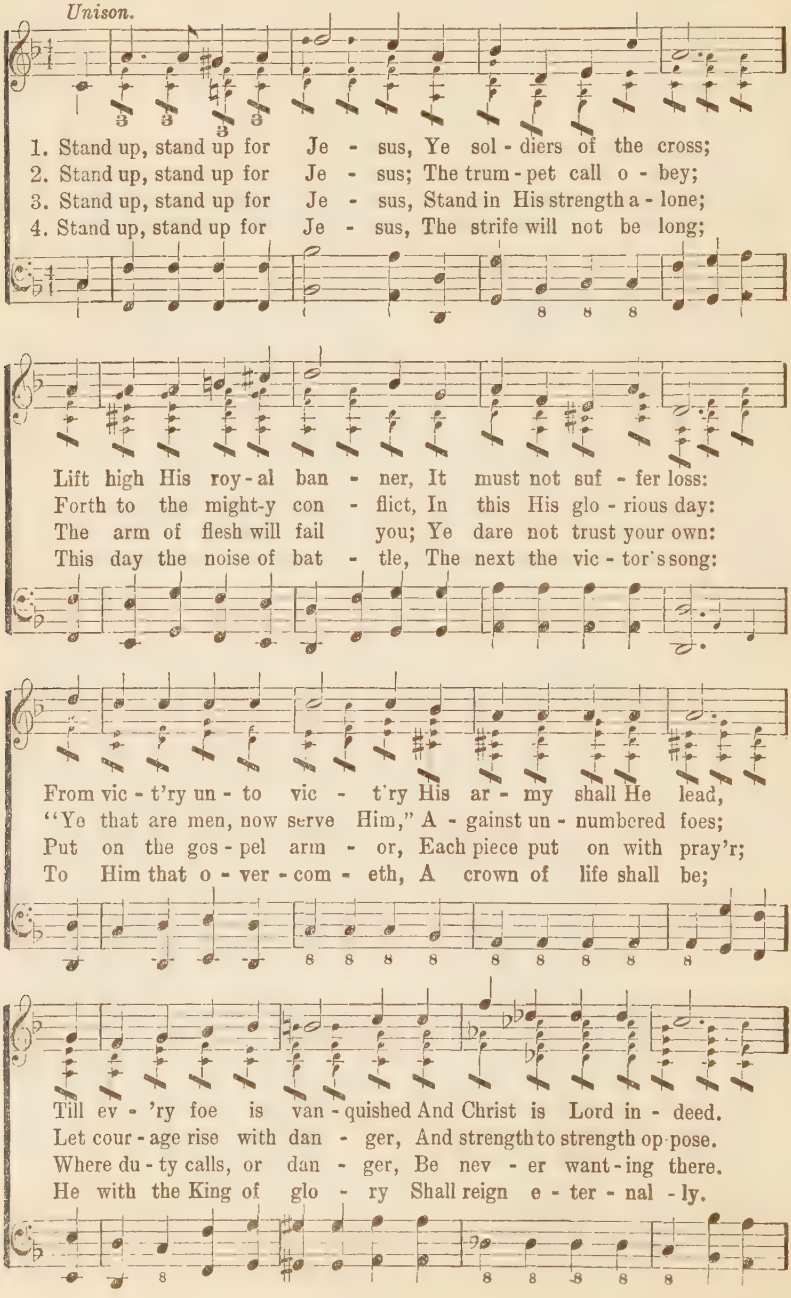
4 In the conflict, toil and pain,
He is with thee who hath won;
Ev'ry triumph thou dost gain,
Makes more sure the glad "well done."

Anon. Arr. by F. E. B.

No. 110. Stand Up for Jesus.

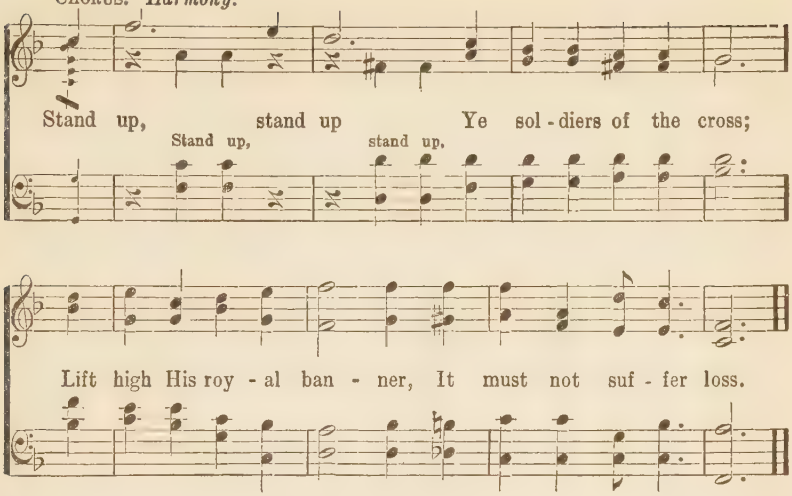
G. Duffield. MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER. B. D. Ackley.

Unison.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand Up for Jesus.

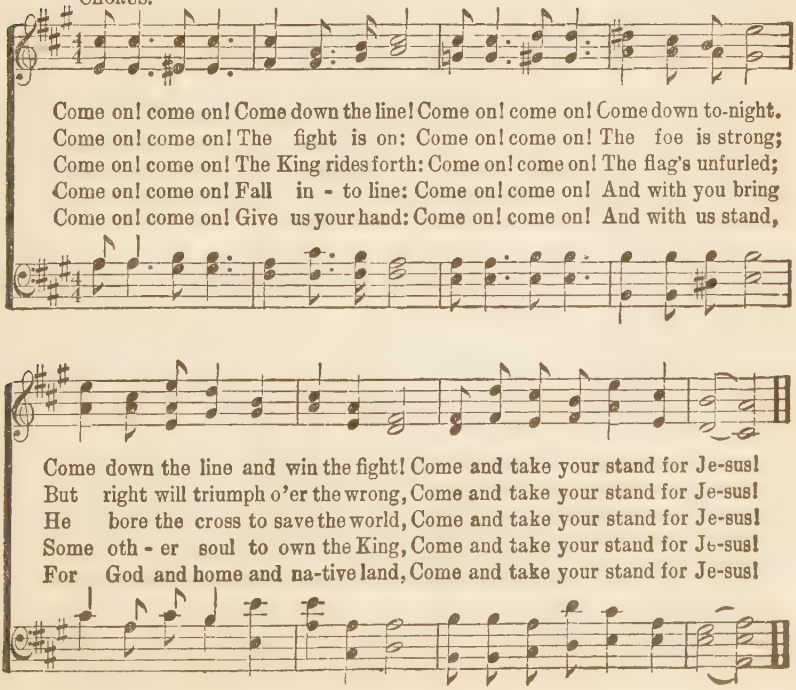
CHORUS. *Harmony.*



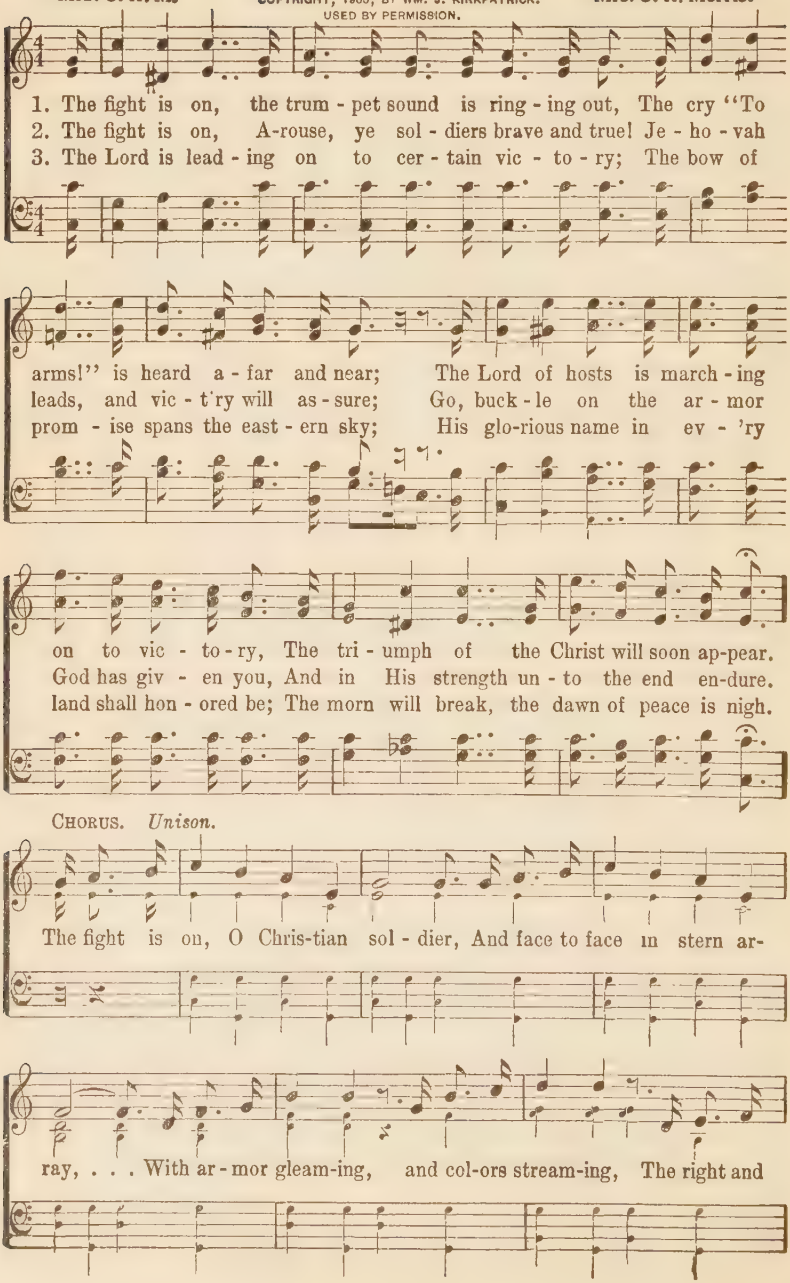
No. 111. Come On.

Rev. Samuel Pearson. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

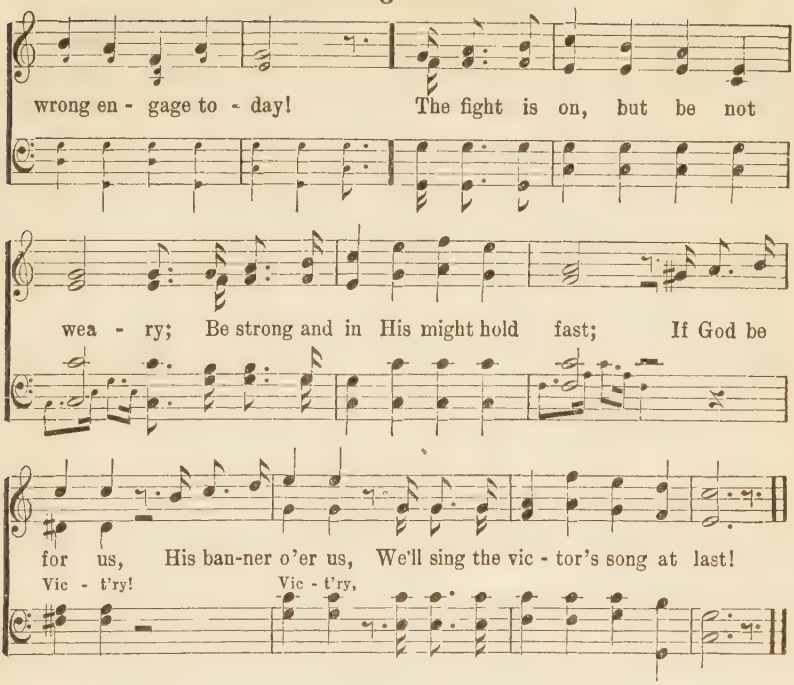
CHORUS.


Come on! come on! Come down the line! Come on! come on! Come down to-night.
Come on! come on! The fight is on: Come on! come on! The foe is strong;
Come on! come on! The King rides forth: Come on! come on! The flag's unfurled;
Come on! come on! Fall in - to line: Come on! come on! And with you bring
Come on! come on! Give us your hand: Come on! come on! And with us stand,
Come down the line and win the fight! Come and take your stand for Je-sus!
But right will triumph o'er the wrong, Come and take your stand for Je-sus!
He bore the cross to save the world, Come and take your stand for Je-sus!
Some oth - er soul to own the King, Come and take your stand for Je-sus!
For God and home and na-tive land, Come and take your stand for Je-sus!

No. 112. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

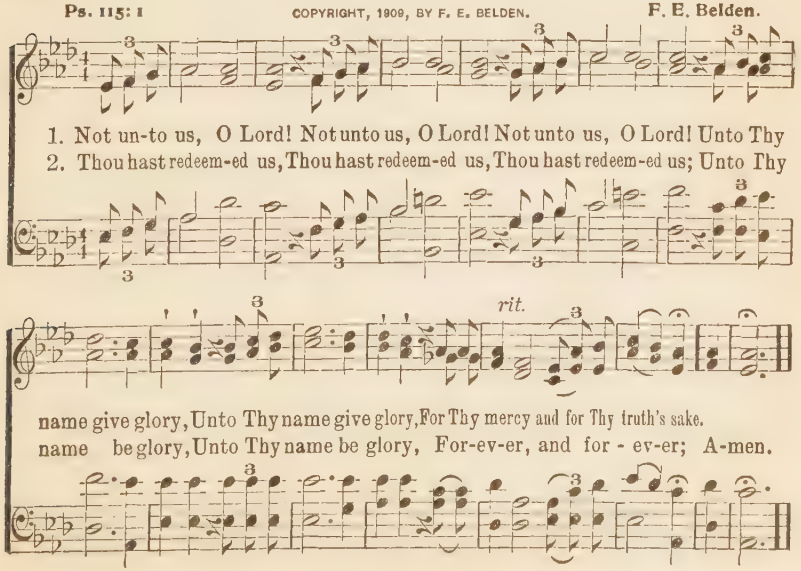

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry,

No. 113. "Not Unto Us."

Ps. 115: 1

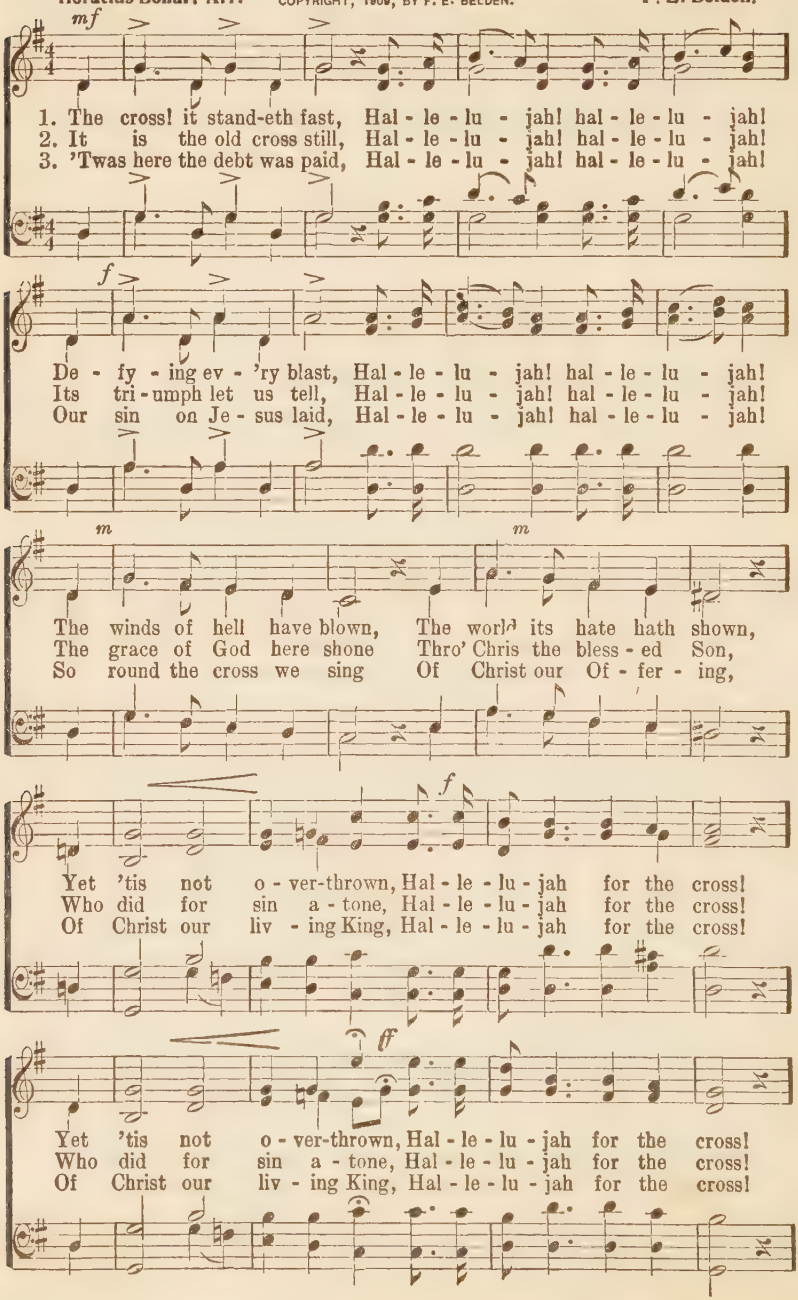
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.

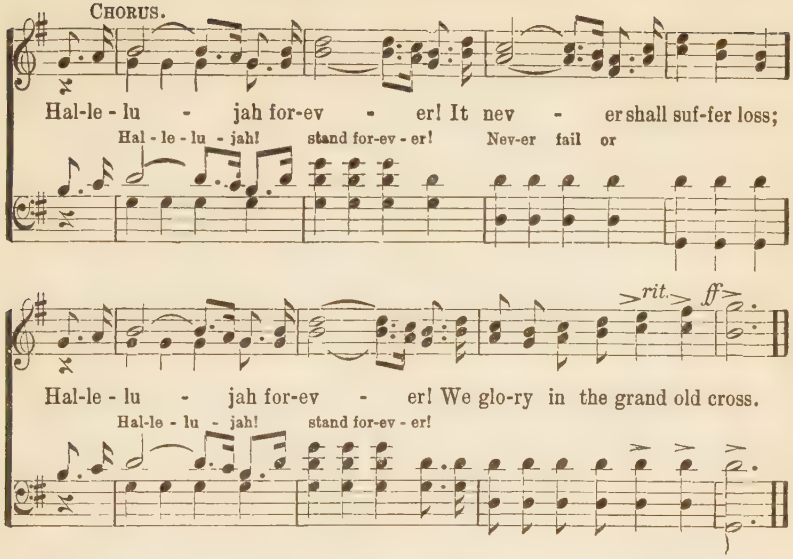

1. Not un-to us, O Lord! Not unto us, O Lord! Not unto us, O Lord! Unto Thy
2. Thou hast redeem-ed us, Thou hast redeem-ed us, Thou hast redeem-ed us; Unto Thy
rit.
name give glory, Unto Thy name give glory, For Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.
name be glory, Unto Thy name be glory, For-ev-er, and for - ev-er; A-men.

No. 114. Hallelujah for the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

Horatius Bonar, Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

mf
1. The cross! it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
f
De - fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Its tri - umph let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Our sin on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
m
m
The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
The grace of God here shone Thro' Chris the bless - ed Son,
So round the cross we sing Of Christ our Of - fer - ing,
f
Yet 'tis not o - ver-thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
ff
Yet 'tis not o - ver-thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

Hallelujah for the Cross!

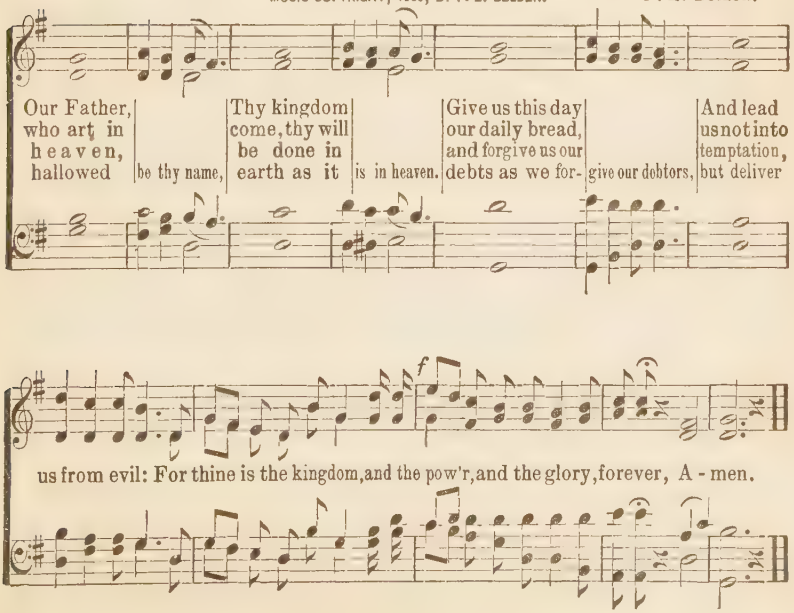

CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu - jah for-ev - er! It nev - er shall suf-fer loss;
Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for-ev - er! Nev-er fail or
rit.
ff
Hal-le-lu - jah for-ev - er! We glo-ry in the grand old cross.
Hal-le - lu - jah! stand for-ev - er!

No. 115. "As We Forgive."

"After this manner therefore pray ye."—Matt. 6:9.

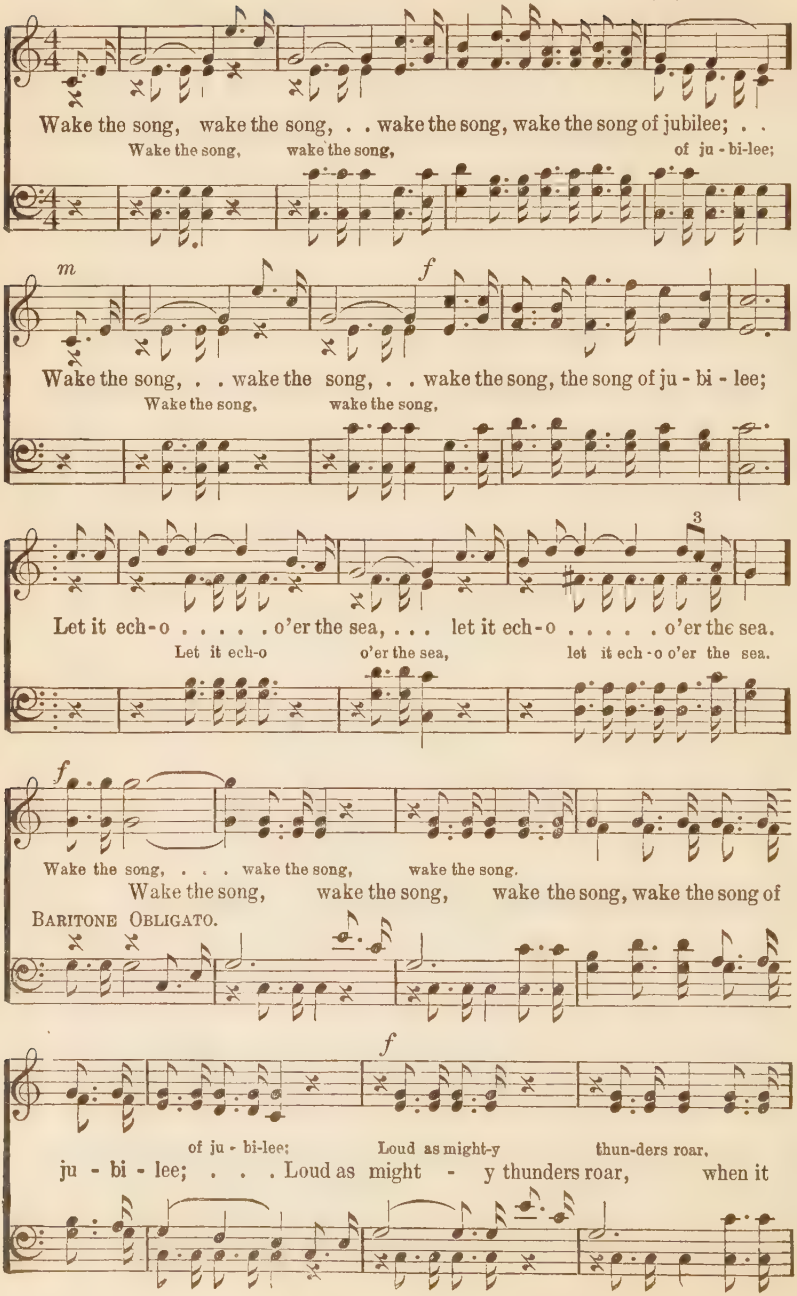
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.

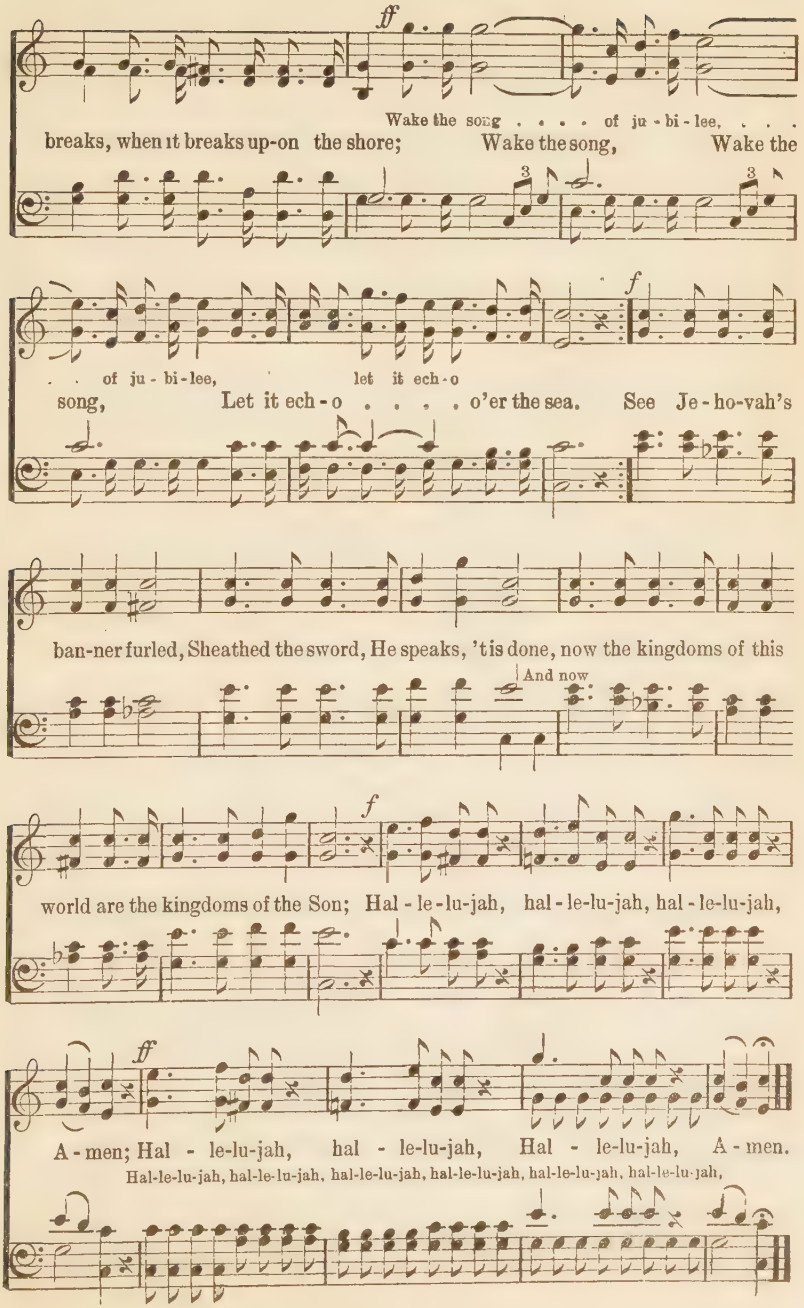

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we for- give our debtors, And lead us not into temptation, but deliver
f
us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, forever, A - men.

No. 116. Wake the Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

Wake the song, wake the song, . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . .
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju - bi-lee;
m
f
Wake the song, . . wake the song, . . wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
Wake the song, wake the song,
3
Let it ech-o . . . . . o'er the sea, . . . let it ech-o . . . . . o'er the sea.
Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea.
f
Wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song.
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of
BARITONE OBLIGATO.
f
of ju - bi-lee; Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,
ju - bi - lee; . . . Loud as might - y thunders roar, when it

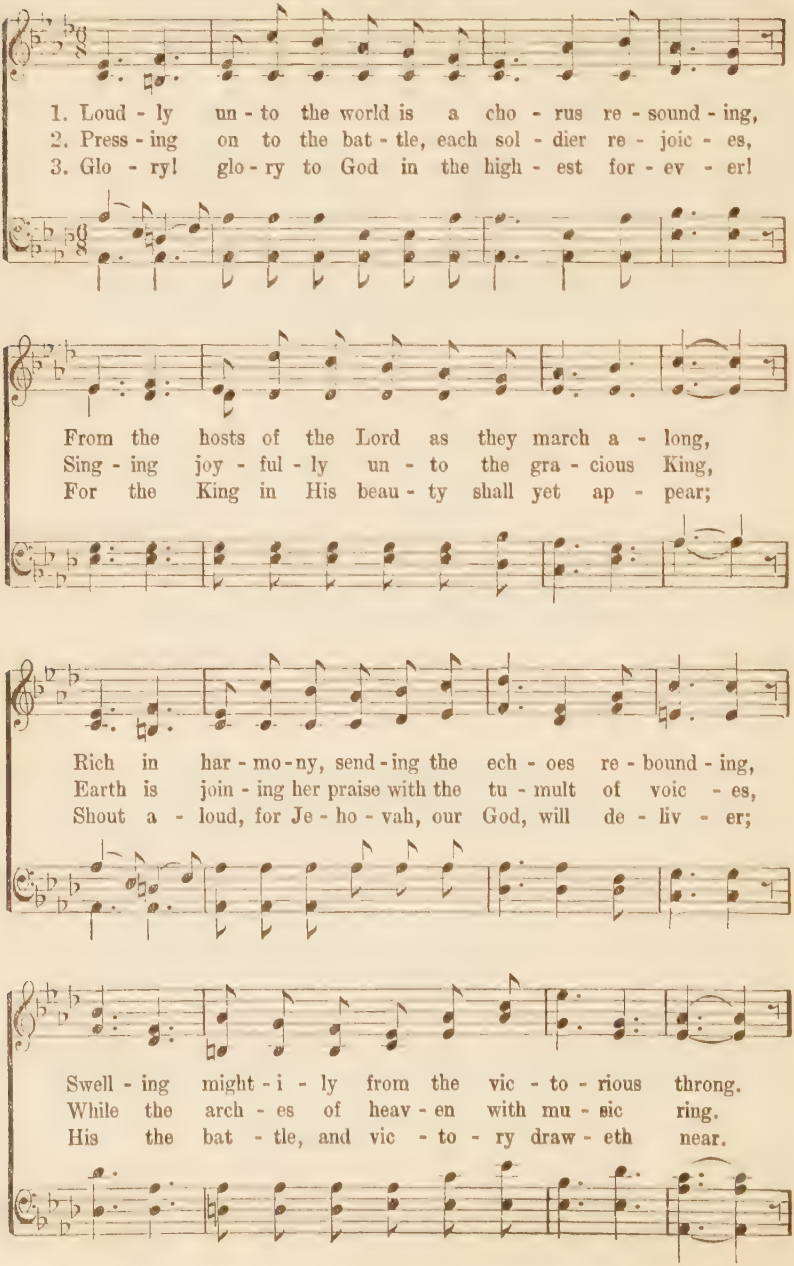
Wake the Song.


ff
Wake the song . . . . of ju - bi - lee, . . .
breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore; Wake the song, Wake the
3
3
f
. . of ju - bi - lee, let it ech - o
song, Let it ech - o . . . . o'er the sea. See Je - ho-vah's
ban-ner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, now the kingdoms of this
And now
f
world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-lu - jah, hal - le-lu - jah,
ff
A - men; Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, A - men.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,

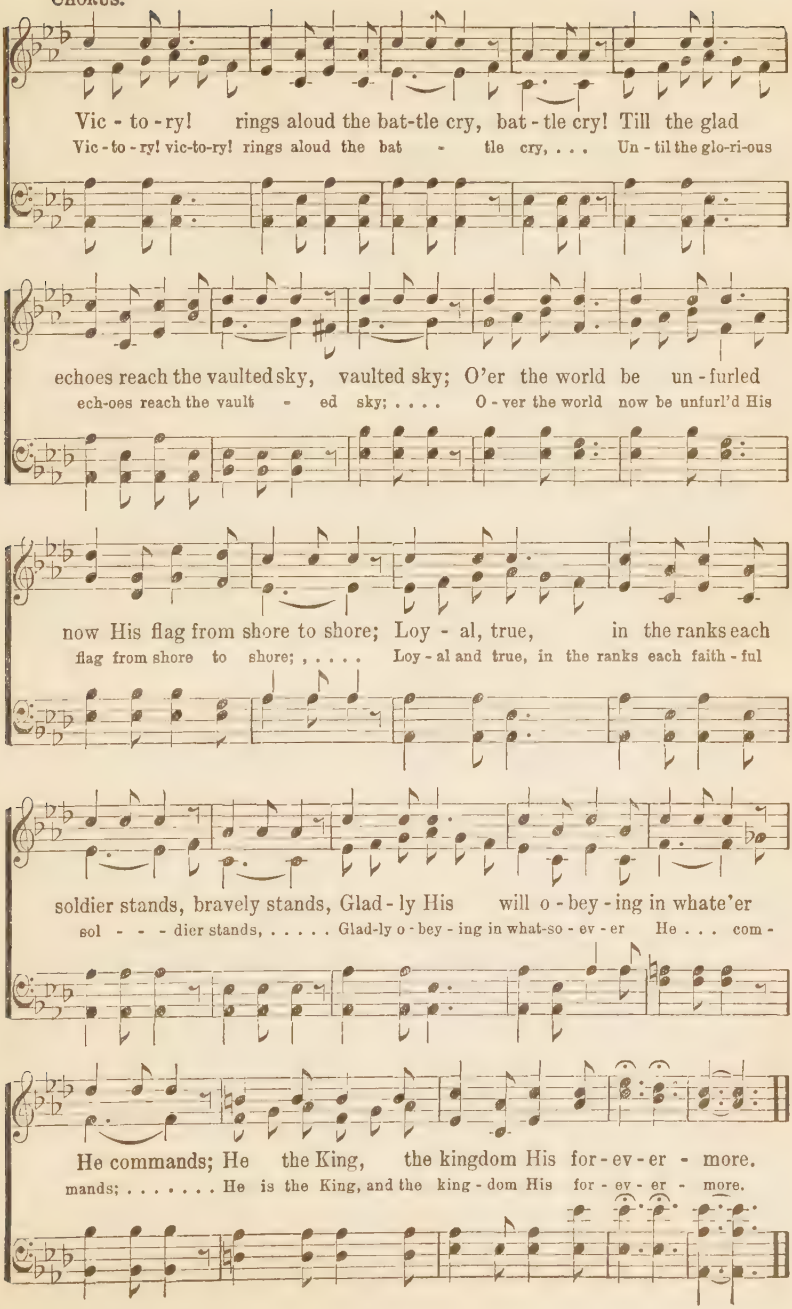
No. 117. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

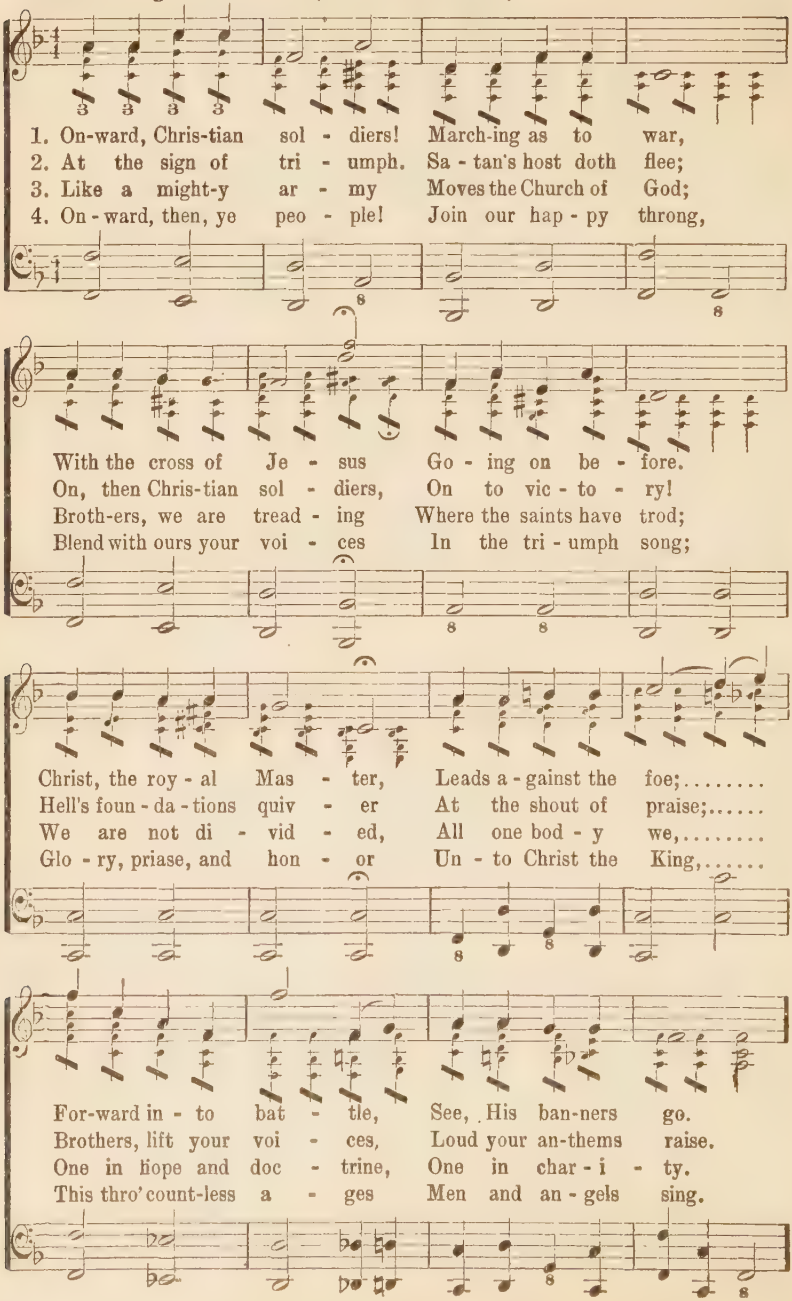
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

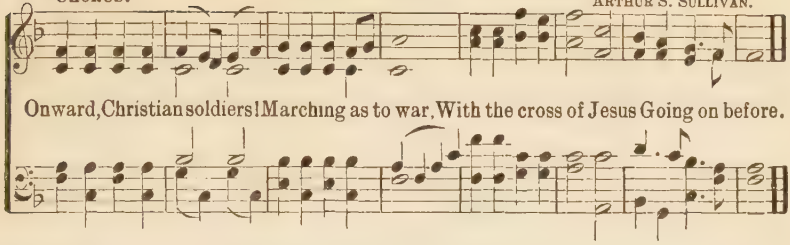
No. 118. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, E. O. EXCELL. USED BY PER.

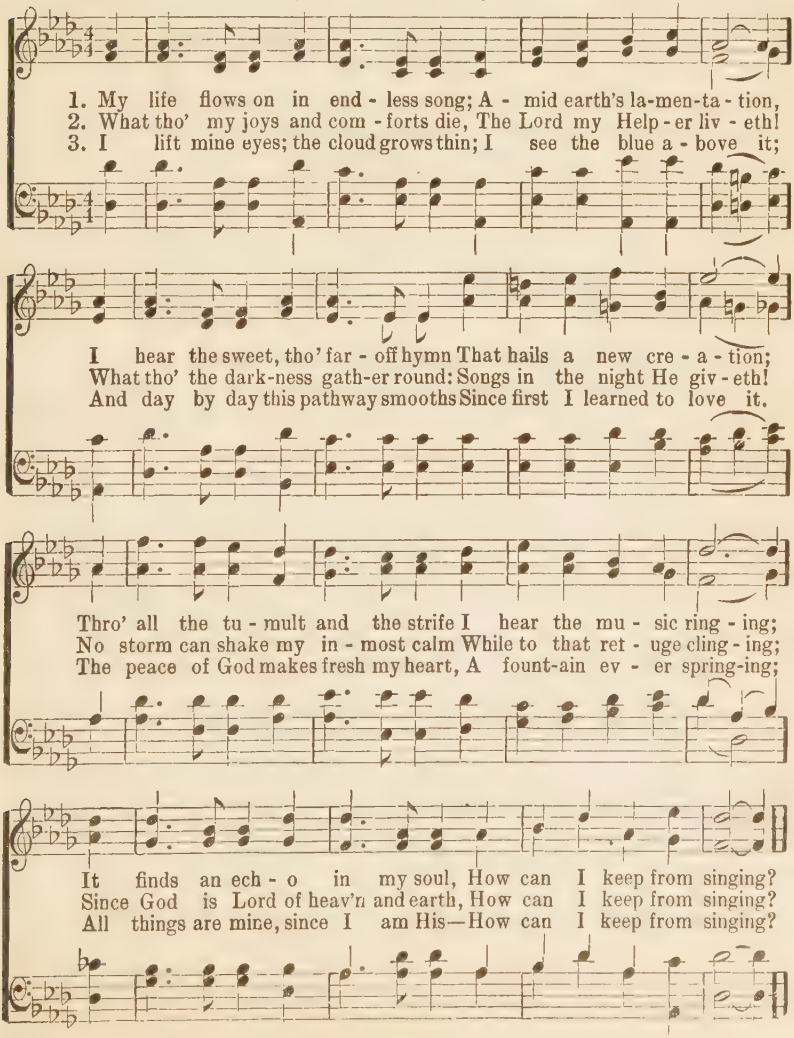
Sabine Baring Gould. (To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.) E. O. Excell.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
2. At the sign of tri - umph. Sa - tan's host doth flee;
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
On, then Chris-tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song;
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;.....
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,.....
Glo - ry, priase, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,.....
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an-thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian Soldiers,

CHORUS. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

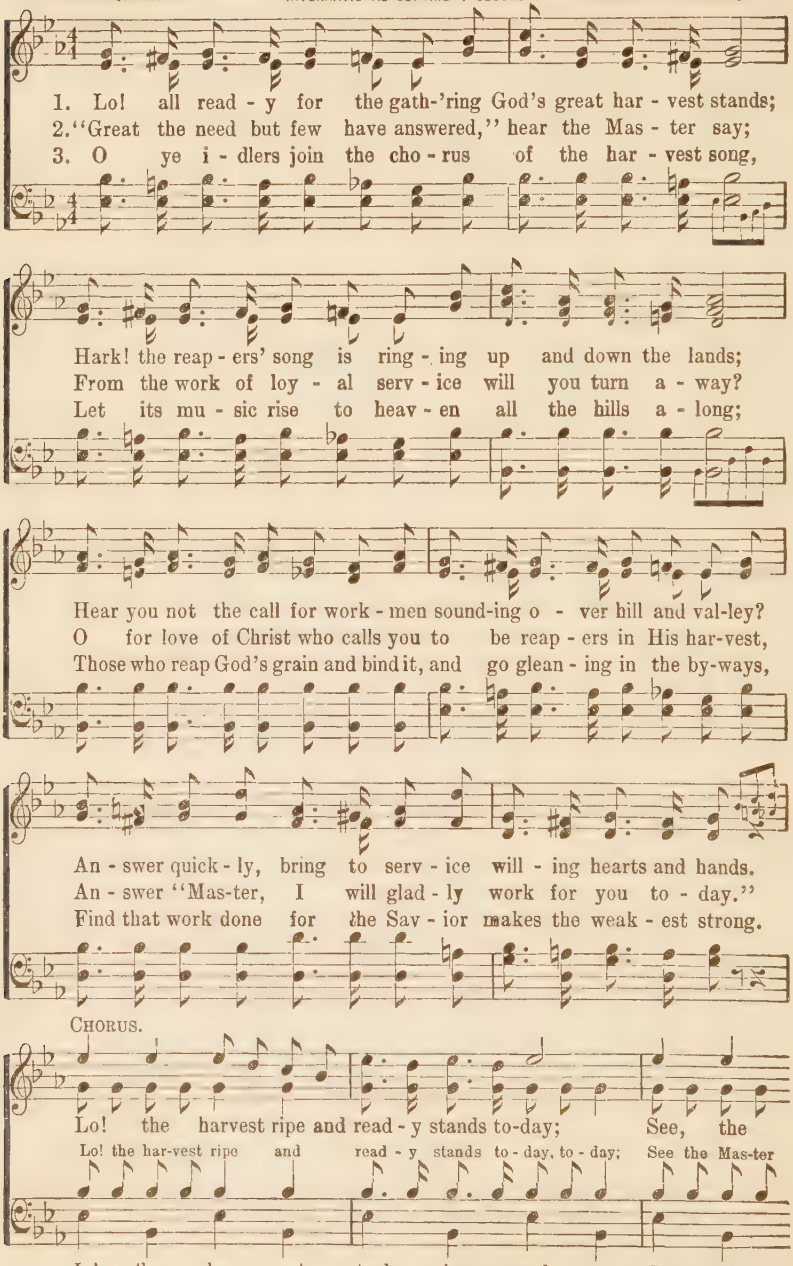


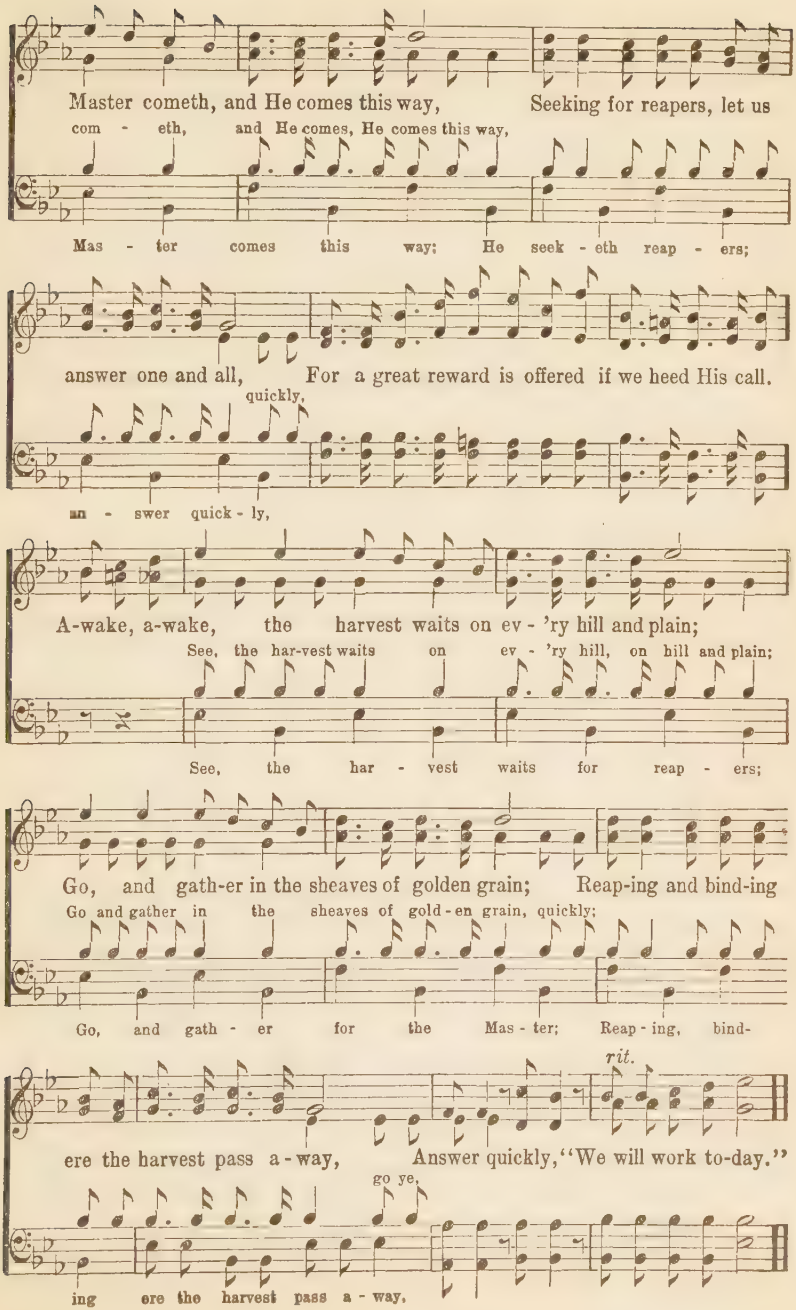
No. 119. How Can I Keep from Singing?

Unknown. (MATERNA 8s & 7s D.) Samuel A. Ward.

1. My life flows on in end - less song; A - mid earth's la-men-ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com - forts die, The Lord my Help - er liv - eth!
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;
I hear the sweet, tho' far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round: Songs in the night He giv - eth!
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it.
Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in - most calm While to that ret - uge cling - ing;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fount-ain ev - er spring-ing;
It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from singing?
Since God is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing?
All things are mine, since I am His—How can I keep from singing?

No. 120. Reapers for the Harvest.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

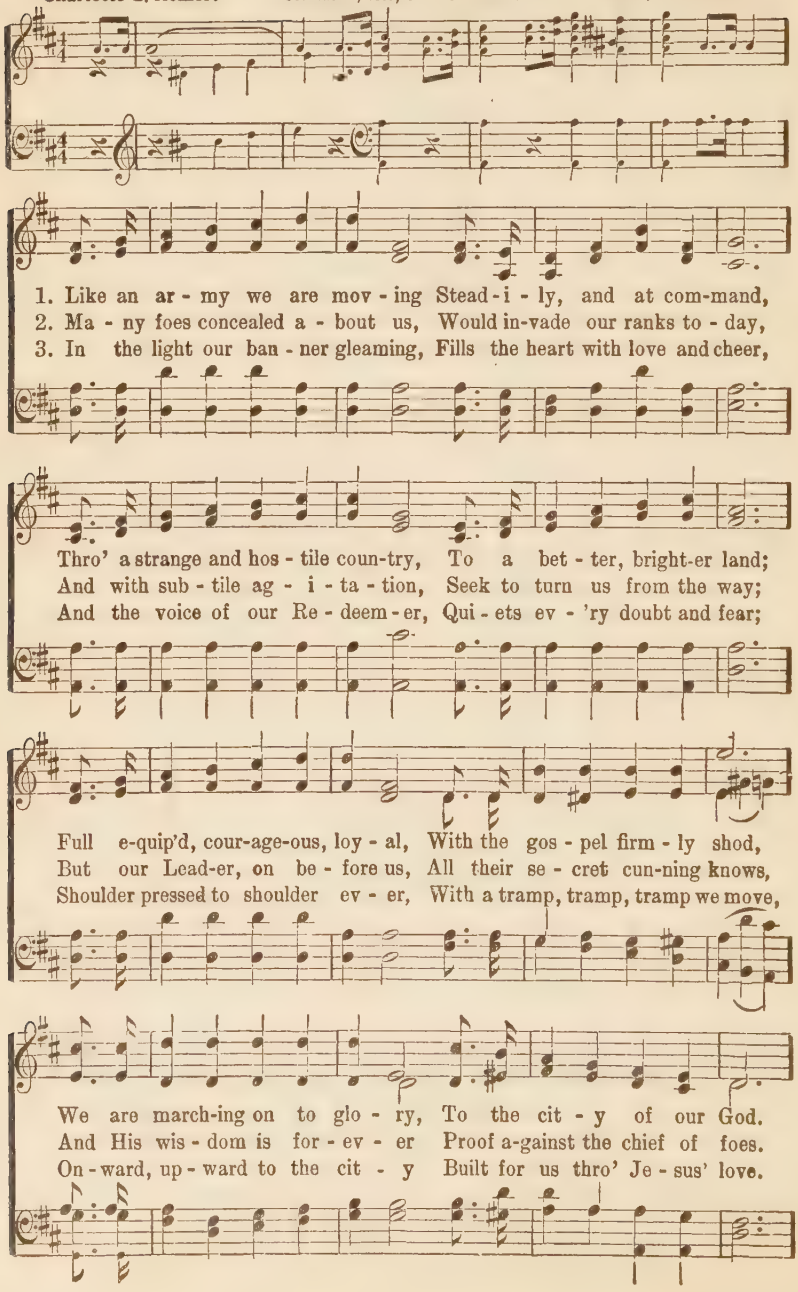
Eben Rexford. Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,
Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;
Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.
CHORUS.
Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas-ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

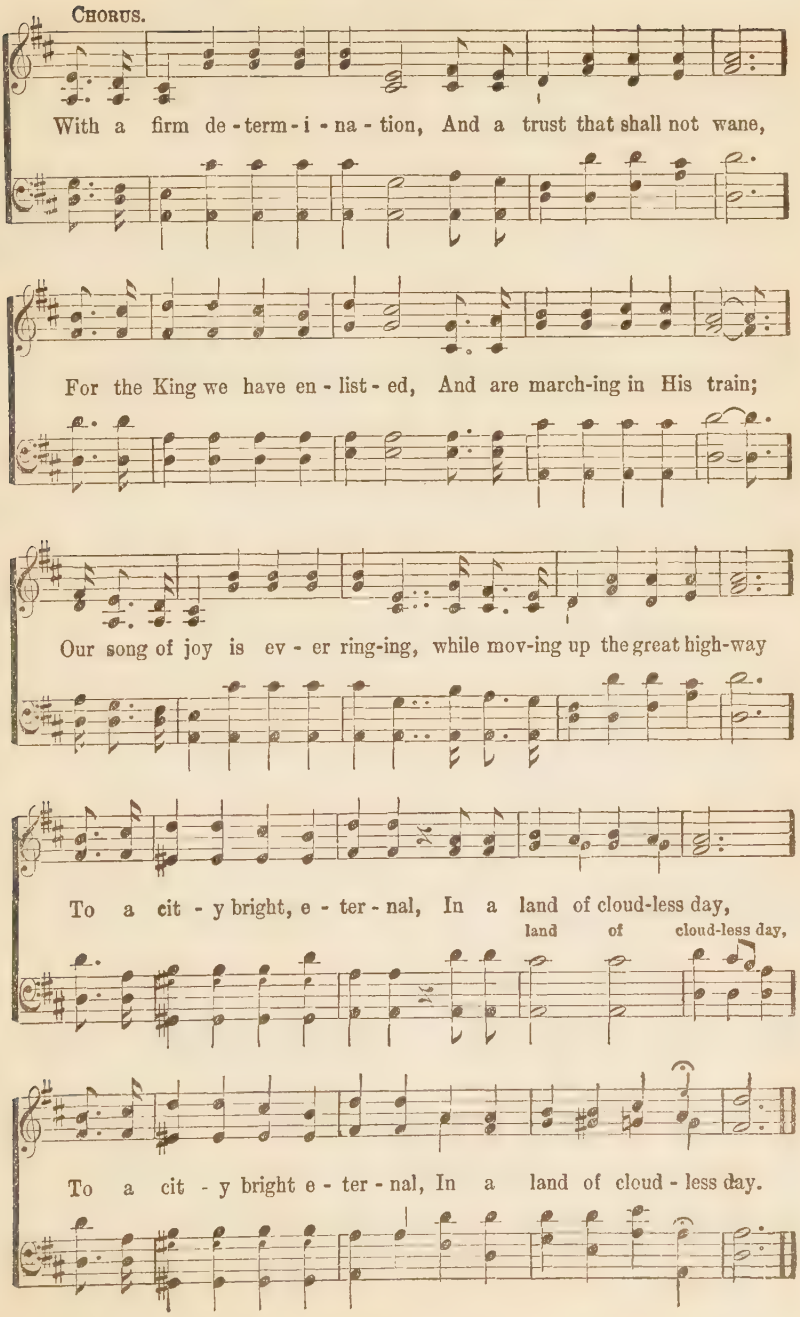
Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;
answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick - ly,
A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-
rit.
ere the harvest pass a - way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,
ing ere the harvest pass a - way.

No. 121. Marching in His Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

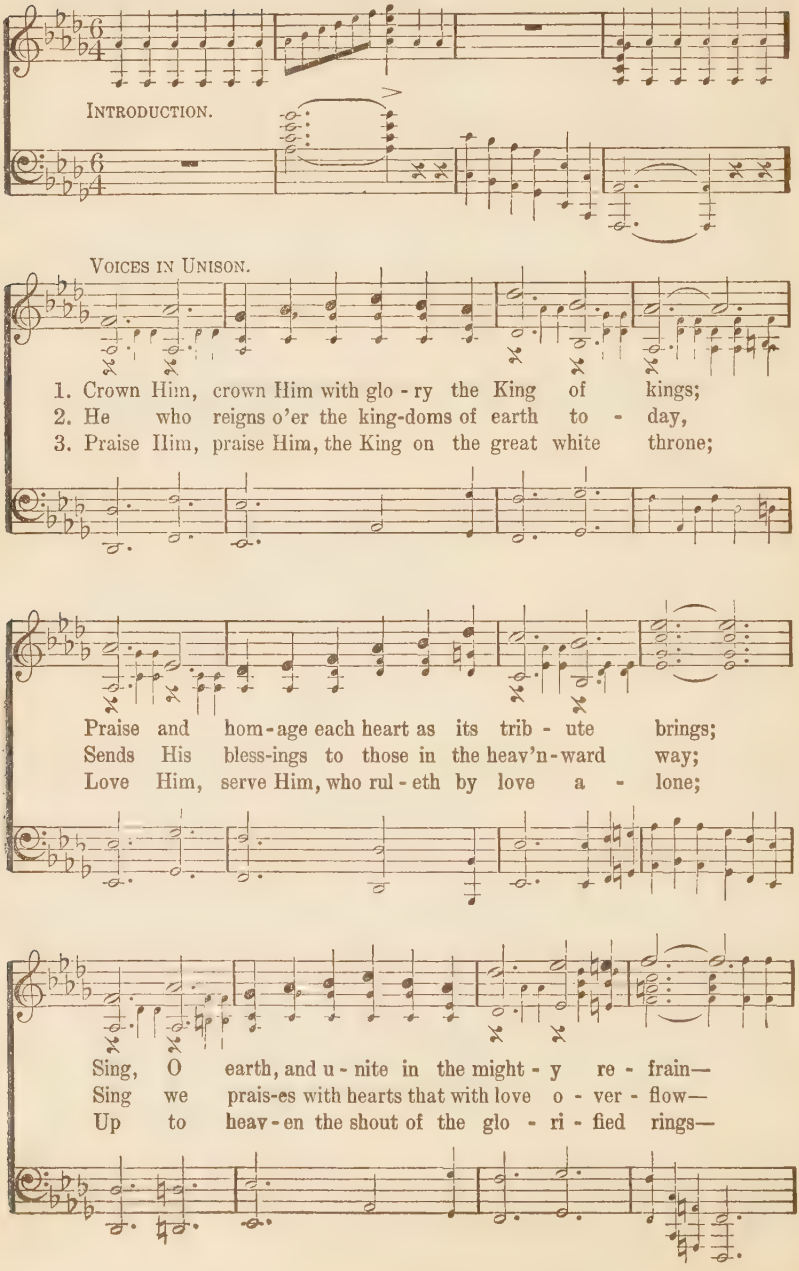

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,
Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;
Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,
We are march-ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

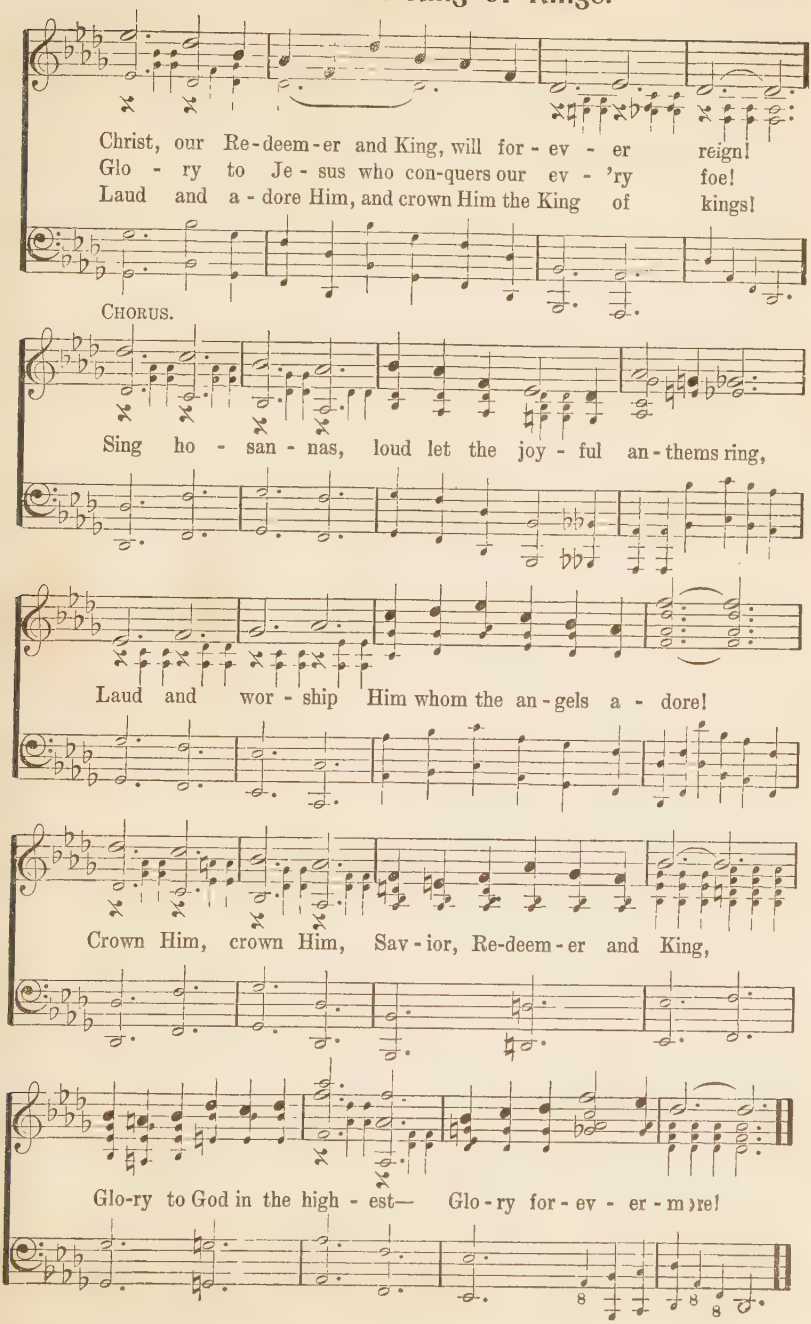
Marching in His Name.

Chorus.
With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,
For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march-ing in His train;
Our song of joy is ev - er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way
To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day,
land of cloud-less day,
To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

No. 122. Crown Him King of Kings.

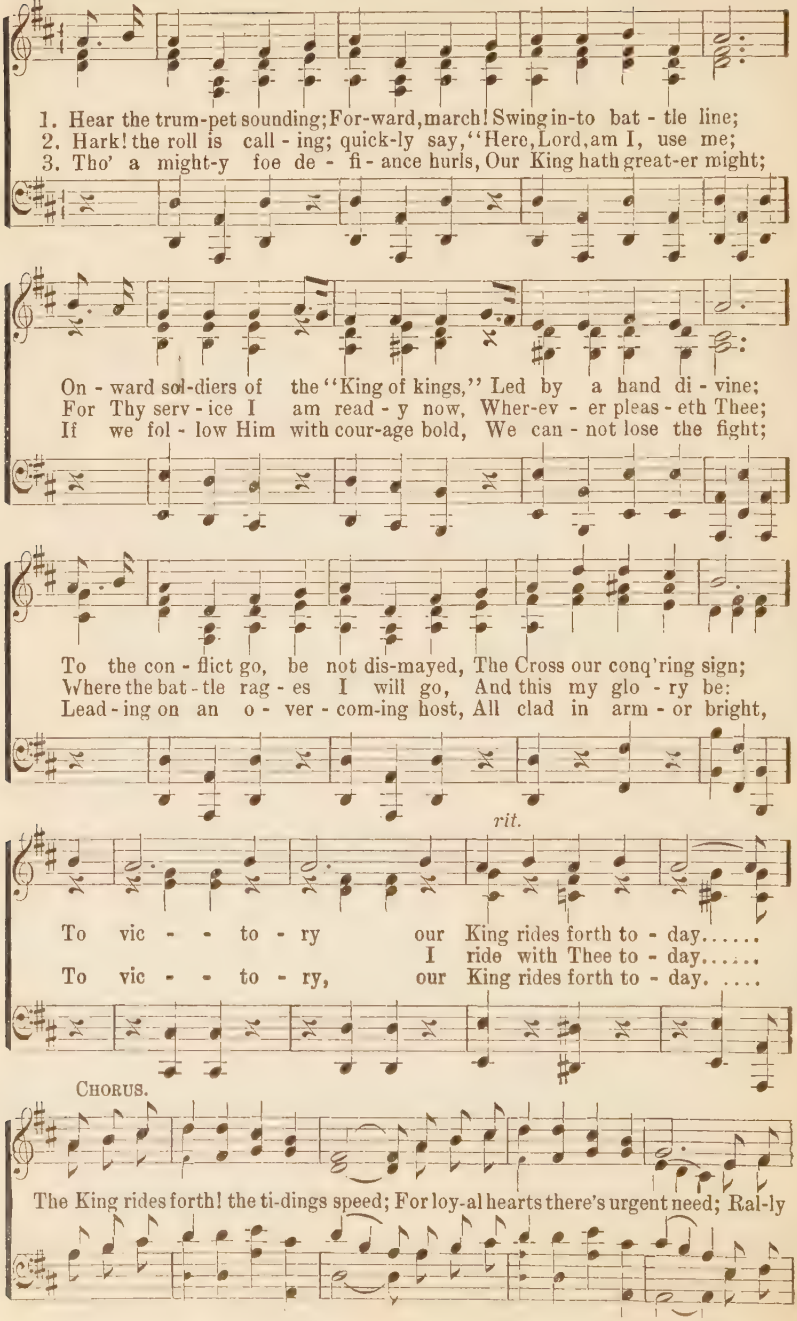
E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

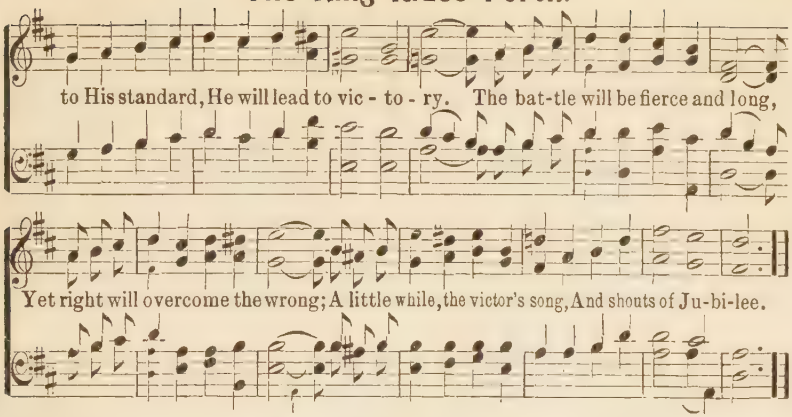
DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

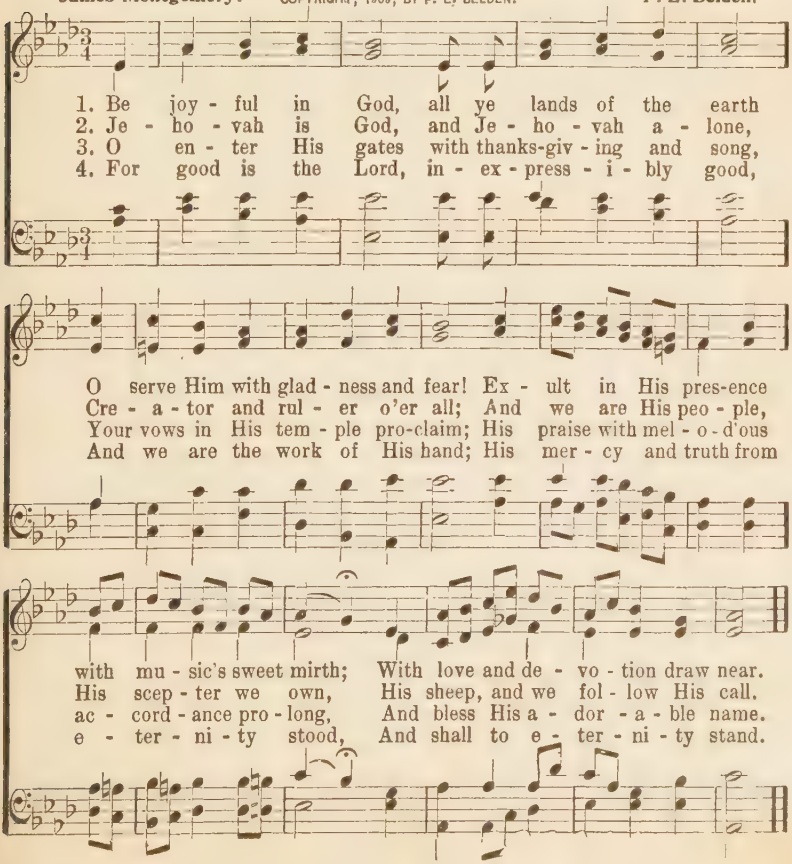
No. 123. The King Rides Forth.

H. L. Frisbie. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER. B. D. Ackley.

1. Hear the trum-pet sounding; For-ward, march! Swing in-to bat - tle line;
2. Hark! the roll is call - ing; quick-ly say, "Here, Lord, am I, use me;
3. Tho' a might-y foe de - fi - ance hurls, Our King hath great-er might;
On - ward sol-diers of the "King of kings," Led by a hand di - vine;
For Thy serv - ice I am read - y now, Wher-ev - er pleas - eth Thee;
If we fol - low Him with cour-age bold, We can - not lose the fight;
To the con - flict go, be not dis-mayed, The Cross our conq'ring sign;
Where the bat - tle rag - es I will go, And this my glo - ry be:
Lead - ing on an o - ver - com-ing host, All clad in arm - or bright,
rit.
To vic - - to - ry our King rides forth to - day.....
I ride with Thee to - day.....
To vic - - to - ry, our King rides forth to - day. ....
CHORUS.
The King rides forth! the ti-dings speed; For loy-al hearts there's urgent need; Ral-ly

The King Rides Forth.


to His standard, He will lead to vic - to - ry. The bat-tle will be fierce and long,
Yet right will overcome the wrong; A little while, the victor's song, And shouts of Ju-bi-lee.

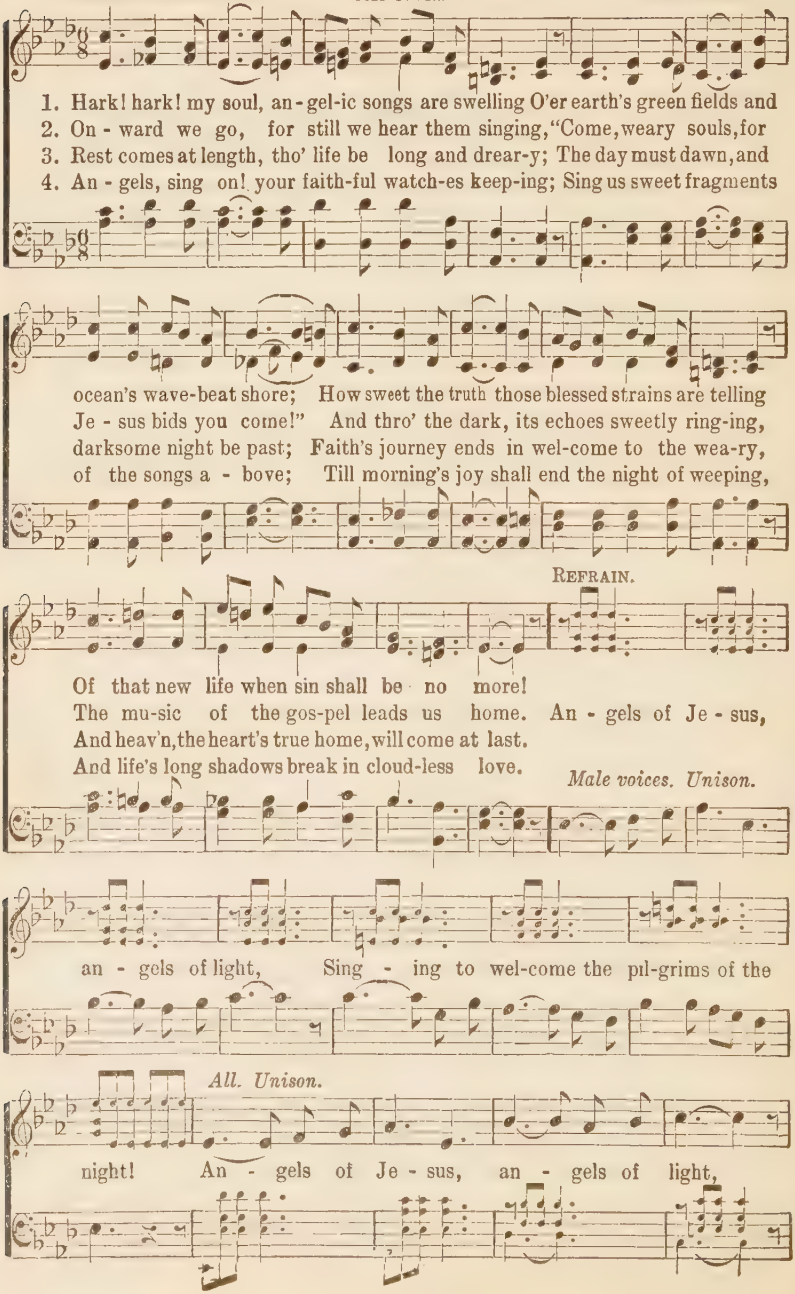
No. 124. Be Joyful in God.

James Montgomery. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth
2. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone,
3. O en - ter His gates with thanks-giv - ing and song,
4. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good,
O serve Him with glad - ness and fear! Ex - ult in His pres-ence
Cre - a - tor and rul - er o'er all; And we are His peo - ple,
Your vows in His tem - ple pro-claim; His praise with mel - o - d'ous
And we are the work of His hand; His mer - cy and truth from
with mu - sic's sweet mirth; With love and de - vo - tion draw near.
His scep - ter we own, His sheep, and we fol - low His call.
ac - cord - ance pro - long, And bless His a - dor - a - ble name.
e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

No. 125. Hark! Hark! My Soul.

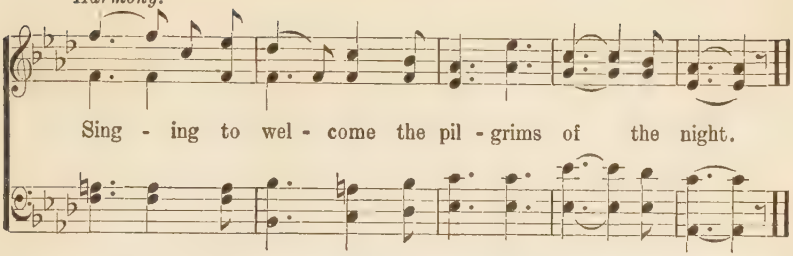
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEIBEL & LEHMAN.
USED BY PER.

Frederick William Faber. Adam Geibel.


1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
3. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear-y; The day must dawn, and darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea-ry,
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
Male voices. Unison.
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the
All. Unison.
night! An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

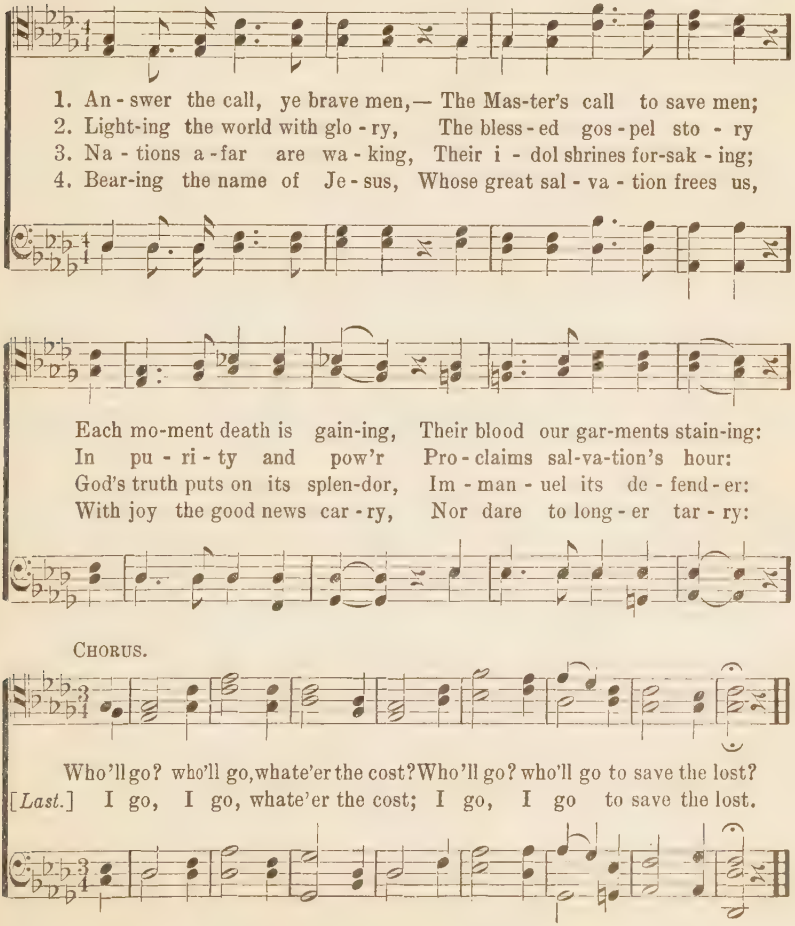
Harmony.



No. 126. I Go.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

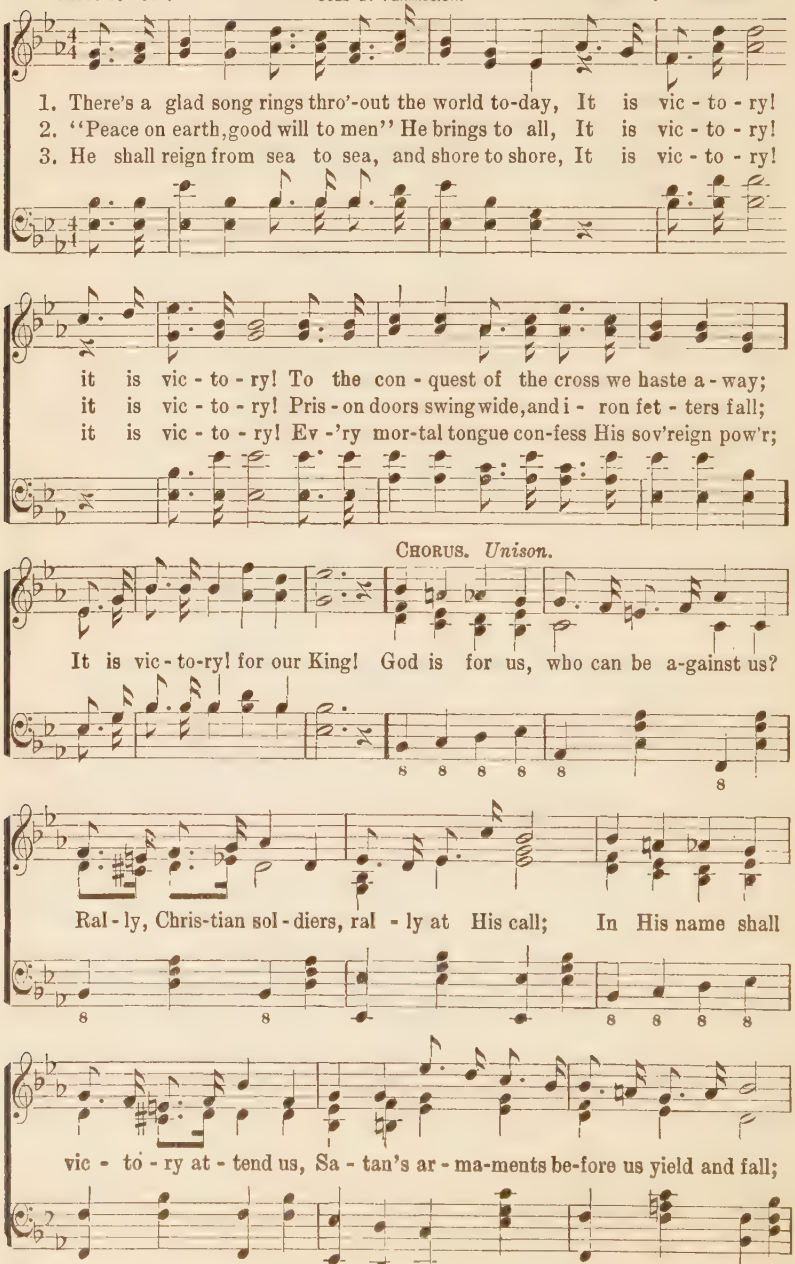
F. E. B. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN. Arr. from J. Kinkel.

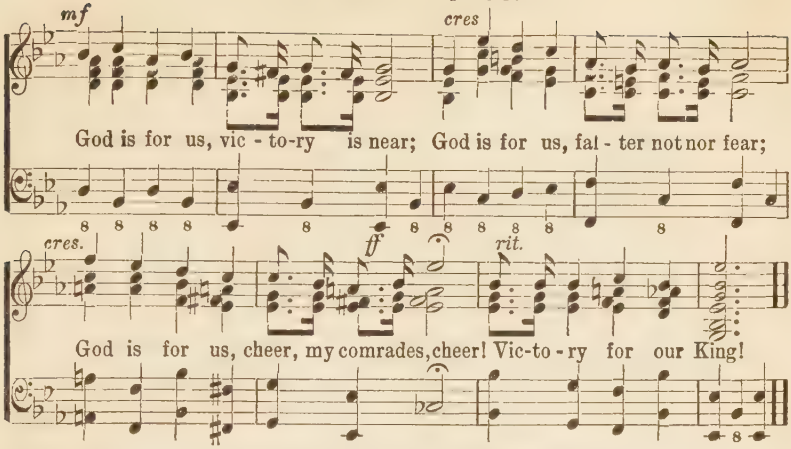

1. An - swer the call, ye brave men,— The Mas-ter's call to save men;
2. Light-ing the world with glo - ry, The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry
3. Na - tions a - far are wa - king, Their i - dol shrines for-sak - ing;
4. Bear-ing the name of Je - sus, Whose great sal - va - tion frees us,
Each mo-ment death is gain-ing, Their blood our gar-ments stain-ing:
In pu - ri - ty and pow'r Pro - claims sal-va-tion's hour:
God's truth puts on its splen-dor, Im - man - uel its de - fend - er:
With joy the good news car - ry, Nor dare to long - er tar - ry:
CHORUS.
Who'll go? who'll go, whate'er the cost? Who'll go? who'll go to save the lost?
[*Last.*] I go, I go, whate'er the cost; I go, I go to save the lost.

No. 127. God Is For Us.

Romans 8:31.

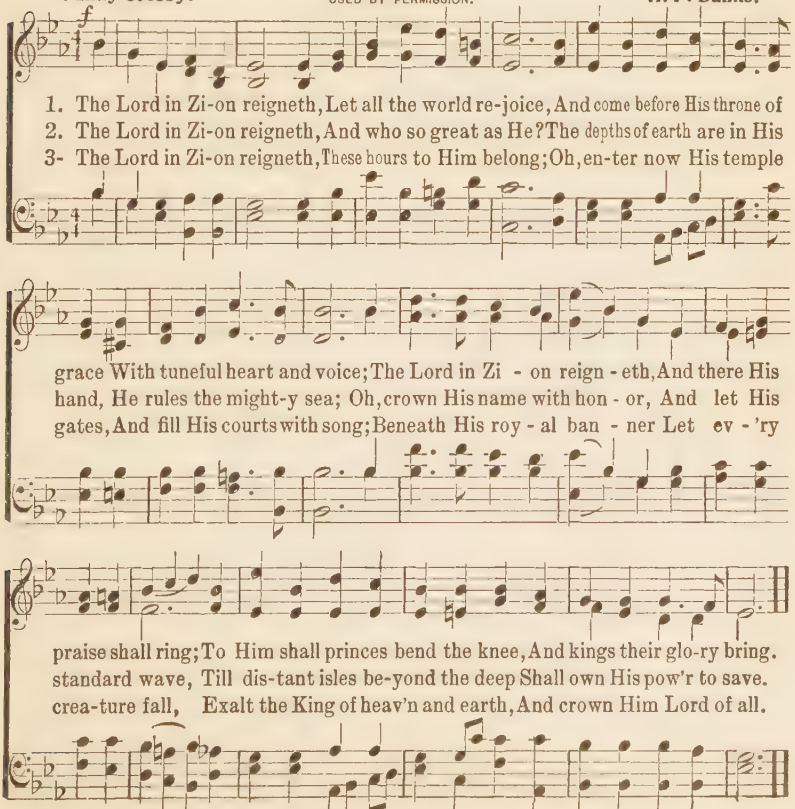
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'-out the world to-day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" He brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!
it is vic - to - ry! To the con - quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to - ry! Pris - on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet - ters fall;
it is vic - to - ry! Ev -'ry mor-tal tongue con-fess His sov'reign pow'r;
CHORUS. Unison.
It is vic - to-ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be a-gainst us?
Ral - ly, Chris-tian sol - diers, ral - ly at His call; In His name shall
vic - to - ry at - tend us, Sa - tan's ar - ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

God Is For Us.

mf
cres
God is for us, vic - to-ry is near; God is for us, fal - ter not nor fear;
cres.
ff
rit.
God is for us, cheer, my comrades, cheer! Vic-to - ry for our King!

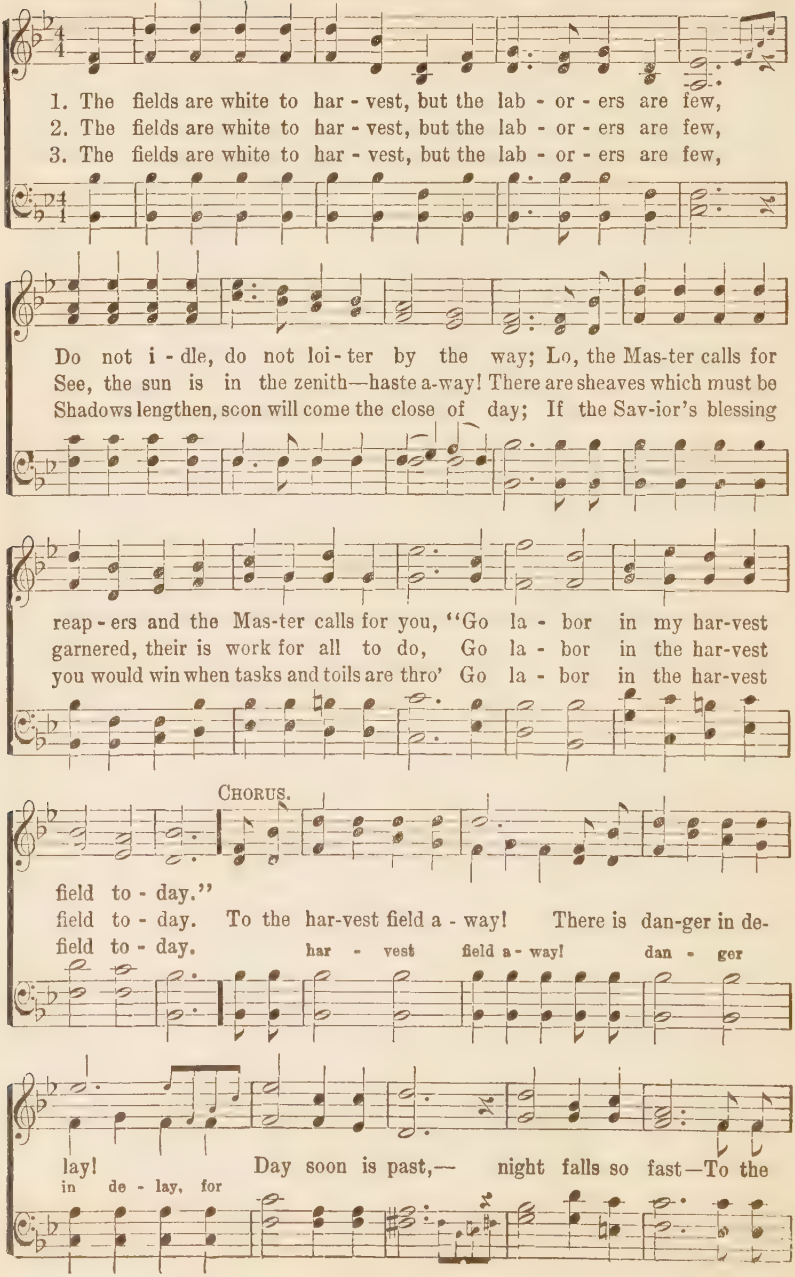
No. 128. The Lord in Zion Reigneth.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE J. E. WHITE PUB. CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

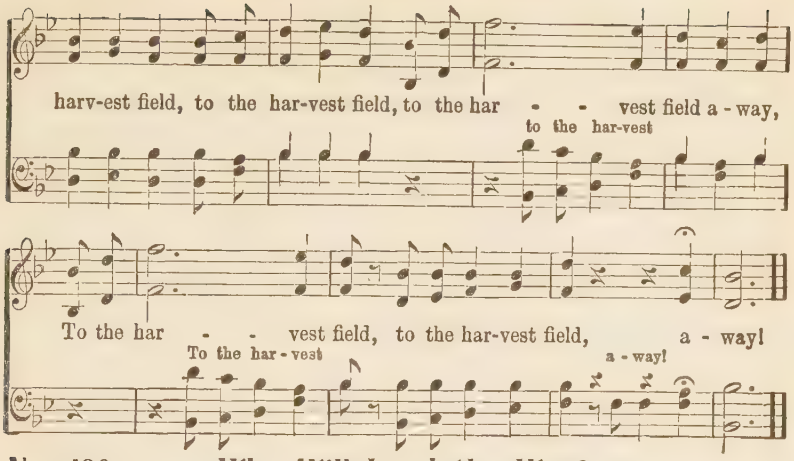
Fanny Crosby. H. P. Danks.

f
1. The Lord in Zi-on reigneth, Let all the world re-joice, And come before His throne of
2. The Lord in Zi-on reigneth, And who so great as He? The depths of earth are in His
3- The Lord in Zi-on reigneth, These hours to Him belong; Oh, en-ter now His temple
grace With tuneful heart and voice; The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And there His
hand, He rules the might-y sea; Oh, crown His name with hon - or, And let His
gates, And fill His courts with song; Beneath His roy - al ban - ner Let ev - 'ry
praise shall ring; To Him shall princes bend the knee, And kings their glo-ry bring.
standard wave, Till dis-tant isles be-yond the deep Shall own His pow'r to save.
crea-ture fall, Exalt the King of heav'n and earth, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 129. White Harvest Fields.

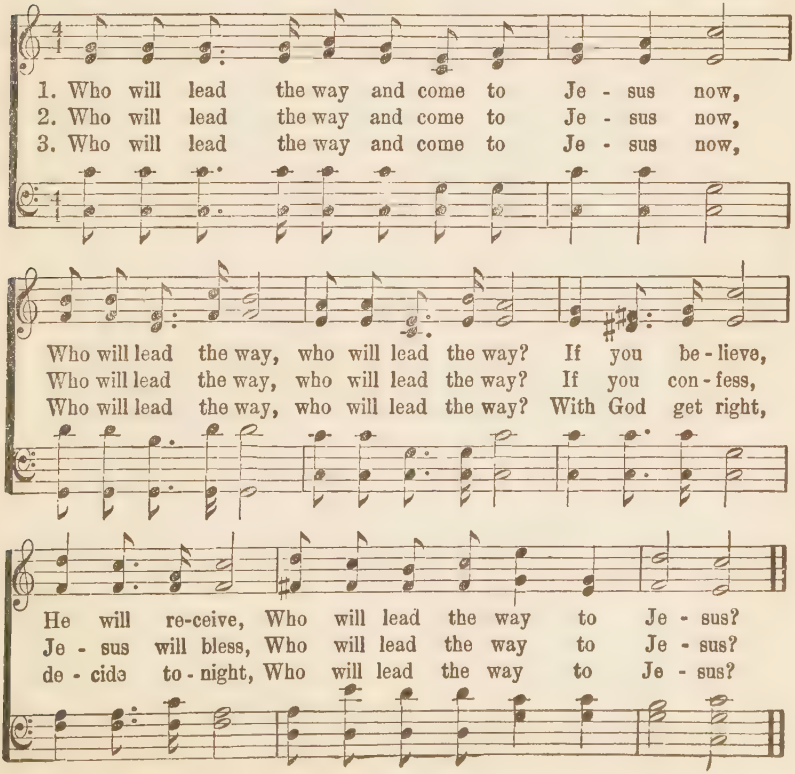
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
Do not i - dle, do not loi - ter by the way; Lo, the Mas-ter calls for
See, the sun is in the zenith—haste a-way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav-ior's blessing
reap - ers and the Mas-ter calls for you, "Go la - bor in my har-vest
garnered, their is work for all to do, Go la - bor in the har-vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la - bor in the har-vest
CHORUS.
field to - day."
field to - day. To the har-vest field a - way! There is dan-ger in de-
field to - day.
har - vest field a - way! dan - ger
lay! Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the
in de - lay, for

White Harvest Fields.


harv-est field, to the har-vest field, to the har - - vest field a - way,
to the har-vest
To the har - - vest field, to the har-vest field, a - way!
To the har - vest
a - way!

No. 130. Who Will Lead the Way?

B. D. A. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will lead the way and come to Je - sus now,
2. Who will lead the way and come to Je - sus now,
3. Who will lead the way and come to Je - sus now,
Who will lead the way, who will lead the way? If you be - lieve,
Who will lead the way, who will lead the way? If you con - fess,
Who will lead the way, who will lead the way? With God get right,
He will re-ceive, Who will lead the way to Je - sus?
Je - sus will bless, Who will lead the way to Je - sus?
de - cide to - night, Who will lead the way to Je - sus?

No. 131. You Can Win the Victory Through Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

G. H. C. Geo. H. Carr.

1. Are you strug-gling on life's pathway, Weighted down with world-ly care?
2. Are you los - ing bat - tles dai - ly, As you strive to con - quer sin?
3. Are you tim - id in Christ's serv-ice, Are you hin - dred by your fears?
4. Does life seem to be a fail - ure? Is your lot a joy - less one?

Is your dai - ly toil a bur - den hard to bear? (too hard to bear?)
Do temp - ta-tions fierce - ly seek to en - ter in? (to en - ter in?)
Do your fee - ble ef - forts cause you bit - ter tears? (the bit - ter tears?)
Does the fu - ture hold no hope when life is done? (when life is done?)

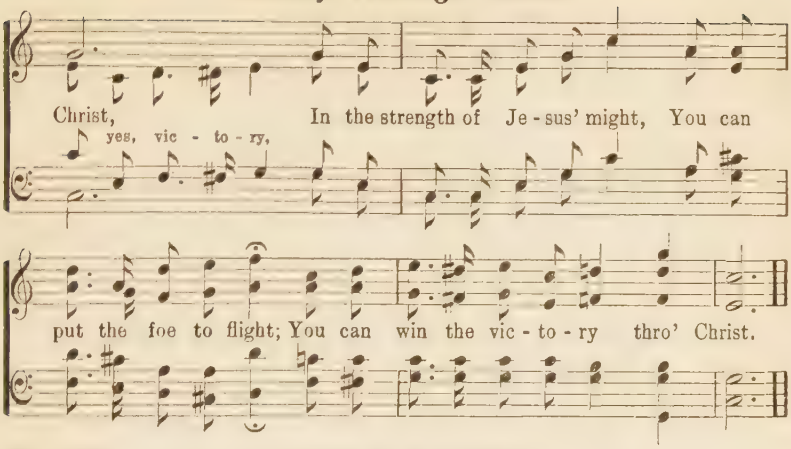
When it seems be - yond en - dur-ance, Trust in God's most firm as - sur-ance,
In the Spir - it there is pow - er, Strength to keep you hour by hour,
Strength and courage are God's bless-ing, To the weak, their need con - fess-ing,
Je - sus Christ shall reign vic - to-rious, With His saints in heav'n all glo-rious:

You can win the vic - to - ry through Christ.
The vic - to - ry thro' Christ.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry, You can win the vic - to - ry thro'

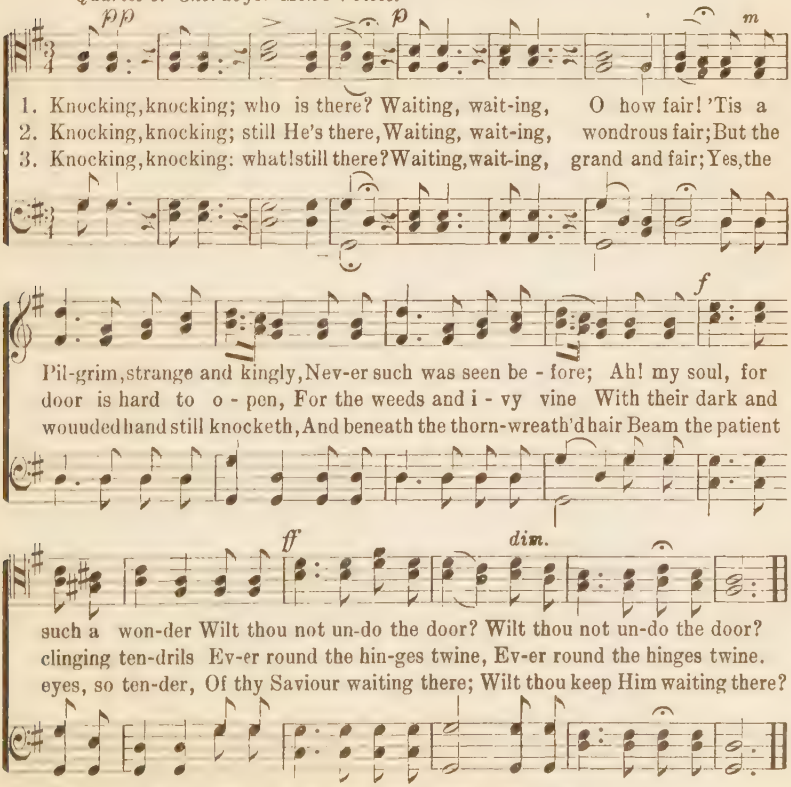
Victory Through Christ.



No. 132. Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

Quartet or Chorus for Men's Voices.

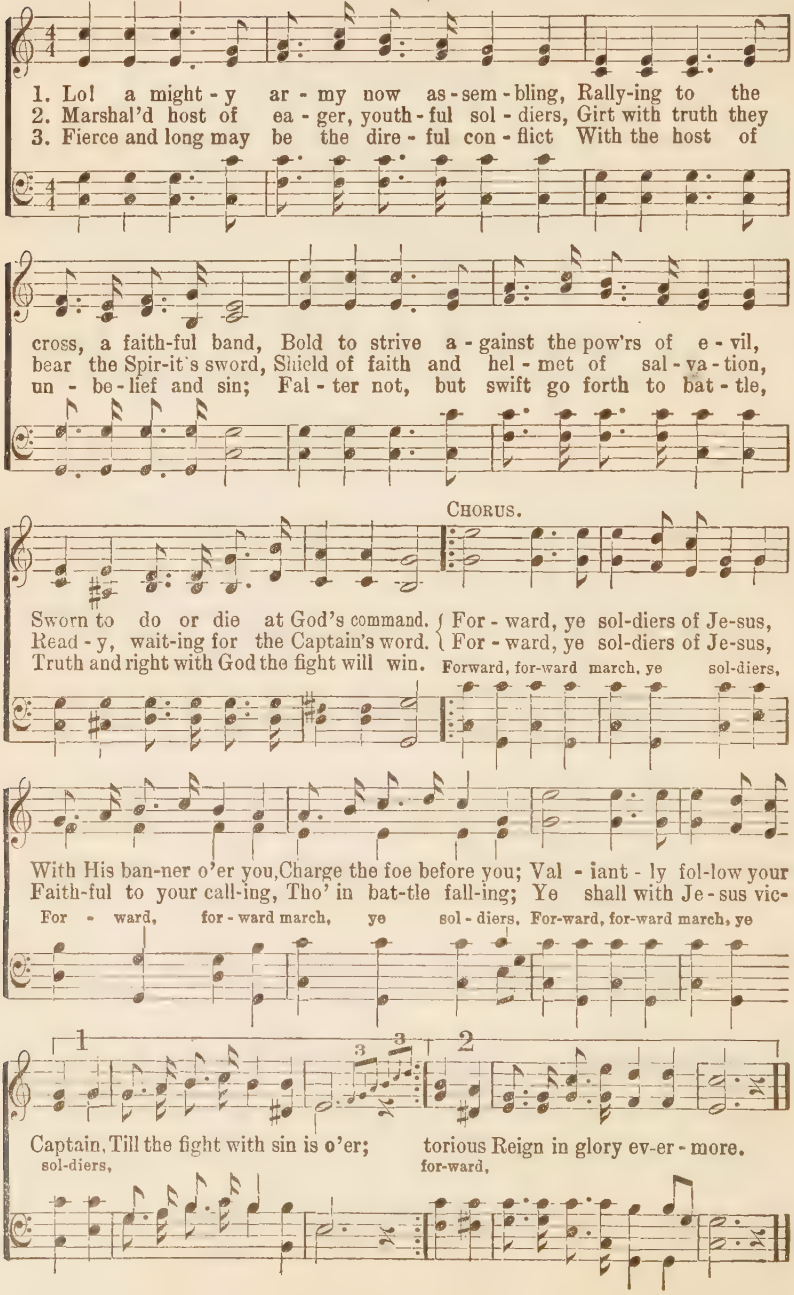

pp
p
m
1. Knocking, knocking; who is there? Waiting, wait-ing, O how fair! 'Tis a
2. Knocking, knocking; still He's there, Waiting, wait-ing, wondrous fair; But the
3. Knocking, knocking: what! still there? Waiting, wait-ing, grand and fair; Yes, the
f
Pil-grim, strange and kingly, Nev-er such was seen be - fore; Ah! my soul, for
door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy vine With their dark and
wounded hand still knocketh, And beneath the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient
ff
dim.
such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door? Wilt thou not un-do the door?
clinging ten-drils Ev-er round the hin-ges twine, Ev-er round the hinges twine.
eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Saviour waiting there; Wilt thou keep Him waiting there?

For Ladies' voices, lower Alto take lower Bass notes an octave higher.

No. 133. Lo! A Mighty Army.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER.

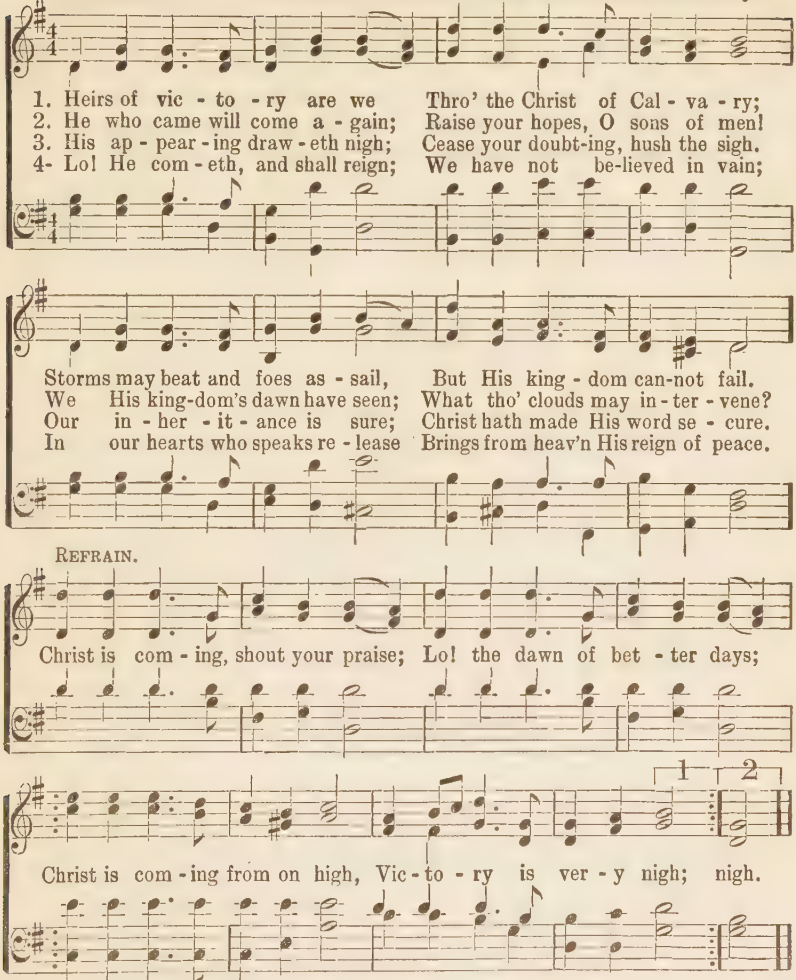
H. G. Jackson. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Rally-ing to the
2. Marshal'd host of ea - ger, youth - ful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of
cross, a faith-ful band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,
CHORUS.
Sworn to do or die at God's command.
Read - y, wait-ing for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.
For - ward, ye sol-diers of Je-sus,
For - ward, ye sol-diers of Je-sus,
Forward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,
With His ban-ner o'er you, Charge the foe before you; Val - iant - ly fol-low your
Faith-ful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing; Ye shall with Je - sus vic-
For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers, For-ward, for-ward march, ye
1
2
3
3
Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er;
torious Reign in glory ev-er - more.
sol-diers,
for-ward,

No. 134. Christ is Coming.

(HERALD ANGELS 7s. D.)

Henry Ostrom, D. D. WORDS USED BY PER. OF HENRY OSTROM. Mendelsshon-Bartholdy.


1. Heirs of vic - to - ry are we Thro' the Christ of Cal - va - ry;
2. He who came will come a - gain; Raise your hopes, O sons of men!
3. His ap - pear - ing draw - eth nigh; Cease your doubt-ing, hush the sigh.
4- Lo! He com - eth, and shall reign; We have not be-lieved in vain;
Storms may beat and foes as - sail, But His king - dom can-not fail.
We His king-dom's dawn have seen; What tho' clouds may in - ter - vene?
Our in - her - it - ance is sure; Christ hath made His word se - cure.
In our hearts who speaks re - lease Brings from heav'n His reign of peace.
REFRAIN.
Christ is com - ing, shout your praise; Lo! the dawn of bet - ter days;
1 2
Christ is com - ing from on high, Vic - to - ry is ver - y nigh; nigh.

No. 135. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
‖: With the angel host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!" :‖

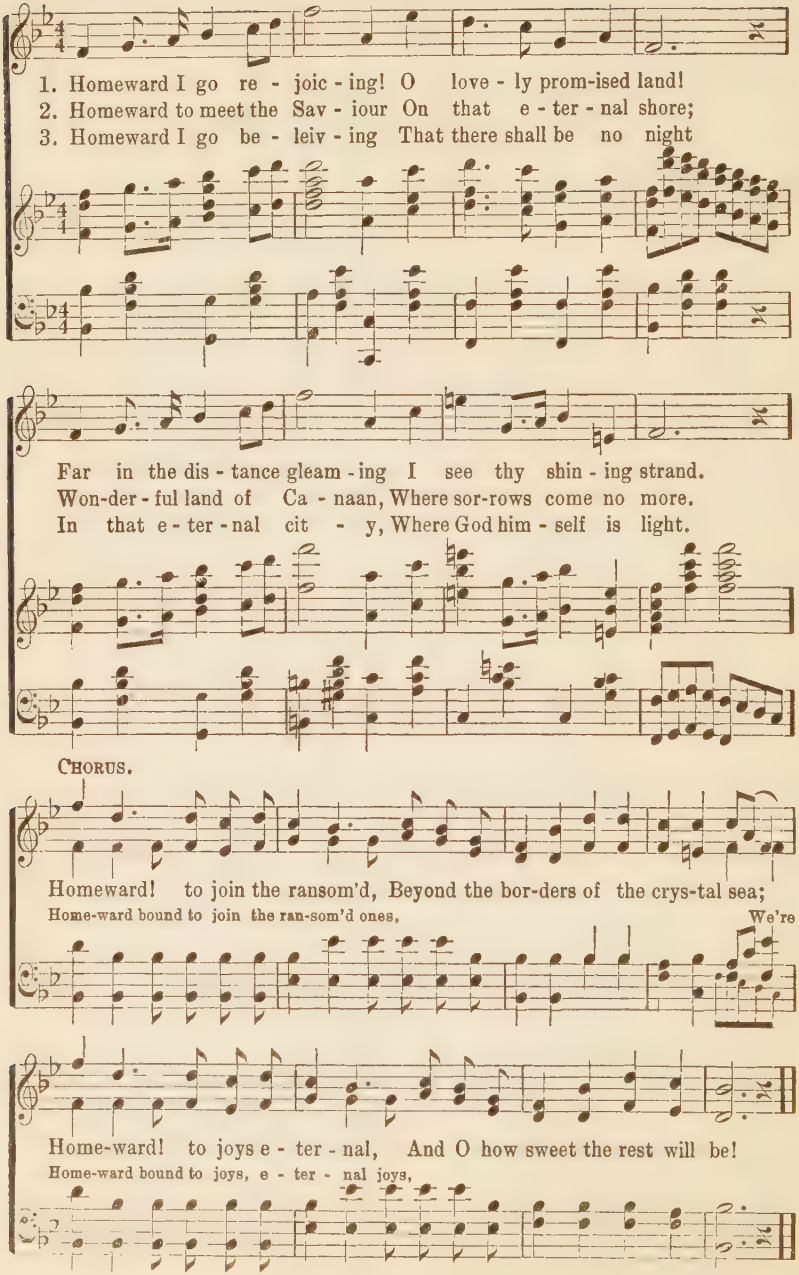
2 Christ by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a King,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still;
‖: Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel. :‖

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
‖: Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth. :‖

No. 136.

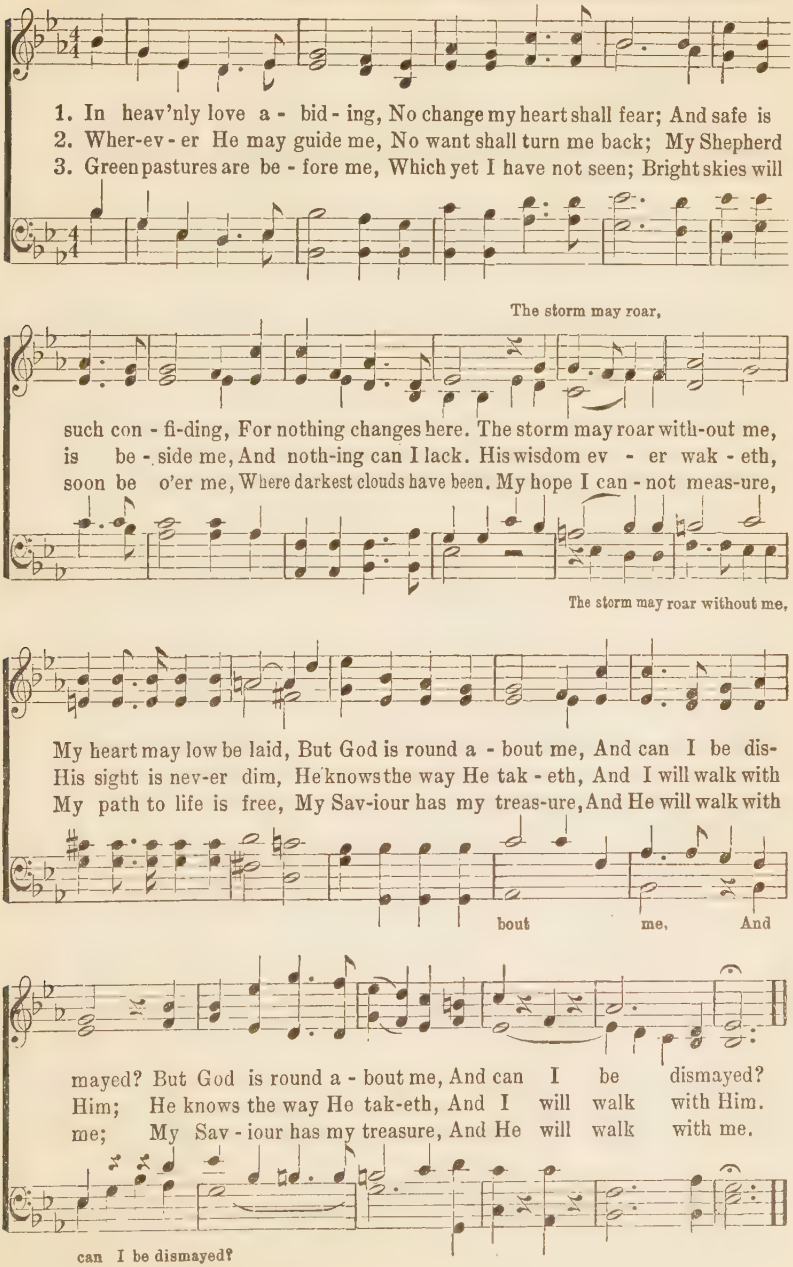
Homeward.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly prom-ised land!
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go be - leiv - ing That there shall be no night
Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won-der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor-rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.
CHORUS.
Homeward! to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor-ders of the crys-tal sea;
Home-ward bound to join the ran-som'd ones.
We're
Home-ward! to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
Home-ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

No. 137. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

Anna L. Waring. "Abide in my love."—John 15: 10. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

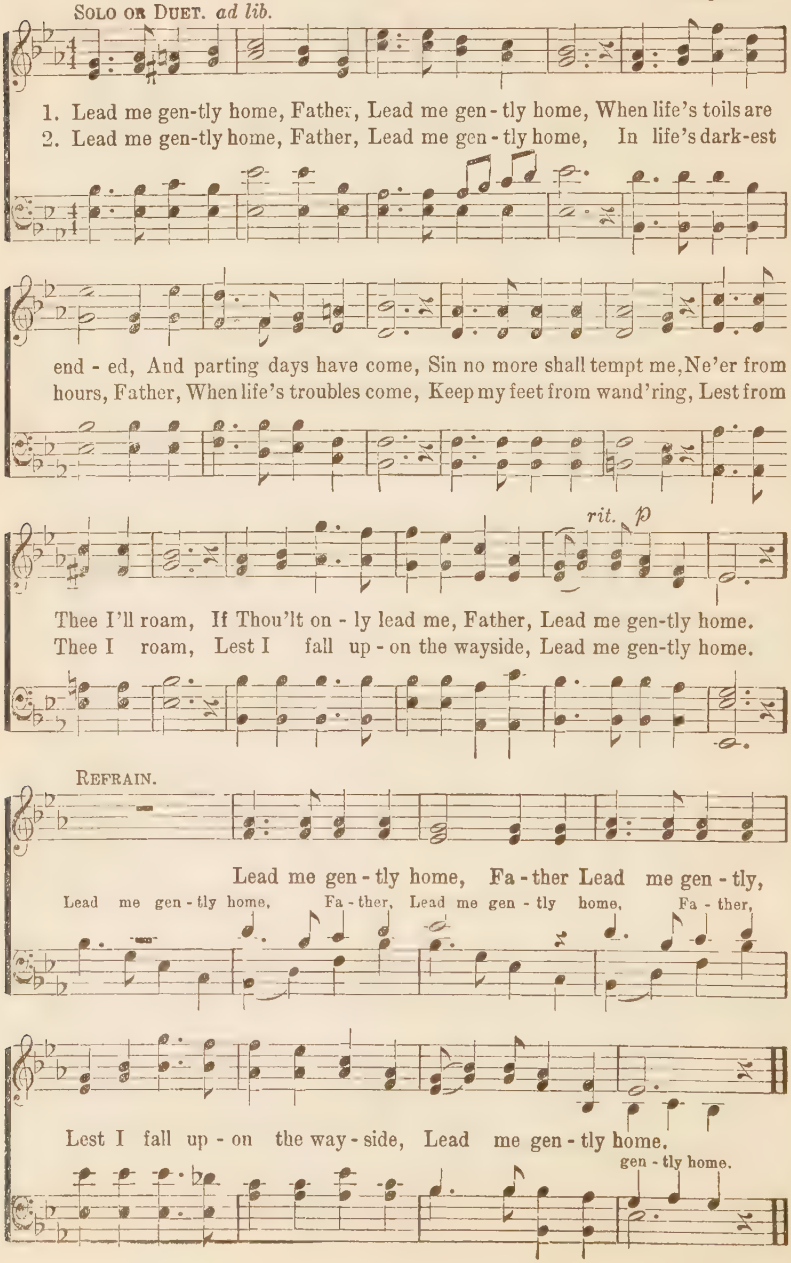

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will
The storm may roar,
such con - fi-ding, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar with-out me,
is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack. His wisdom ev - er wak - eth,
soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I can - not meas-ure,
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev-er dim, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with
My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with
bout me, And
mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
me; My Sav - iour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.
can I be dismayed?

No. 138. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

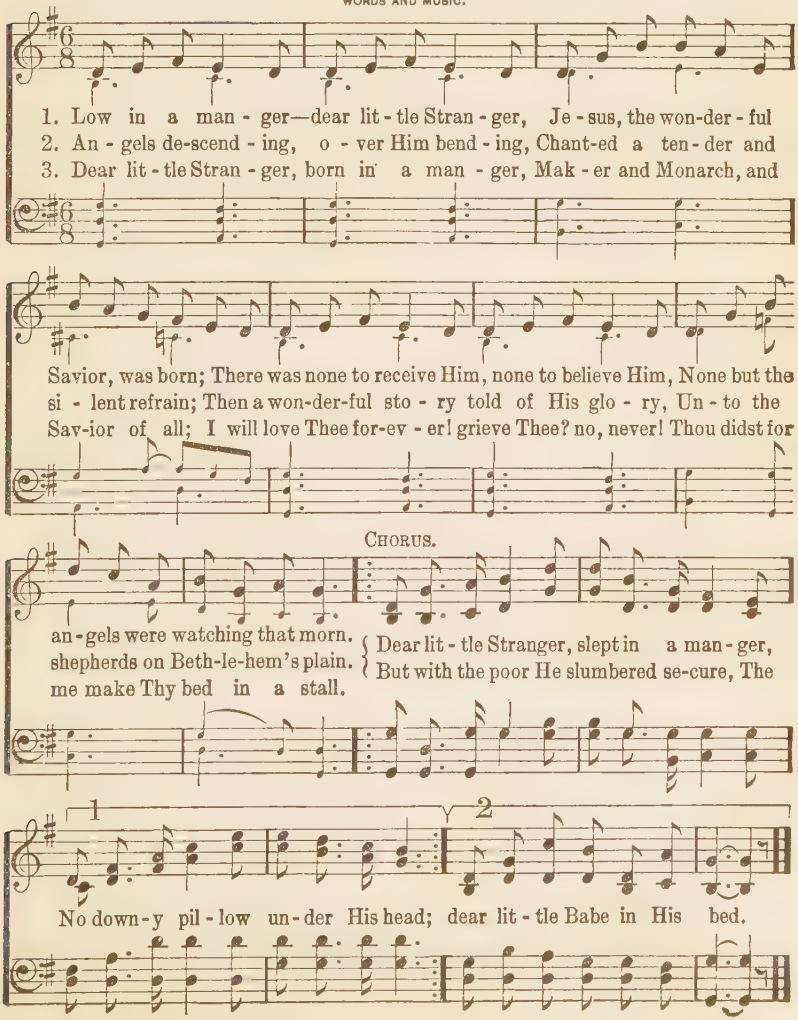

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit. p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

No. 139. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

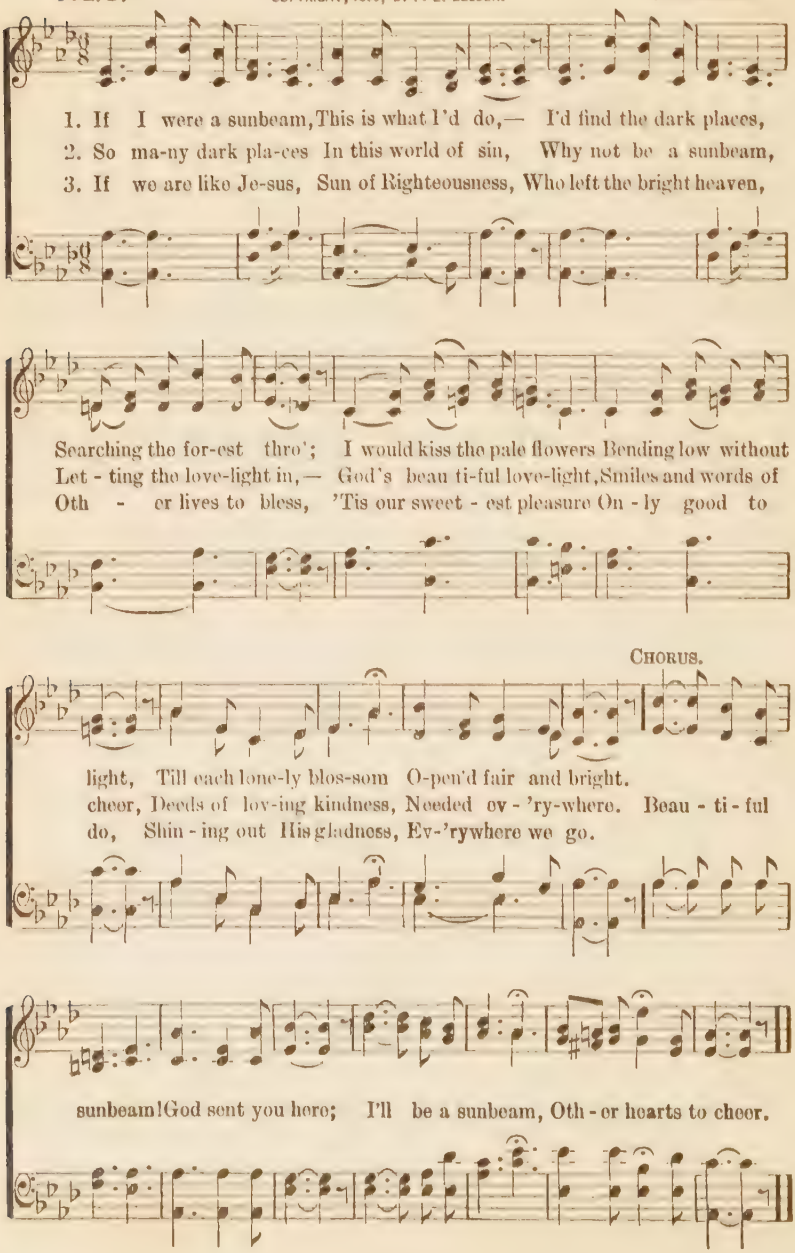
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
Chorus.
an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 140. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13: 35.

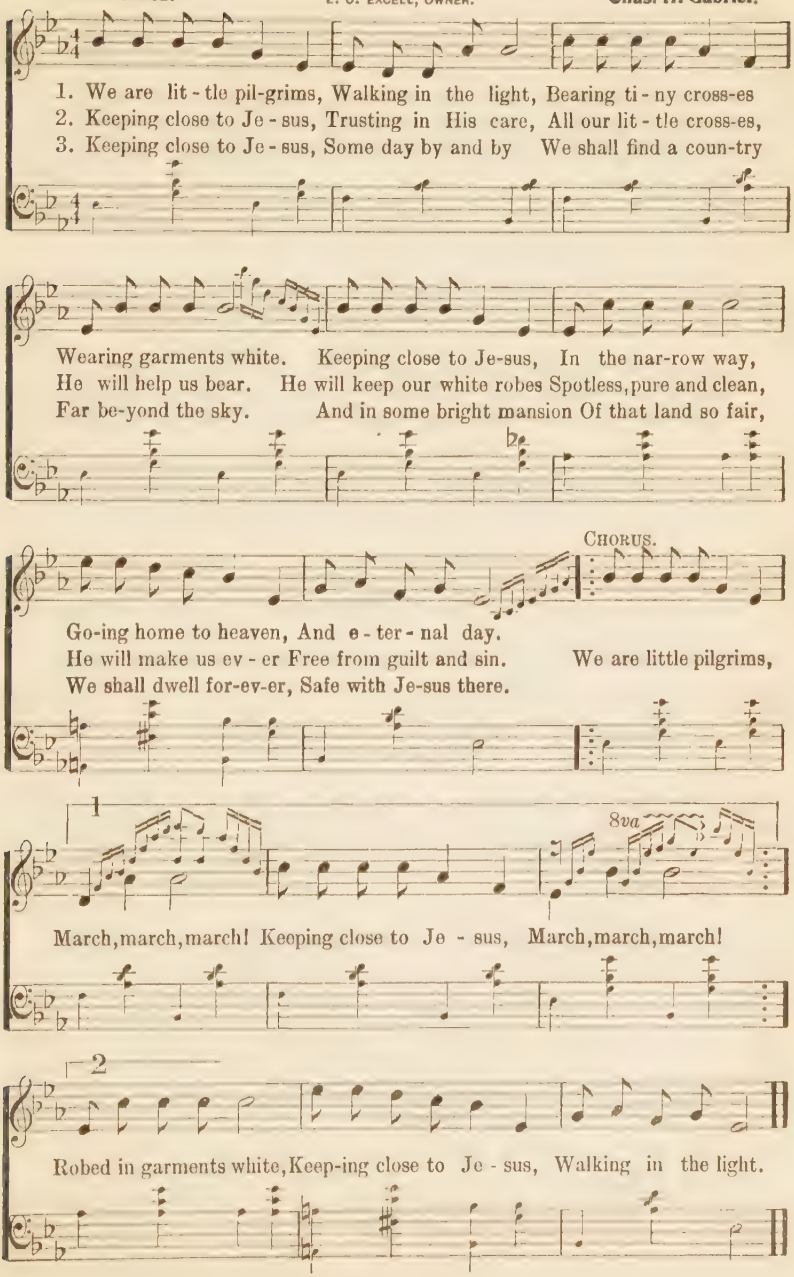
F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.


1. If I were a sunbeam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark places,
2. So ma-ny dark pla-ces In this world of sin, Why not be a sunbeam,
3. If we are like Je-sus, Sun of Righteousness, Who left the bright heaven,
Searching the for-est thro'; I would kiss the pale flowers Bending low without
Let - ting the love-light in,— God's beau ti-ful love-light, Smiles and words of
Oth - er lives to bless, 'Tis our sweet - est pleasure On - ly good to
CHORUS.
light, Till each lone-ly blos-som O-pen'd fair and bright.
cheer, Deeds of lov-ing kindness, Needed ov - 'ry-where. Beau - ti - ful
do, Shin - ing out His gladness, Ev-'rywhere we go.
sunbeam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, Oth - er hearts to cheer.

No. 141. Little Pilgrims.

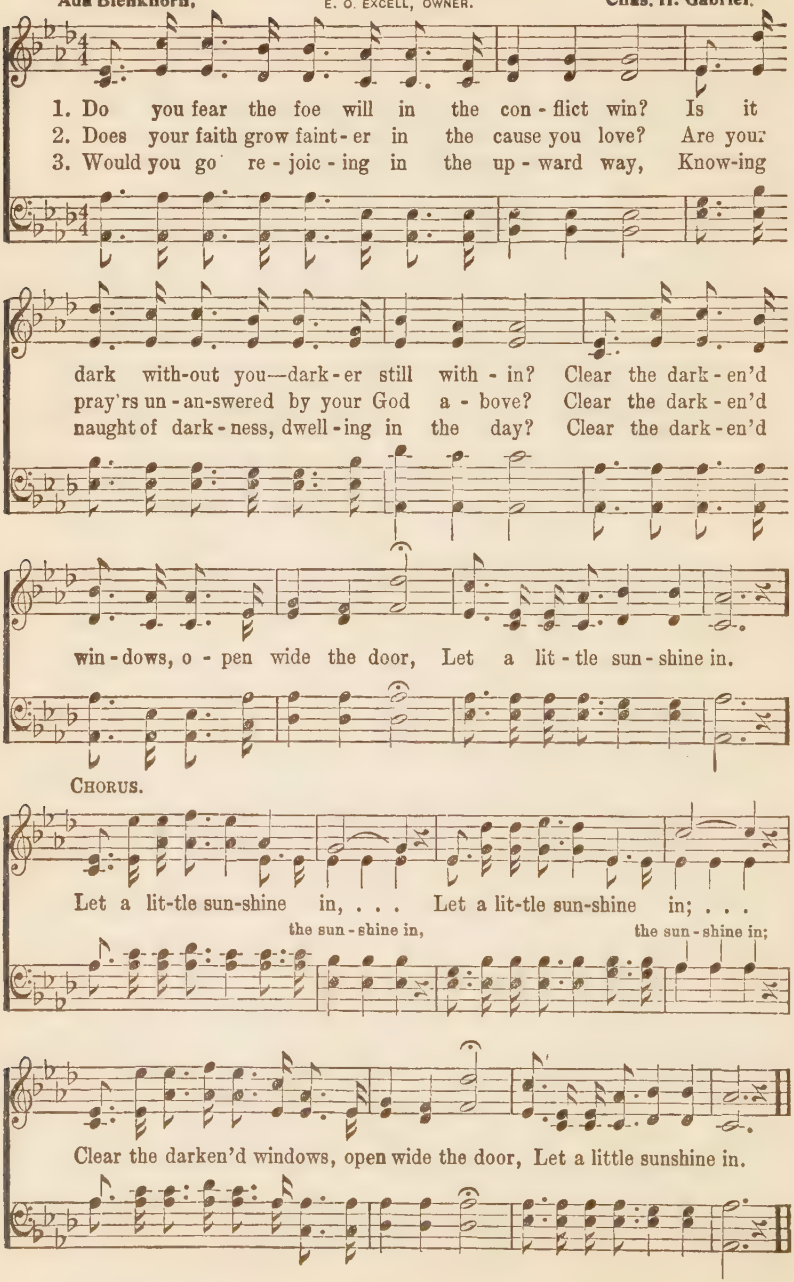
COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We are lit - tle pil-grims, Walking in the light, Bearing ti - ny cross-es
2. Keeping close to Je - sus, Trusting in His care, All our lit - tle cross-es,
3. Keeping close to Je - sus, Some day by and by We shall find a coun-try
Wearing garments white. Keeping close to Je-sus, In the nar-row way,
He will help us bear. He will keep our white robes Spotless, pure and clean,
Far be-yond the sky. And in some bright mansion Of that land so fair,
CHORUS.
Go-ing home to heaven, And e - ter - nal day.
He will make us ev - er Free from guilt and sin. We are little pilgrims,
We shall dwell for-ev-er, Safe with Je-sus there.
1
8va
March, march, march! Keeping close to Je - sus, March, march, march!
2
Robed in garments white, Keep-ing close to Je - sus, Walking in the light.

No. 142. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing
dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
CHORUS.
Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in,
the sun - shine in;
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 143. Sunshine and Rain.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scatter seed up - on the fal-low
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the

CHORUS.

ground, And hope to gather flow-ers, fruit and grain?
care, Or e - ven strive e - ter-nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain re-
pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

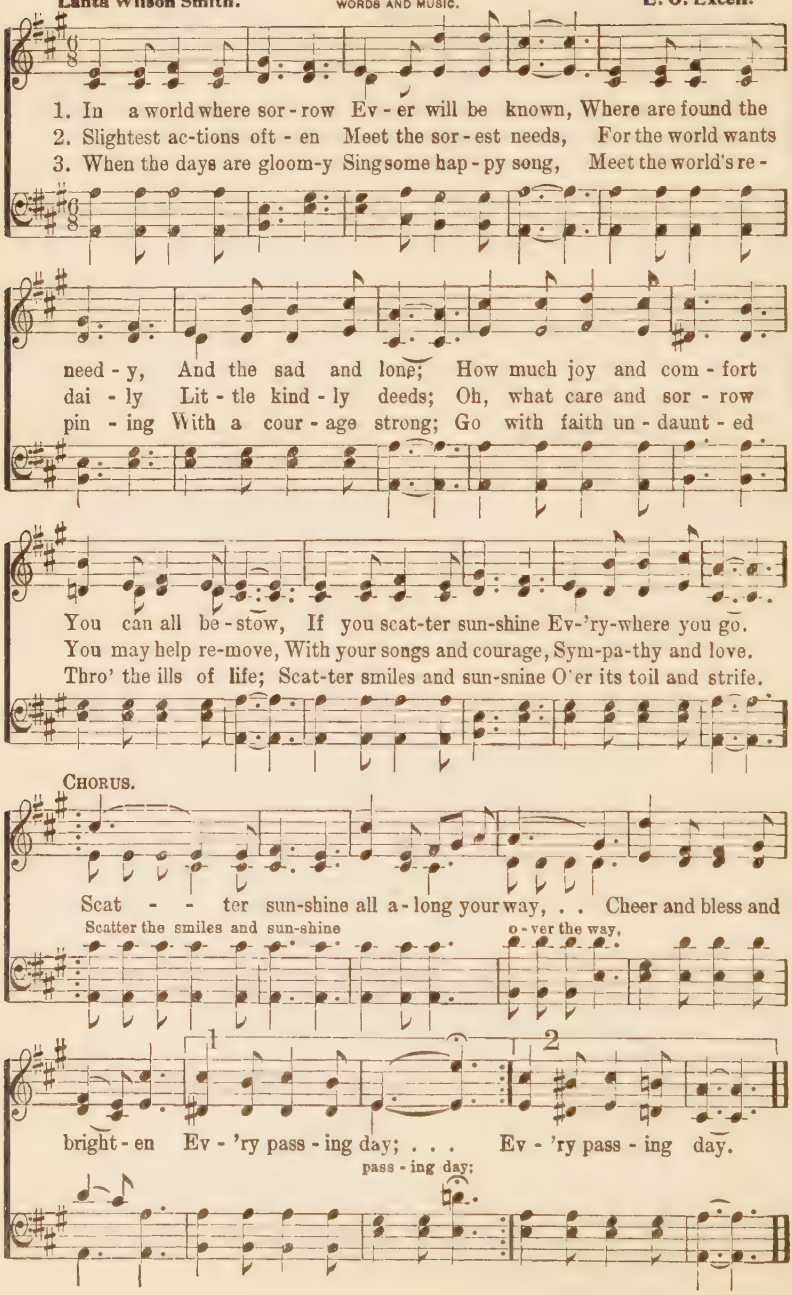
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and

rain, to nourish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 144. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

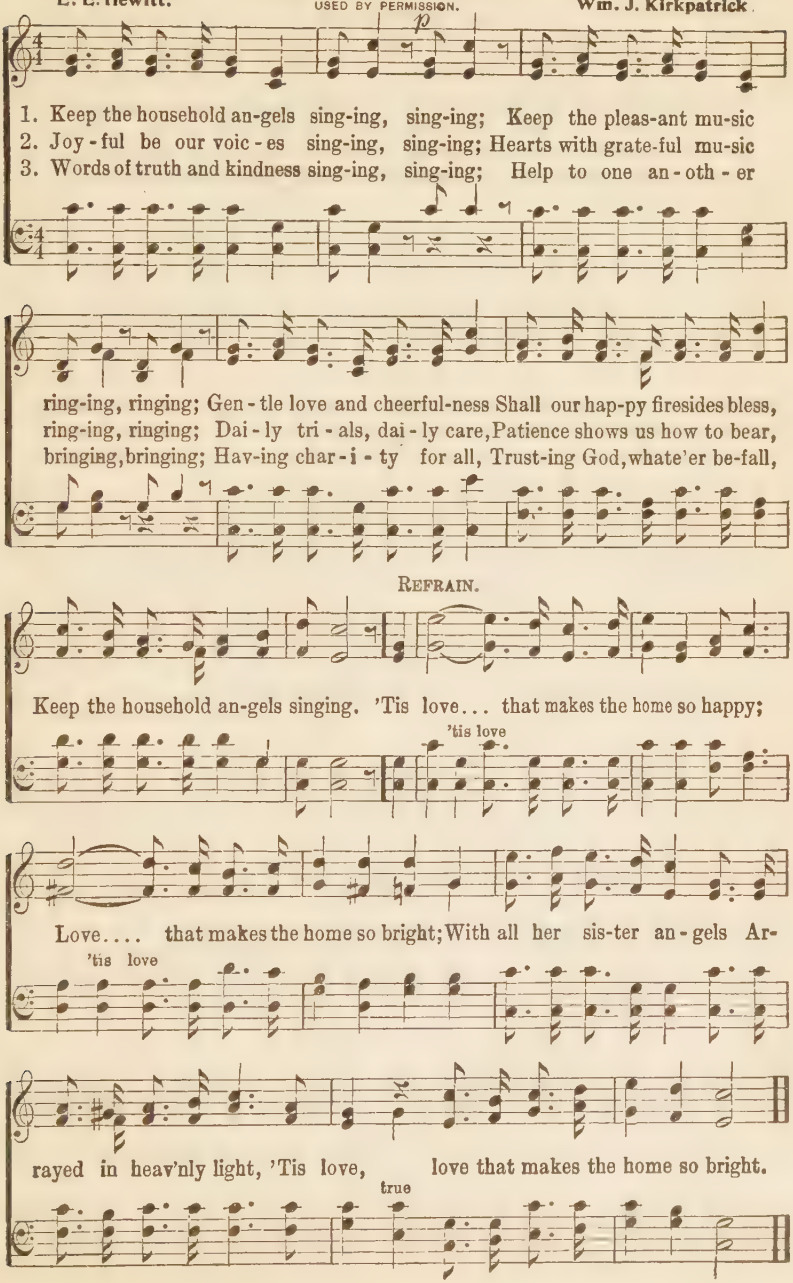
Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re -
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine
o - ver the way,
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 145. Keep the Household Angels Singing.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

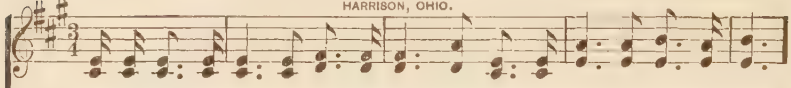
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


p
1. Keep the household an-gels sing-ing, sing-ing; Keep the pleas-ant mu-sic
2. Joy-ful be our voic-es sing-ing, sing-ing; Hearts with grate-ful mu-sic
3. Words of truth and kindness sing-ing, sing-ing; Help to one an-oth-er
ring-ing, ringing; Gen-tle love and cheerful-ness Shall our hap-py firesides bless,
ring-ing, ringing; Dai-ly tri-als, dai-ly care, Patience shows us how to bear,
bringing, bringing; Hav-ing char-i-ty for all, Trust-ing God, whate'er be-fall,
REFRAIN.
Keep the household an-gels singing. 'Tis love... that makes the home so happy;
'tis love
Love.... that makes the home so bright; With all her sis-ter an-gels Ar-
'tis love
rayed in heav'nly light, 'Tis love, love that makes the home so bright.
true

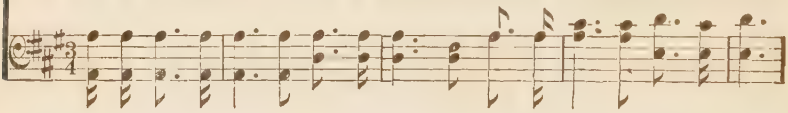
No. 146. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

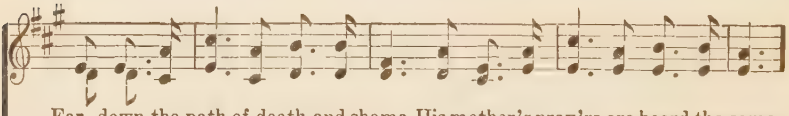
Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.

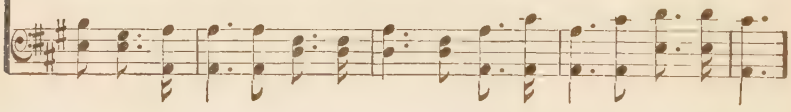
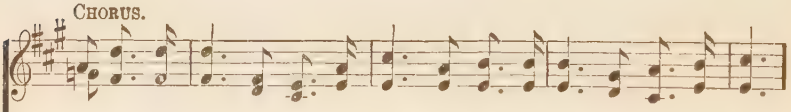
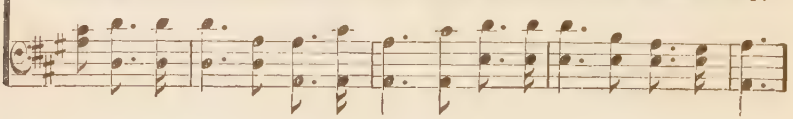
J. H. W. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY REV. J. H. WEBER, BY PER. HARRISON, OHIO. Rev. J. H. Weber.

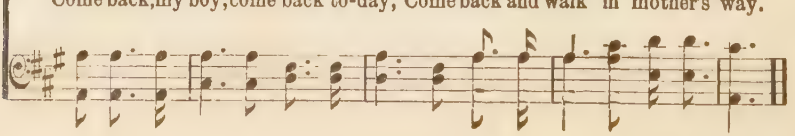


1. Can a boy forget his mother's pray'r, When he has wander'd, God knows where?
2. Can a boy forget his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and fill'd with grace?
3. Can a boy forget his mother's door From which he wander'd years be-fore?
4. Can a boy forget, tho' she is dead, And ma-ny lone-ly years have fled?





Far down the path of death and shame His mother's pray'rs are heard the same.
Her lov-ing voice it ech-oes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet.
With tears and sighs she said, "good-bye, Meet me, my boy be-yond the sky."
Her tears and pray'rs, her sweet "good-bye," Are mem'ries calling him on high.

CHORUS.

Come back, my boy, come back, to-day, Come back and walk in mother's way;

Come back, my boy, come back to-day, Come back and walk in mother's way.



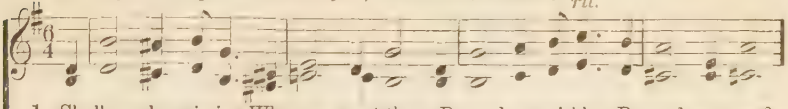
No. 147. Shall One Be Missing?

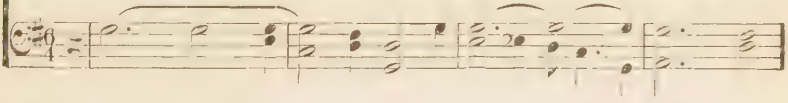
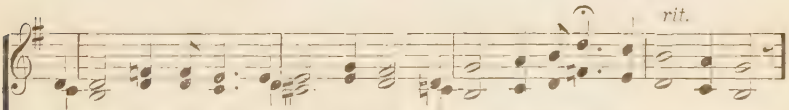
Written at the farewell meeting of Evangelists Davis, Mills and Carr, Chicago, April 6th, 1909.
F. E. B.

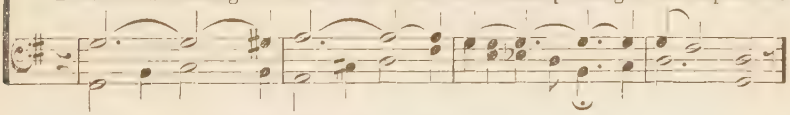
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. Belden.

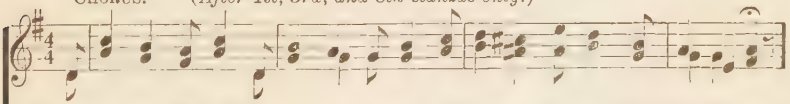
Tenor may take alto part an octave higher, on 2nd and 4th stanzas.

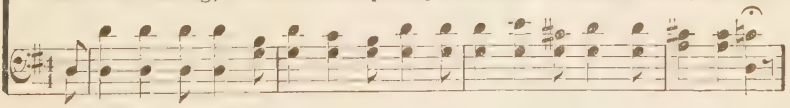
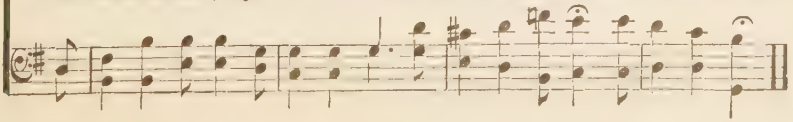


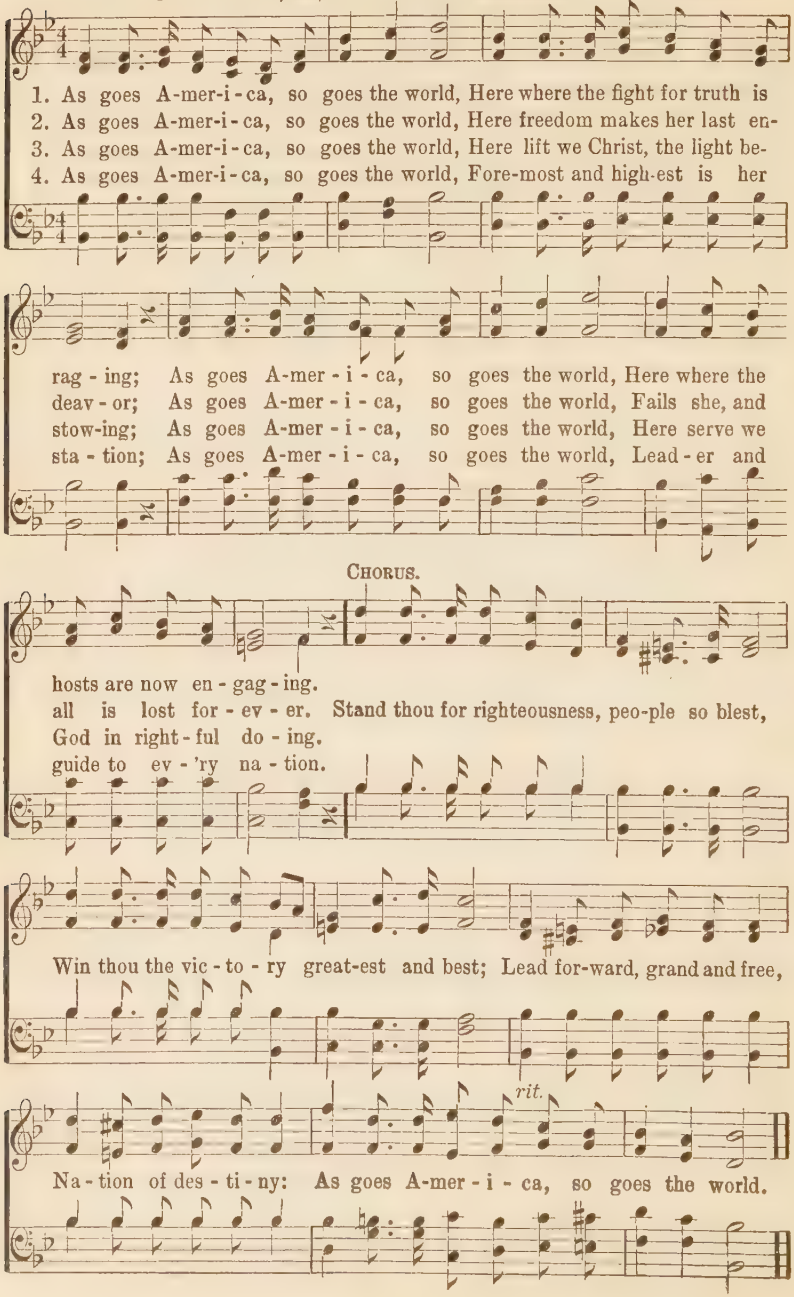
1. Shall one be missing When we meet there, B yond our wishing, Beyond our care?
2. Is friendship giv-en For life's short way, And not for heaven's E-ter - nal day?
3. The brown leaf falleth, The flow'r is gone, The lone mate calleth, Yet answer none;
4. The word of greeting Is sweet to hear, The good-bye meeting Hath many a tear;
5. Be this our to-ken In part-ing hour, Of faith unbroken In Keeping Pow'r,

No fare-well sadness Can ev - er come, But on - ly gladness In that sweet home.
Can true love vanish Like summer hours, Or snow drifts banish Per-en-nial flow'rs?
But in God's E-den Of love and light, No thorn is hidden, There is no night.
But hope is beaming, Our guid-ing star, And haven gleaming Shines out a-far.
That none be missing Immortal love When warm hands pressing Shall clasp above.



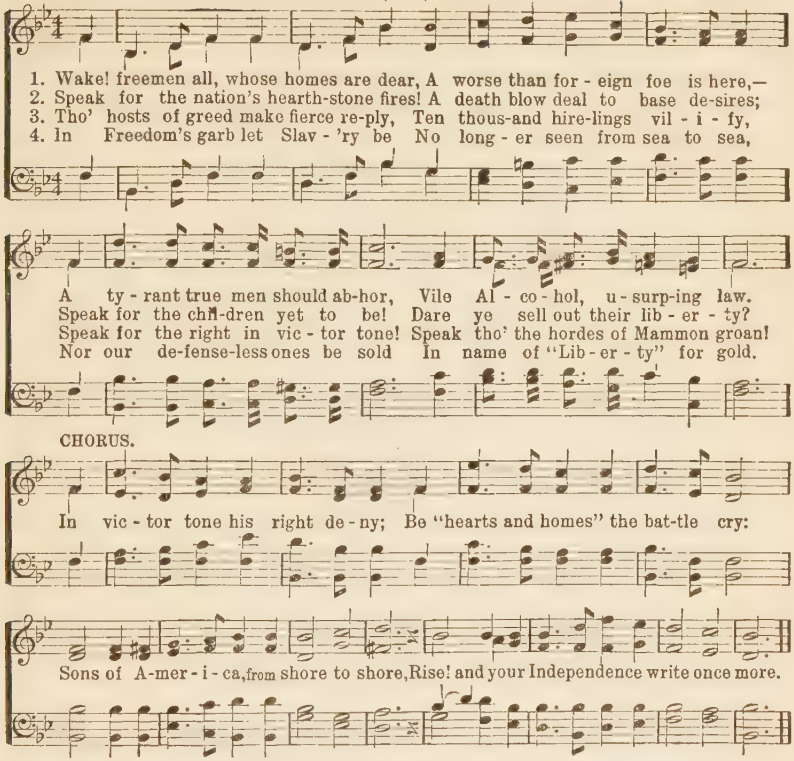
CHORUS. (*After 1st, 3rd, and 5th stanzas only.*)



Shall one be missing, When warm hands pressing, And songs of blessing Our joy declare?

Sweet home eternal, Beyond earth care; Shall one be missing When we meet there?

No. 148. As Goes America, So Goes the World.

P. Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FILLMORE BROS. USED BY PER. J. H. Fillmore.

1. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is
2. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en-
3. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be-
4. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Fore-most and high-est is her
rag - ing; As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the
deav - or; As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and
stow-ing; As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we
sta - tion; As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Lead - er and
CHORUS.
hosts are now en - gag - ing.
all is lost for - ev - er. Stand thou for righteousness, peo-ple so blest,
God in right - ful do - ing.
guide to ev - 'ry na - tion.
Win thou the vic - to - ry great-est and best; Lead for-ward, grand and free,
rit.
Na - tion of des - ti - ny: As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world.

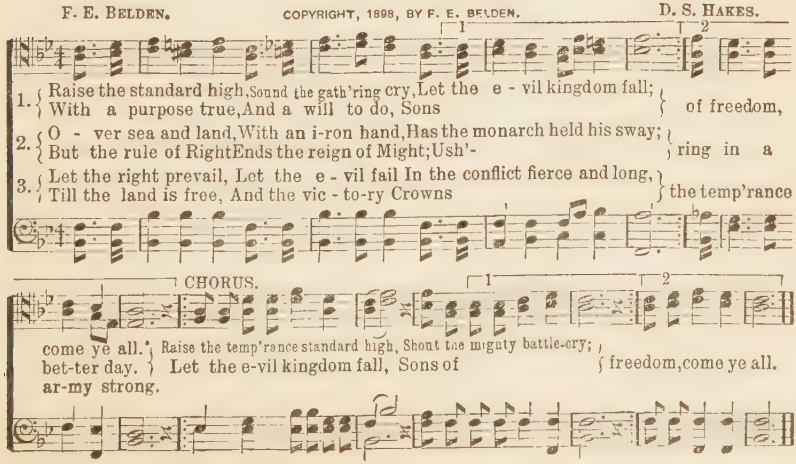
No. 149. Hearts and Homes.

F. E. BELDEN. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. CARL WILHELM.

1. Wake! freemen all, whose homes are dear, A worse than for - eign foe is here,—
2. Speak for the nation's hearth-stone fires! A death blow deal to base de-sires;
3. Tho' hosts of greed make fierce re-ply, Ten thous-and hire-lings vil - i - fy,
4. In Freedom's garb let Slav - 'ry be No long - er seen from sea to sea,
A ty - rant true men should ab-hor, Vile Al - co - hol, u - surp-ing law.
Speak for the chil-dren yet to be! Dare ye sell out their lib - er - ty?
Speak for the right in vic - tor tone! Speak tho' the hordes of Mammon groan!
Nor our de-fense-less ones be sold In name of "Lib - er - ty" for gold.
CHORUS.
In vic - tor tone his right de - ny; Be "hearts and homes" the bat-tle cry:
Sons of A-mer - i - ca, from shore to shore, Rise! and your Independence write once more.

No. 150. Raise the Standard High.

MALE VOICES.

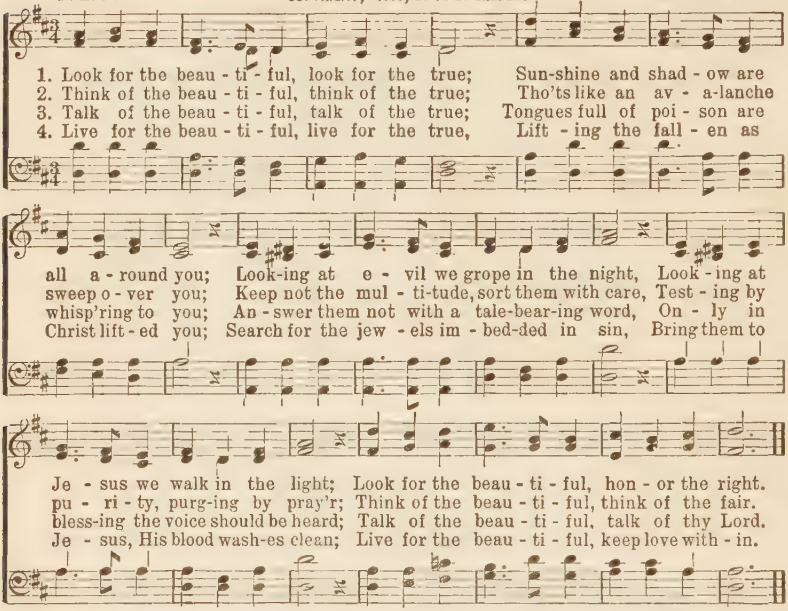
F. E. BELDEN. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY F. E. BELDEN. D. S. HAKES.


1. Raise the standard high, Sound the gath'ring cry, Let the e - vil kingdom fall; With a purpose true, And a will to do, Sons of freedom,
2. O - ver sea and land, With an i-ron hand, Has the monarch held his sway; But the rule of Right Ends the reign of Might; Ush'- ring in a
3. Let the right prevail, Let the e - vil fail In the conflict fierce and long, Till the land is free, And the vic - to-ry Crowns the temp'rance
CHORUS.
come ye all. Raise the temp'rance standard high, Shout the mighty battle-cry;
bet-ter day. Let the e-vil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
ar-my strong.

No. 151. Look for the Beautiful.

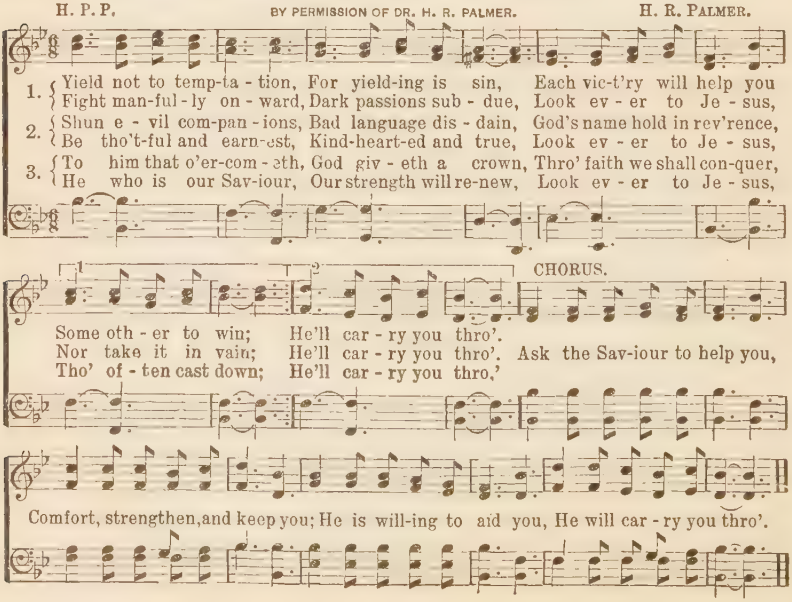
"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.


1. Look for the beau - ti - ful, look for the true; Sun-shine and shad - ow are
2. Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the true; Tho'ts like an av - a-lanche
3. Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi - son are
4. Live for the beau - ti - ful, live for the true, Lift - ing the fall - en as
all a - round you; Look-ing at e - vil we grope in the night, Look - ing at
sweep o - ver you; Keep not the mul - ti-tude, sort them with care, Test - ing by
whisp'ring to you; An - swer them not with a tale-bear-ing word, On - ly in
Christ lift - ed you; Search for the jew - els im - bed-ded in sin, Bring them to
Je - sus we walk in the light; Look for the beau - ti - ful, hon - or the right.
pu - ri - ty, purg-ing by pray'r; Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the fair.
bless-ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of thy Lord.
Je - sus, His blood wash-es clean; Live for the beau - ti - ful, keep love with - in.

No. 152. Yield Not to Temptation.

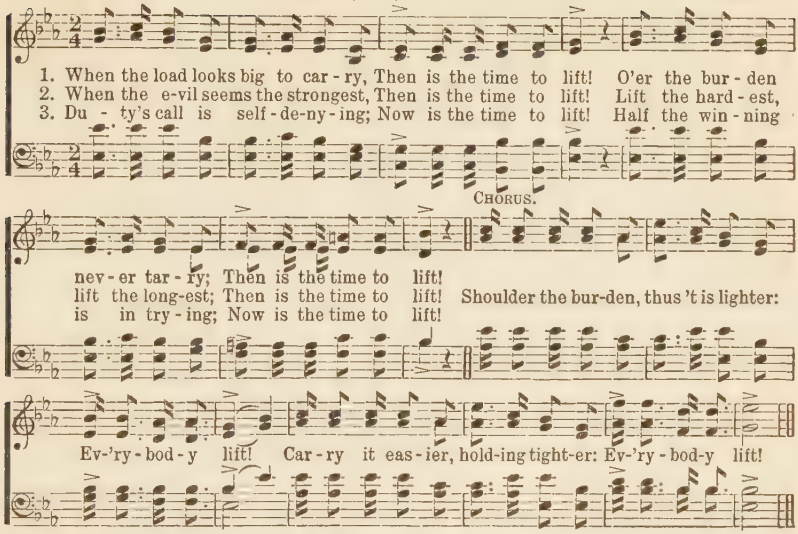
H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 153. Everybody Lift!

(Junior Workers' Song.)

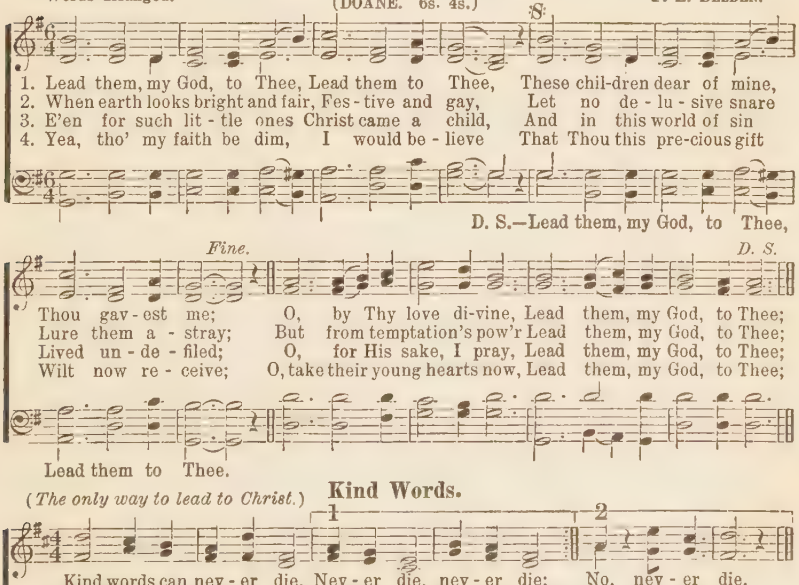
F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.


1. When the load looks big to car - ry, Then is the time to lift! O'er the bur - den
2. When the e-vil seems the strongest, Then is the time to lift! Lift the hard - est,
3. Du - ty's call is self - de-ny - ing; Now is the time to lift! Half the win - ning
CHORUS.
nev - er tar - ry; Then is the time to lift!
lift the long-est; Then is the time to lift! Shoulder the bur-den, thus 't is lighter:
is in try - ing; Now is the time to lift!
Ev-'ry - bod - y lift! Car - ry it eas - ier, hold-ing tight-er: Ev-'ry - bod-y lift!

No. 154. Lead Them to Thee.

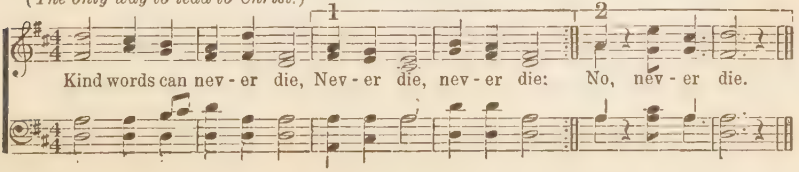
COPYRIGHT, 1886, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN.

Words arranged. (DOANE. 6s. 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.


1. Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee, These chil-dren dear of mine,
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Fes - tive and gay, Let no de - lu - sive snare
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones Christ came a child, And in this world of sin
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That Thou this pre-cious gift
D. S.—Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Fine.
D. S.
Thou gav - est me; O, by Thy love di-vine, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
Lure them a - stray; But from temptation's pow'r Lead them, my God, to Thee;
Lived un - de - filed; O, for His sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
Wilt now re - ceive; O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
Lead them to Thee.

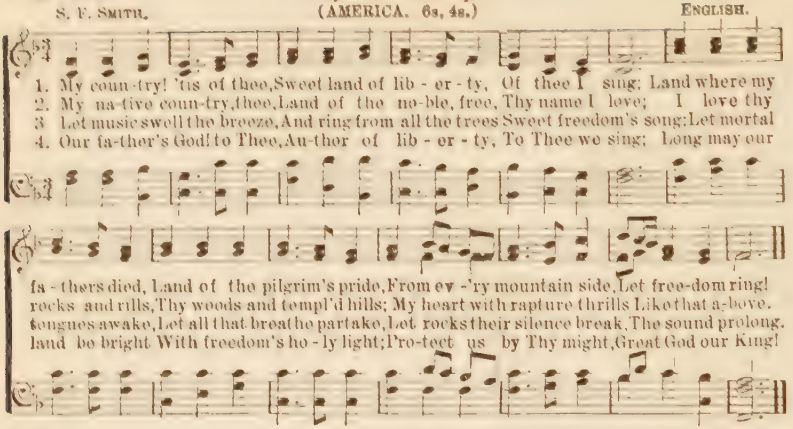
(*The only way to lead to Christ.*)

Kind Words.

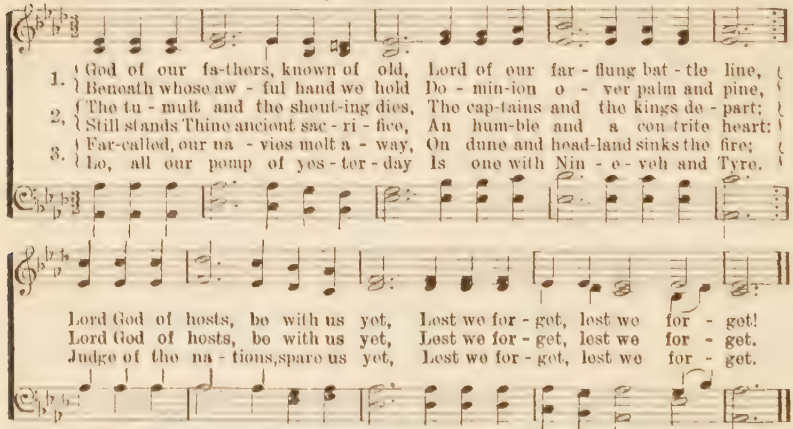


No. 155. My Country.

S. F. Smith. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) English.

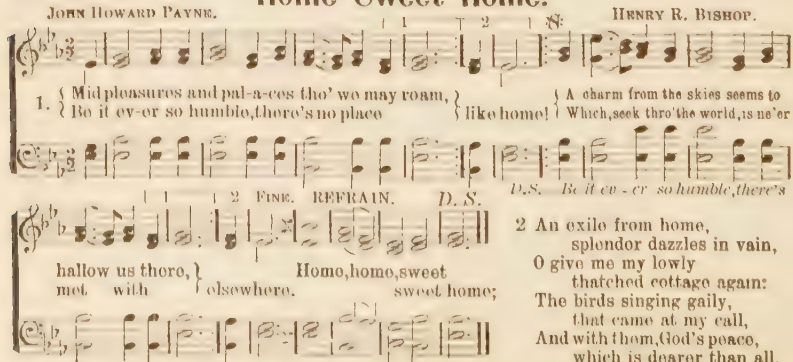

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev -'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templ'd hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

No. 156. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. (SELENA. L. M. 61.) Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,
Beneath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min-ion o - ver palm and pine,
2. The tu - mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart:
3. Far-called, our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.
Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.

No. 157. Home Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. Henry R. Bishop.


1. Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er
D.S. Be it ev - er so humble, there's
1 2 Fine. Refrain. D. S.
hallow us there, Home, home, sweet
met with elsewhere. sweet home;
no place like home.

2 An exile from home,
splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly
thatched cottage again:
The birds singing gaily,
that came at my call,
And with them, God's peace,
which is dearer than all.

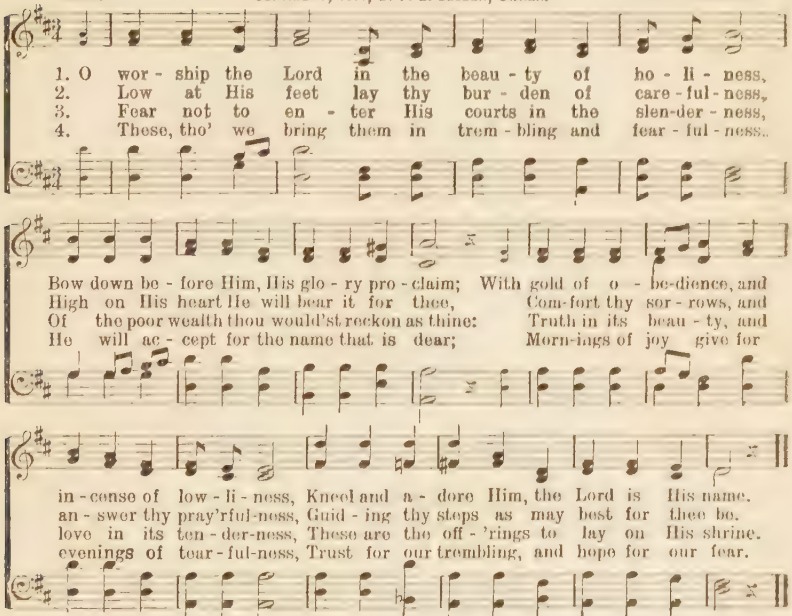
FAVORITE GOSPEL SONGS AND TUNES

AND OTHER SELECTIONS

No. 158. In the Beauty of Holiness.

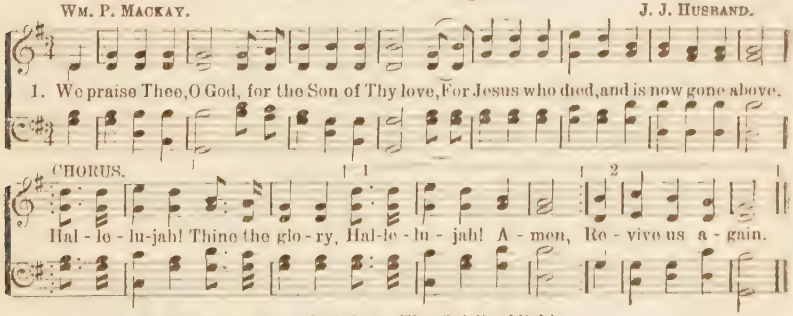
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY EDWIN BARNES.
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY F. E. BELDEN, OWNER.

Anon. EDWIN BARNES.


1. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness,
2. Low at His feet lay thy bur - den of care - ful - ness,
3. Fear not to en - ter His courts in the slen-der - ness,
4. These, tho' we bring them in trem - bling and fear - ful - ness.
Bow down be - fore Him, His glo - ry pro - claim; With gold of o - be-dience, and
High on His heart He will bear it for thee, Com-fort thy sor - rows, and
Of the poor wealth thou would'st reckon as thine: Truth in its beau - ty, and
He will ac - cept for the name that is dear; Morn-ings of joy give for
in - cense of low - li - ness, Kneel and a - dore Him, the Lord is His name.
an - swer thy pray'rful-ness, Guid - ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
love in its ten - der-ness, These are the off - 'rings to lay on His shrine.
evenings of tear - ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

No. 159. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

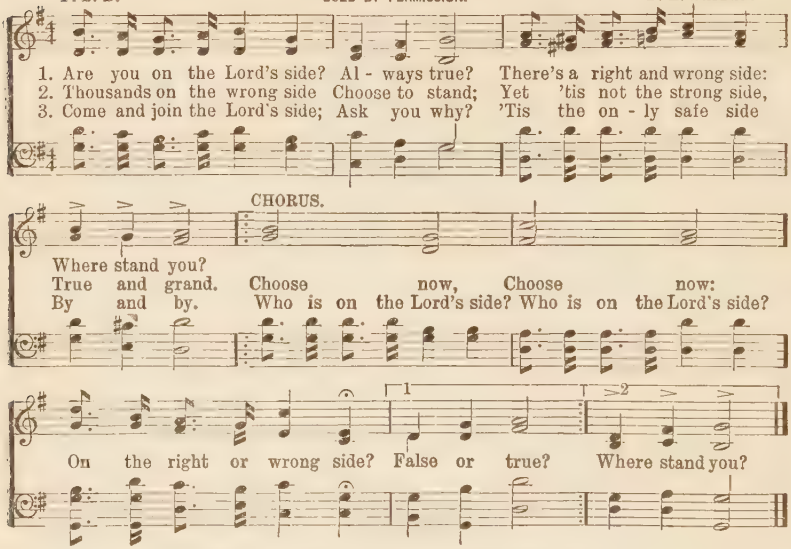
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 160. Choose Now.

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32: 26.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

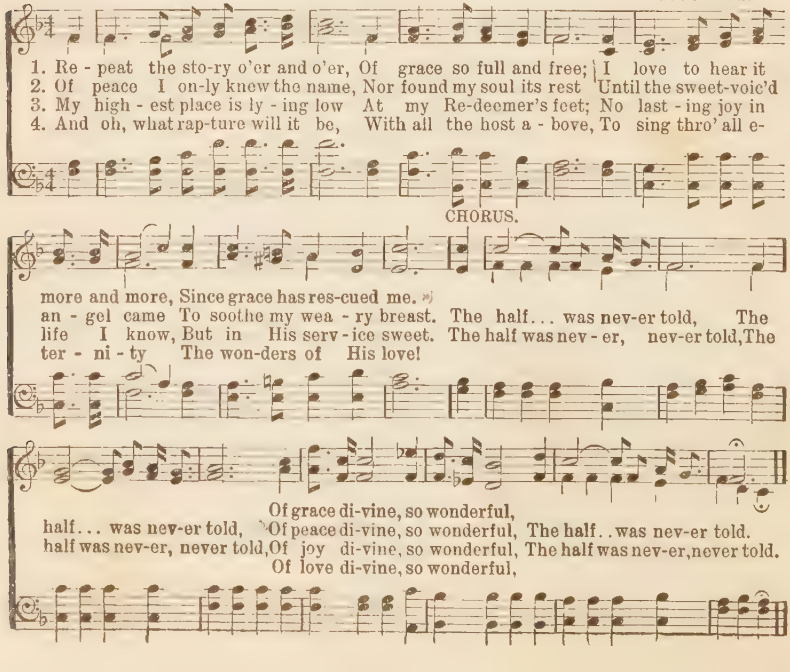
F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.


1. Are you on the Lord's side? Al - ways true? There's a right and wrong side:
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Yet 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side; Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side
CHORUS.
Where stand you?
True and grand. Choose now, Choose now:
By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?
1
2
On the right or wrong side? False or true? Where stand you?

No. 161. The Half Was Never Told.

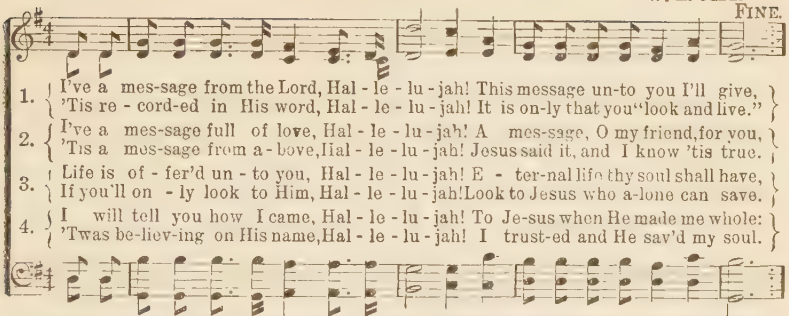
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

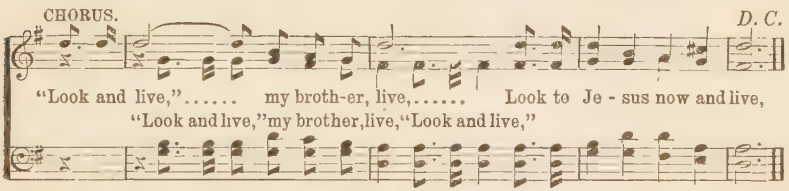
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Re - peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to hear it
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest Until the sweet-voic'd
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deemer's feet; No last - ing joy in
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a - bove, To sing thro' all e-
CHORUS.
more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast. The half... was nev-er told, The
life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet. The half was nev - er, nev-er told, The
ter - ni - ty The won-ders of His love!
Of grace di-vine, so wonderful,
half... was nev-er told, Of peace di-vine, so wonderful, The half..was nev-er told.
half was nev-er, never told, Of joy di-vine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er, never told.
Of love di-vine, so wonderful,

No. 162. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, E. O. EXCELL.

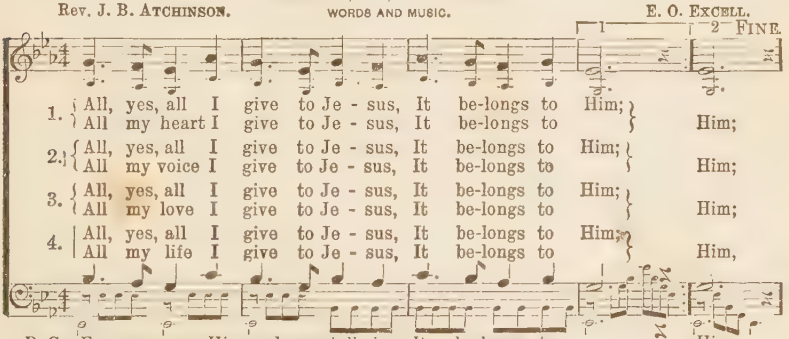
W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. OGDEN.

FINE.
1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! This message un-to you I'll give,
'Tis re - cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you,
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.
3. Life is of - fer'd un - to you, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:
'Twas be-liev-ing on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust-ed and He sav'd my soul.
D.C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le - lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

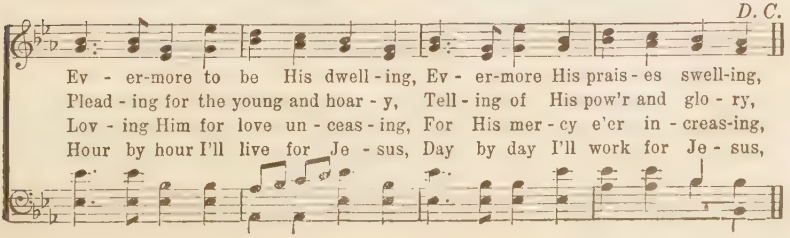


No. 163. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

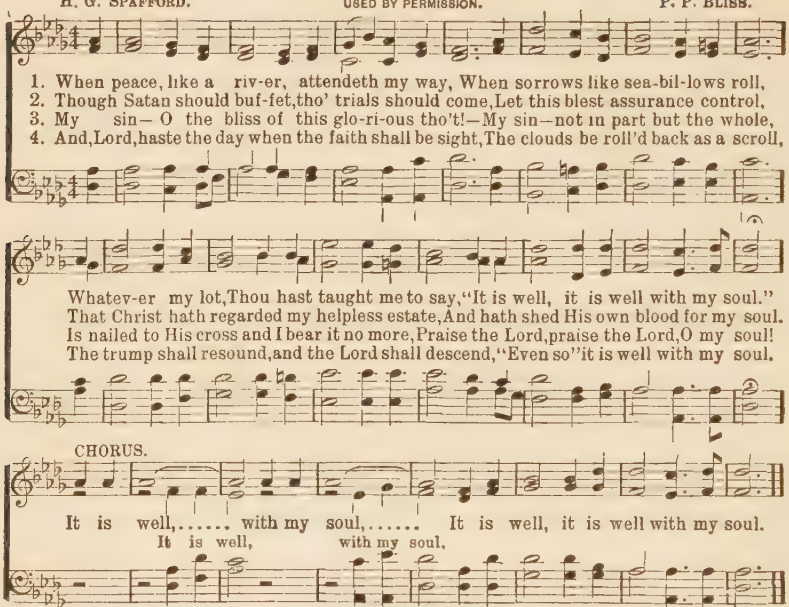

1 2 FINE.
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
D. C.—Ev - er more His good-ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus; All be-longs to Him.


D. C.
Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

No. 164. It is Well With My Soul.

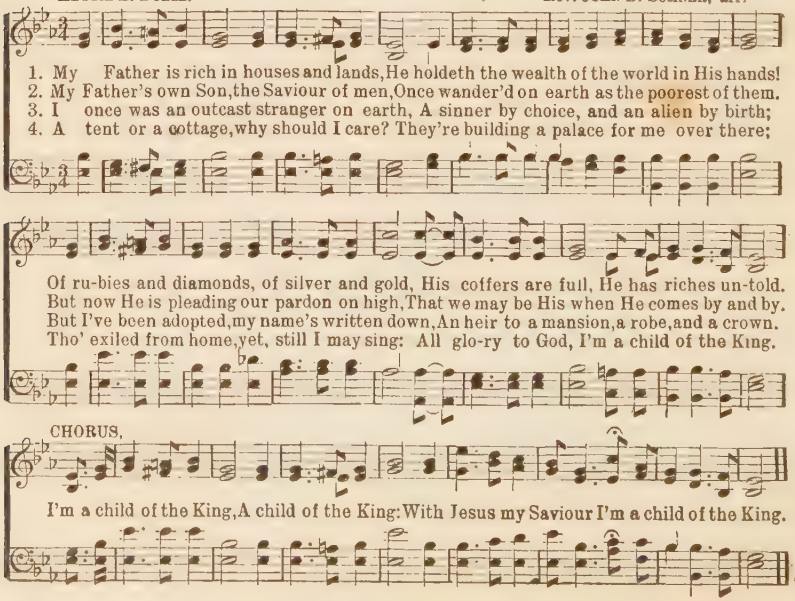
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

No. 165. A Child of the King.

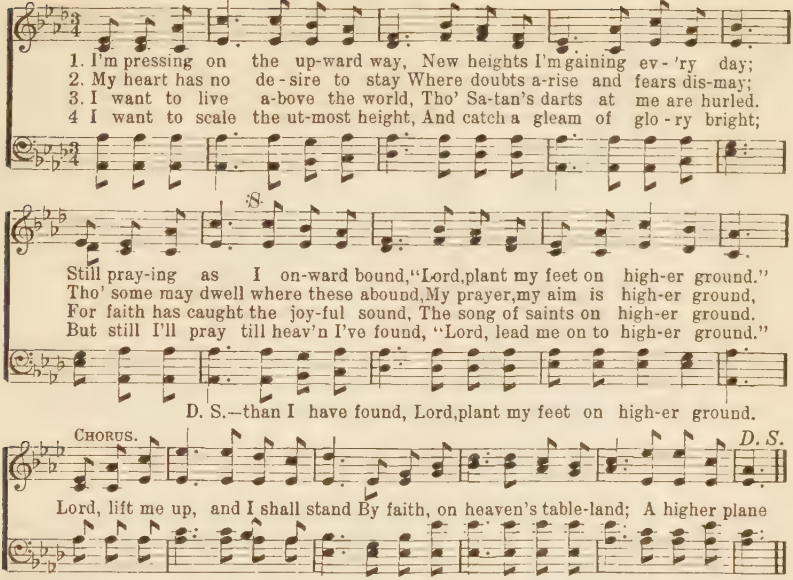
HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;
Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

No. 166. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

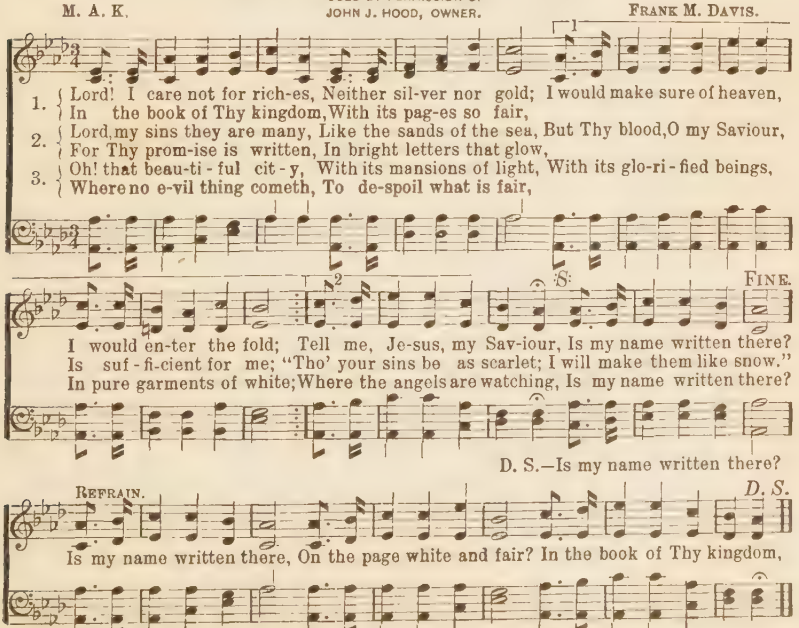
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GARRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4 I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 167. Is My Name Written There?

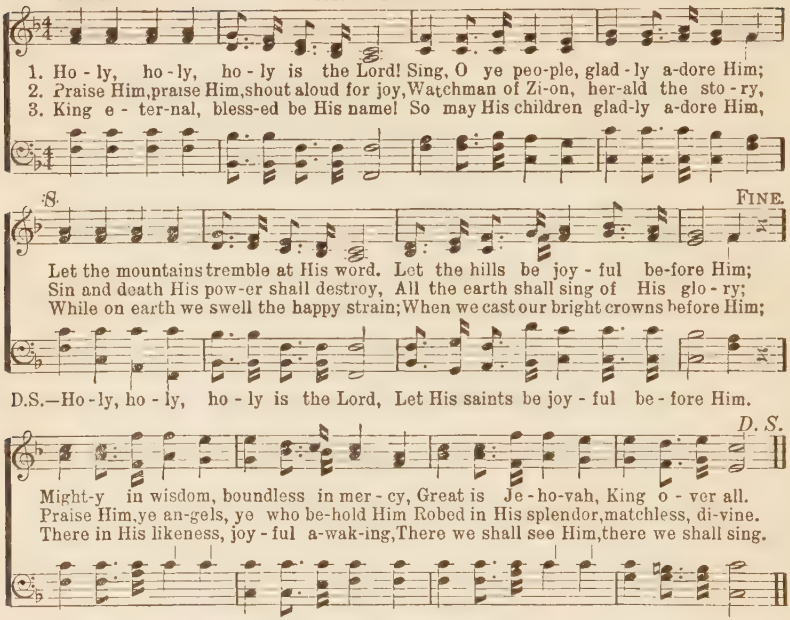
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Lord! I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven,
In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair,
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
For Thy prom-ise is written, In bright letters that glow,
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied beings,
Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-spoil what is fair,
FINE.
I would en-ter the fold; Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
Is suf-fi-cient for me; "Tho' your sins be as scarlet; I will make them like snow."
In pure garments of white; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?
D. S.—Is my name written there?
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom,

No. 168. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

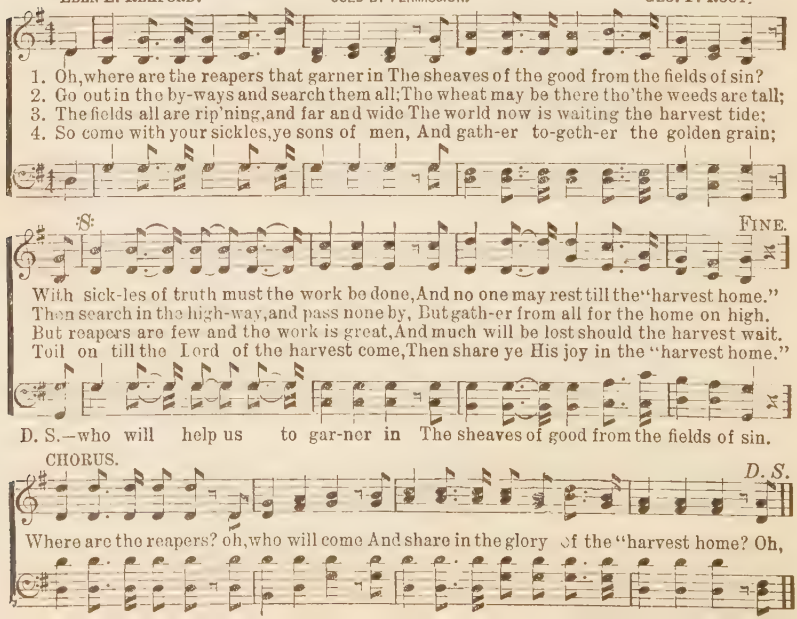
F. J. C. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad - ly a-dore Him;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi-on, her-ald the sto - ry,
3. King e - ter-nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His children glad-ly a-dore Him,
S.
FINE.
Let the mountains tremble at His word. Let the hills be joy - ful be-fore Him;
Sin and death His pow-er shall destroy, All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
While on earth we swell the happy strain; When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
D.S.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let His saints be joy - ful be - fore Him.
D. S.
Might-y in wisdom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho-vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an-gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di-vine.
There in His likeness, joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

No. 169. Where Are the Reapers?

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

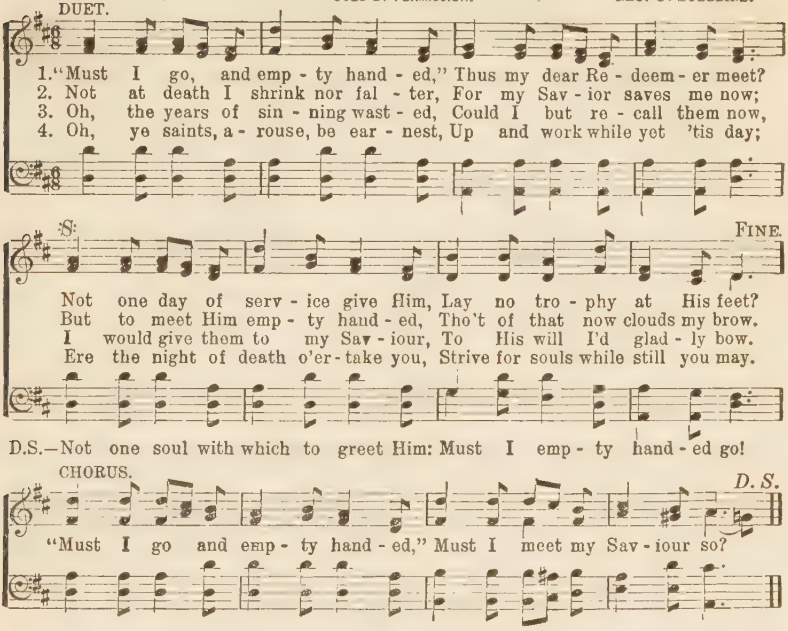
EBEN E. REXFORD. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the golden grain;
S.
FINE.
With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reapers are few and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."
D. S.—who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Where are the reapers? oh, who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home? Oh,

No. 170. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

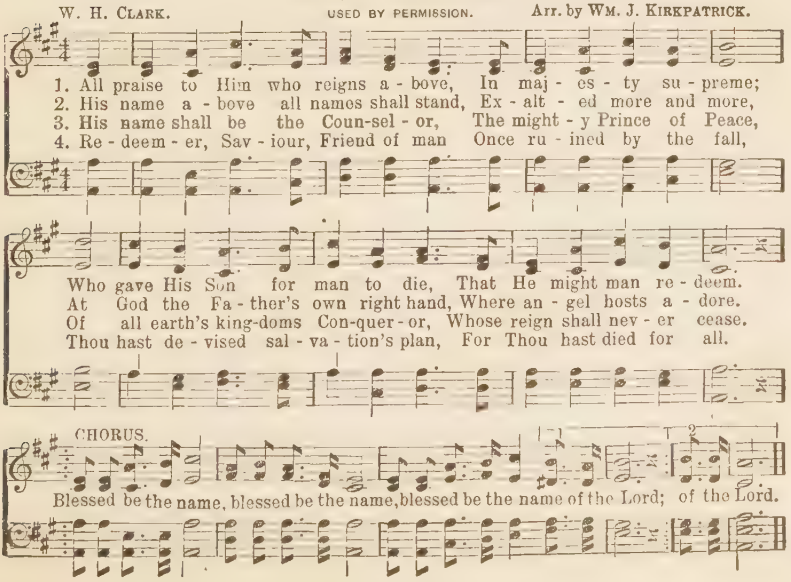
C. C. LUTHER. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


DUET.
1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;
S:
FINE.
Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er - take you, Strive for souls while still you may.
D.S.—Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty hand - ed go!
CHORUS.
D. S.
"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

No. 171. Blessed Be the Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

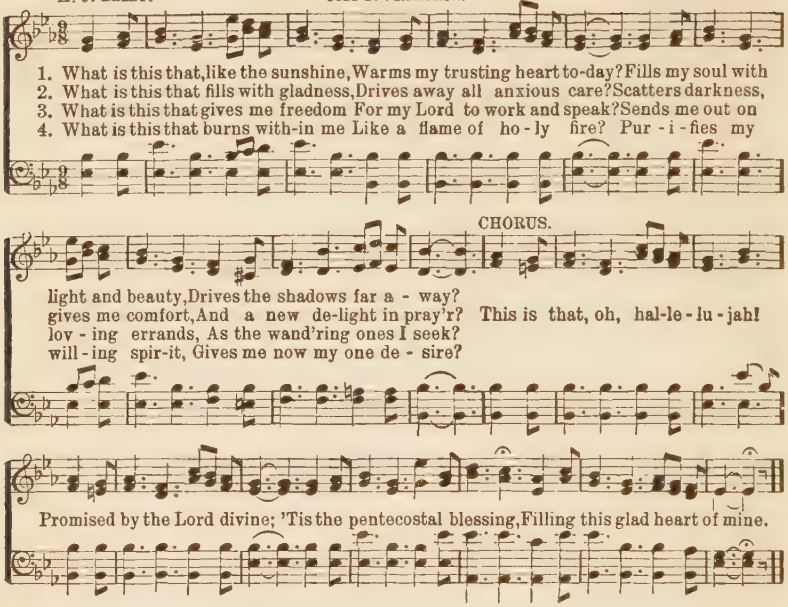
W. H. CLARK. USED BY PERMISSION. ARR. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. His name shall be the Coun-sel - or, The might - y Prince of Peace,
4. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Of all earth's king-doms Con-quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
CHORUS.
1 2
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

No. 172. Fulness of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY M. L. MCPHAIL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

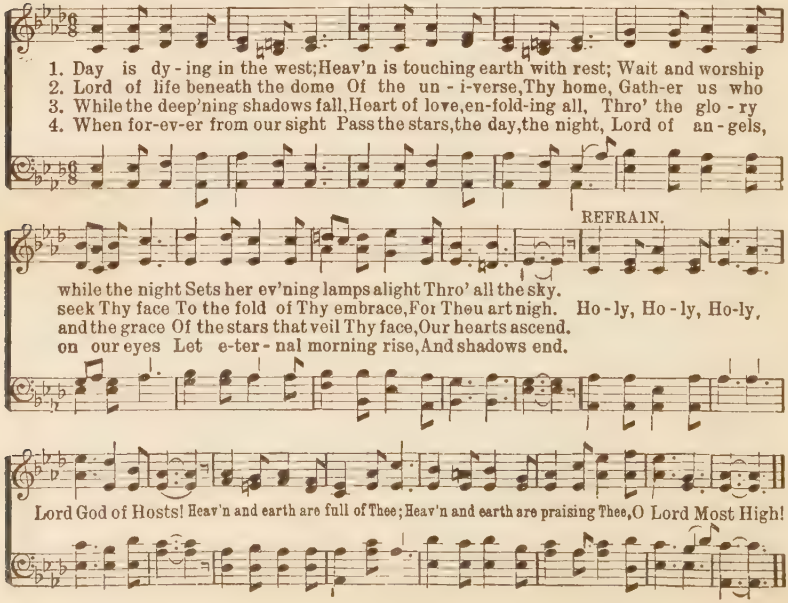
H. J. ZELLY. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. What is this that, like the sunshine, Warms my trusting heart to-day? Fills my soul with
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives away all anxious care? Scatters darkness,
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak? Sends me out on
4. What is this that burns with-in me Like a flame of ho - ly fire? Pur - i - fies my
CHORUS.
light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a - way?
gives me comfort, And a new de-light in pray'r? This is that, oh, hal-le - lu - jah!
lov - ing errands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
will - ing spir-it, Gives me now my one de - sire?
Promised by the Lord divine; 'Tis the pentecostal blessing, Filling this glad heart of mine.

No. 173. Day is Dying in the West.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

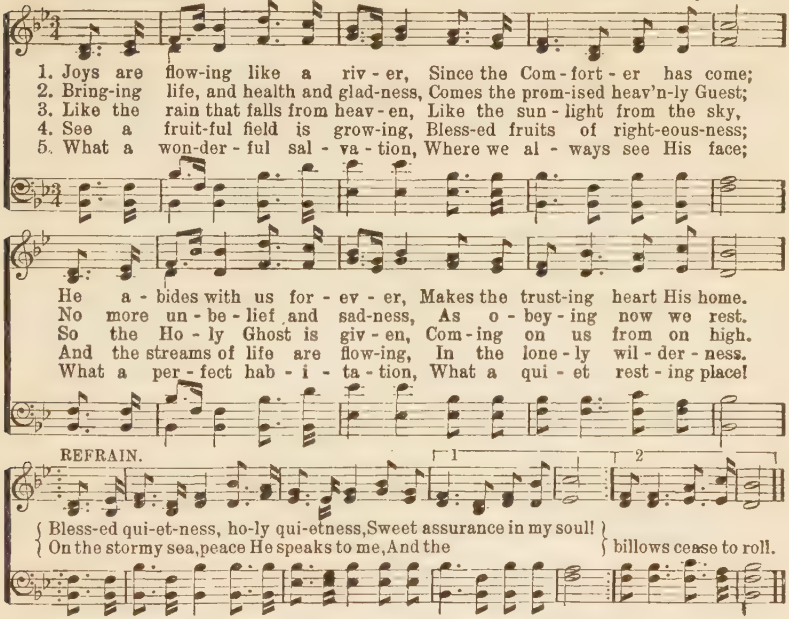
MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the un - i-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels,
REFRAIN.
while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho-ly,
and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
on our eyes Let e-ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.
Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 174 Blessed Quietness.

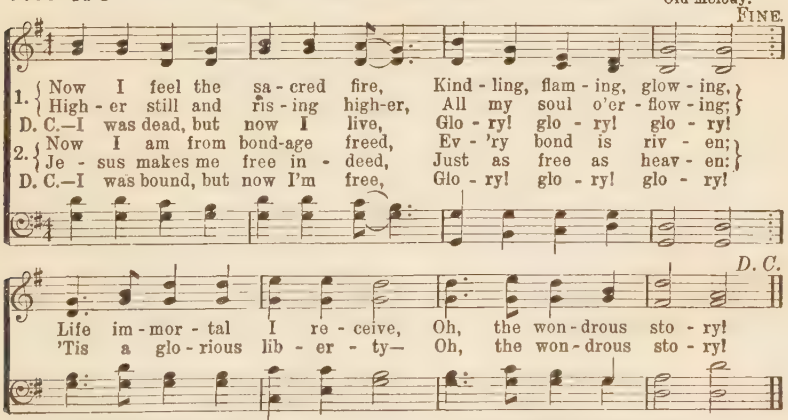
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY L. L. PICKETT, WILMORE, KY.

M. P. FERGUSON, arr. USED BY PER. W. S. MARSHALL. Arr. by F. E. B.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv-er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and glad-ness, Comes the prom-ised heav'n-ly Guest;
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless-ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;
He a-bides with us for-ev-er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
No more un-be-lief and sad-ness, As o-bey-ing now we rest.
So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow-ing, In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a per-fect hab-i-ta-tion, What a qui-et rest-ing place!
REFRAIN.
1
2
{Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-etness, Sweet assurance in my soul!}
{On the stormy sea, peace He speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.}

No. 175. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Old Melody.


FINE.
1. {Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing,
{High-er still and ris-ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing;
D. C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
2. {Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-'ry bond is riv-en;
{Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en:
D. C.—I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
D. C.
Life im-mor-tal I re-ceive, Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!
'Tis a glo-rious lib-er-ty— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This complete salvation,
Now I know 'tis full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

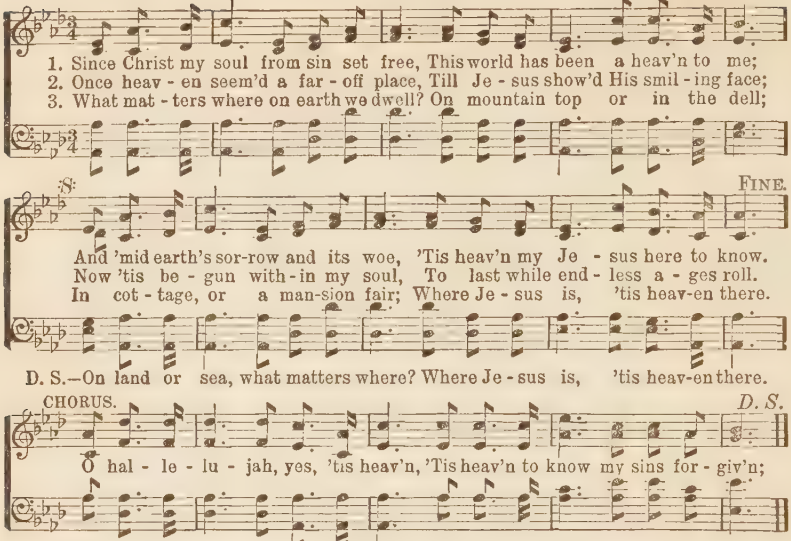
4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 176. Where Jesus Is 'Tis Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

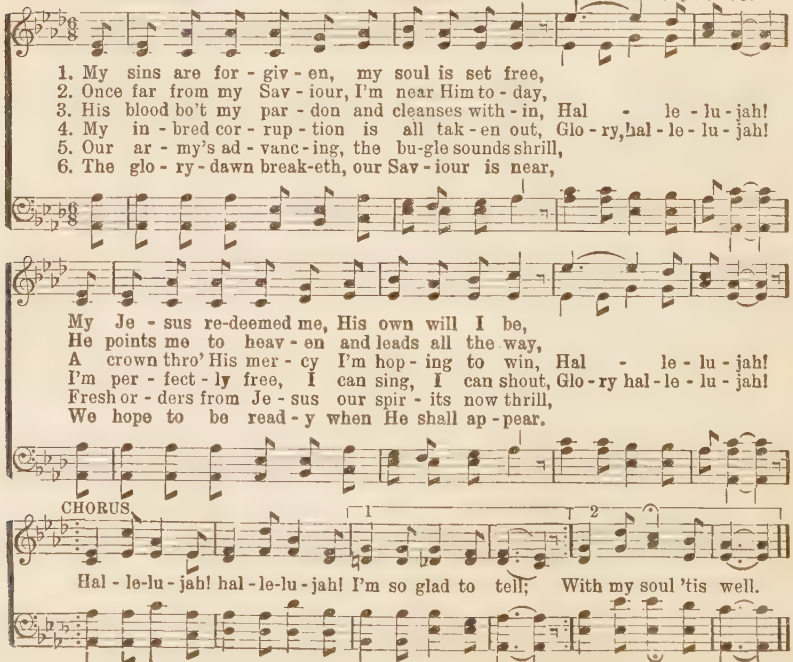
C. F. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seem'd a far - off place, Till Je - sus show'd His smil - ing face;
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top or in the dell;
S.
FINE.
And 'mid earth's sor-row and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now 'tis be - gun with - in my soul, To last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man-sion fair; Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
D. S.—On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

No. 177. Hallelujah!

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY L. L. PICKETT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

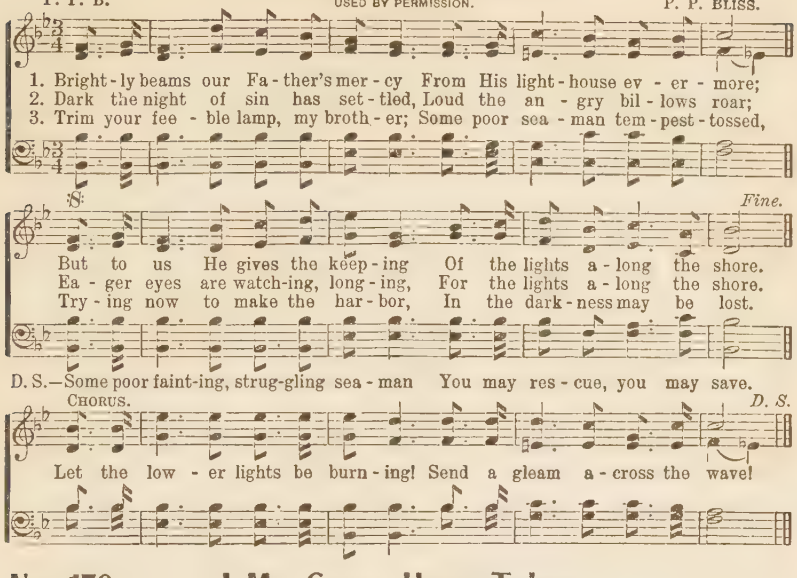
L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by B. R. J.


1. My sins are for - giv - en, my soul is set free,
2. Once far from my Sav - iour, I'm near Him to - day,
3. His blood bo't my par - don and cleanses with - in, Hal - le - lu - jah!
4. My in - bred cor - rup - tion is all tak - en out, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
5. Our ar - my's ad - vanc - ing, the bu-gle sounds shrill,
6. The glo - ry - dawn break-eth, our Sav - iour is near,
My Je - sus re-deemed me, His own will I be,
He points me to heav - en and leads all the way,
A crown thro' His mer - cy I'm hop - ing to win, Hal - le - lu - jah!
I'm per - fect - ly free, I can sing, I can shout, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Fresh or - ders from Je - sus our spir - its now thrill,
We hope to be read - y when He shall ap - pear.
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le-lu - jah! I'm so glad to tell; With my soul 'tis well.

No. 178. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

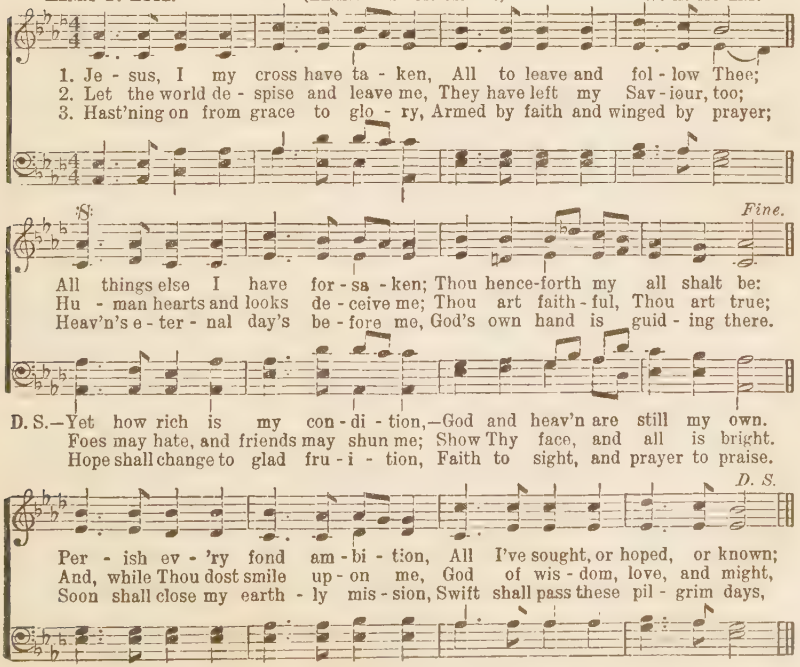
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Fine.
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

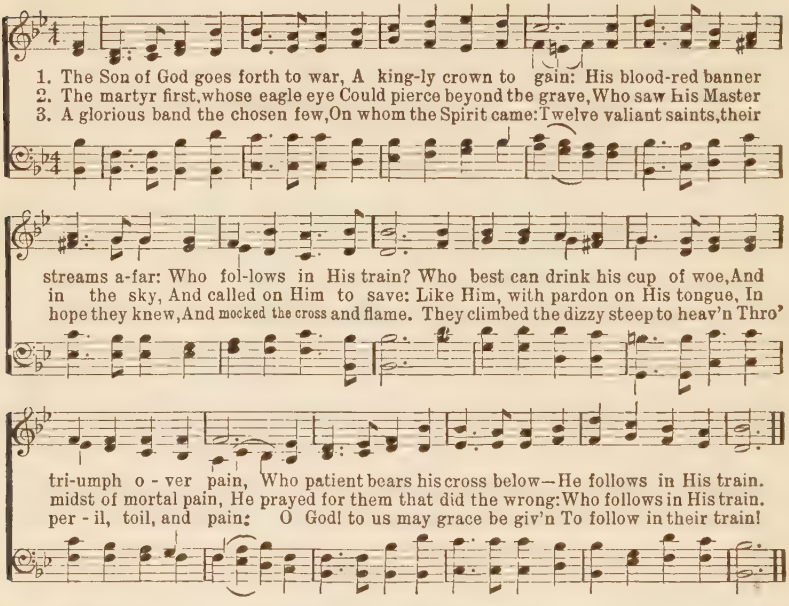
No. 179. I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s. 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.


1. Je-sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
3. Hast'ning on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
All things else I have for-sa-ken; Thou hence-forth my all shalt be:
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art faith-ful, Thou art true;
Heav'n's e-ter-nal day's be-fore me, God's own hand is guid-ing there.
Fine.
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,—God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
D. S.
Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And, while Thou dost smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close my earth-ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass these pil-grim days,

No. 180. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

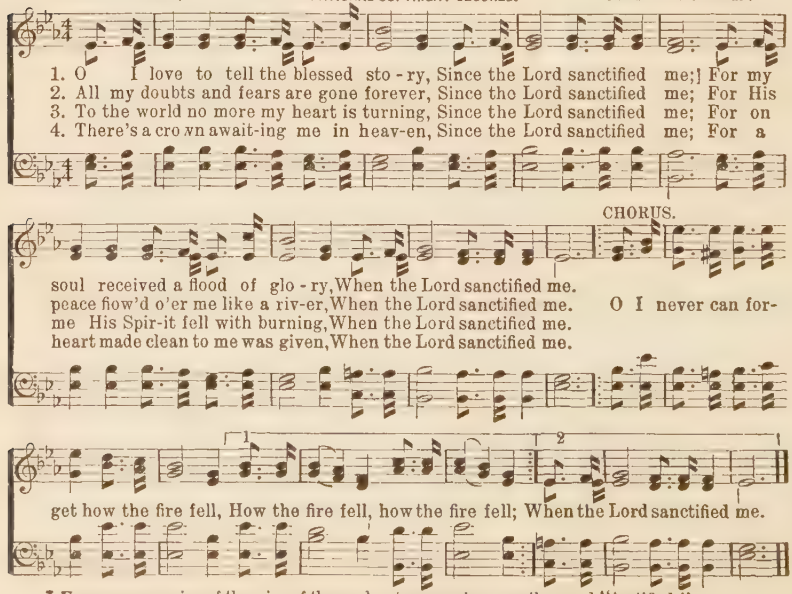
REGINALD HEBER. "ALL SAINTS." H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: His blood-red banner
2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master
3. A glorious band the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their
streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro'
tri-umph o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below—He follows in His train.
midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train.
per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train!

No. 181. How the Fire Fell.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

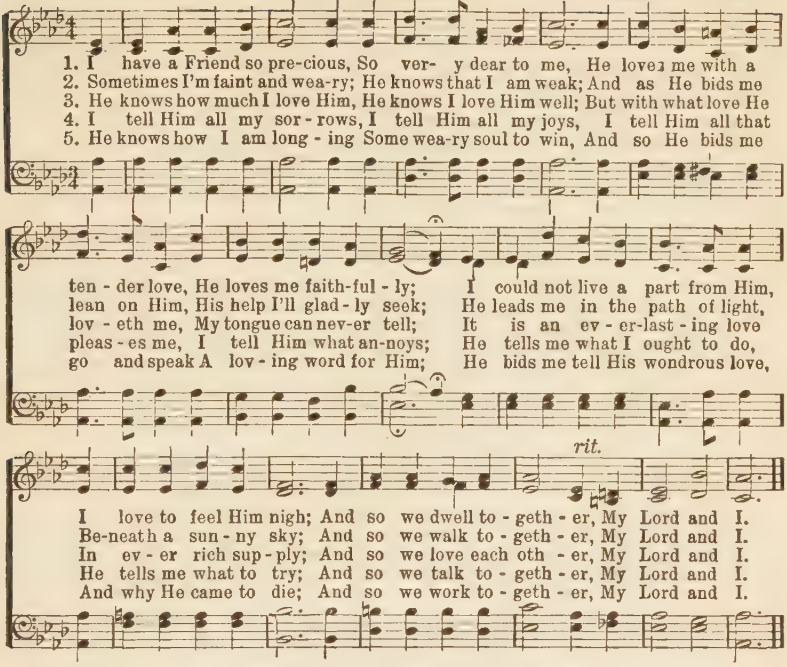
Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. MIRIAM E. OATMAN.


1. O I love to tell the blessed sto - ry, Since the Lord sanctified me; For my
2. All my doubts and fears are gone forever, Since the Lord sanctified me; For His
3. To the world no more my heart is turning, Since the Lord sanctified me; For on
4. There's a crown await-ing me in heav-en, Since the Lord sanctified me; For a
CHORUS.
soul received a flood of glo - ry, When the Lord sanctified me.
peace flow'd o'er me like a riv-er, When the Lord sanctified me. O I never can for-
me His Spir-it fell with burning, When the Lord sanctified me.
heart made clean to me was given, When the Lord sanctified me.
get how the fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell; When the Lord sanctified me.

* For use expressive of the joy of the soul at conversion, use the word "justified."

No. 182. My Lord and I.

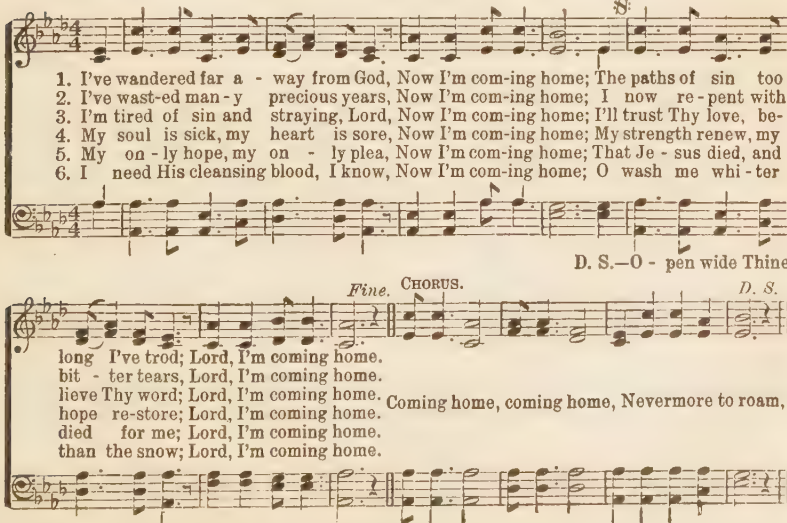
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Mrs. L. Shorey. USED BY PERMISSION. Joseph D. Little.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver- y dear to me, He loves me with a
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry; He knows that I am weak; And as He bids me
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But with what love He
4. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win, And so He bids me
ten-der love, He loves me faith-ful-ly; I could not live a part from Him,
lean on Him, His help I'll glad-ly seek; He leads me in the path of light,
lov-eth me, My tongue can nev-er tell; It is an ev-er-last-ing love
pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak A lov-ing word for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love,
rit.
I love to feel Him nigh; And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be-neath a sun-ny sky; And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
In ev-er rich sup-ply; And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me what to try; And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why He came to die; And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

No. 183. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

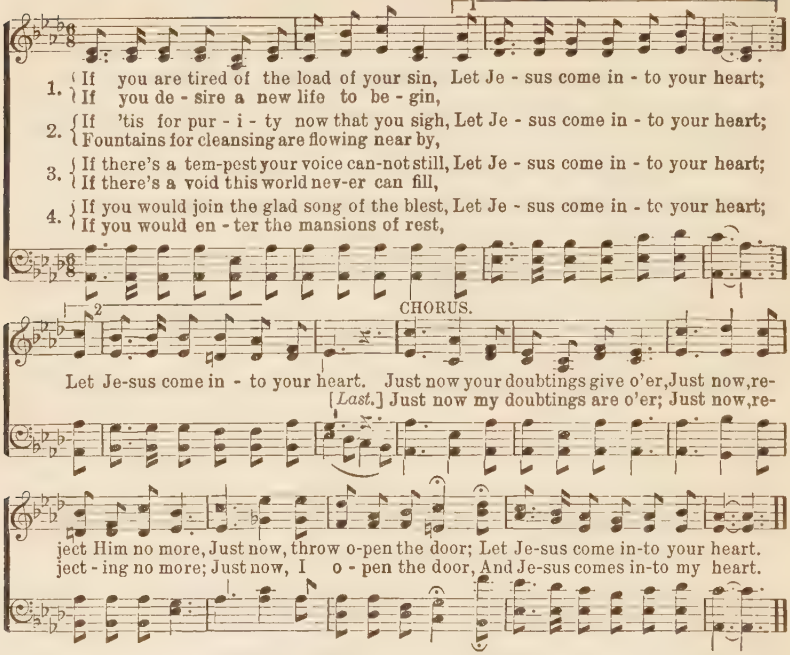
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. J. K. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je-sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter
D. S.—O-pen wide Thine
Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

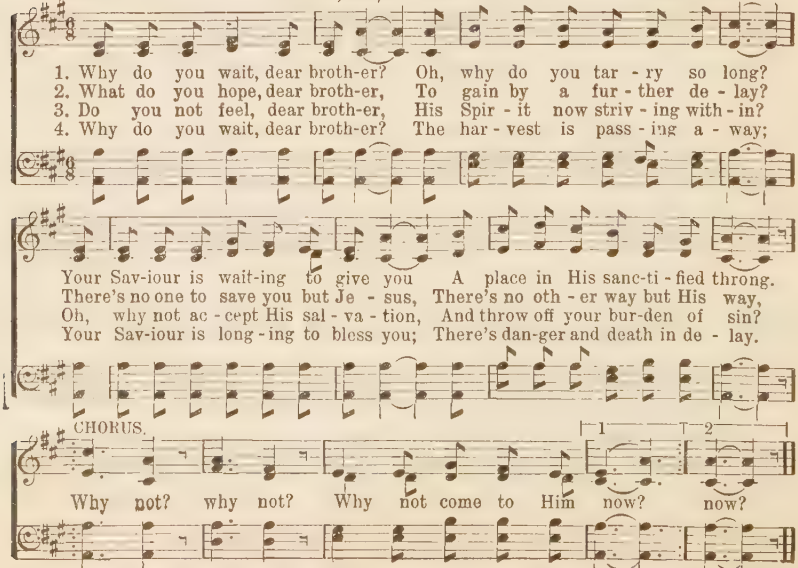
No. 184. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

C. H. M. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
[Last.] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

No. 185. Why Do You Wait?

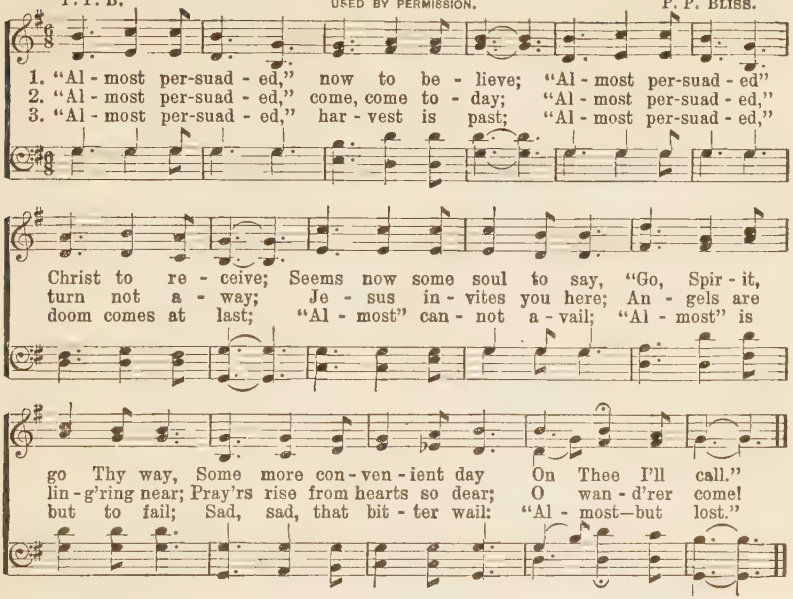
G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;
Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 186. Almost Persuaded.

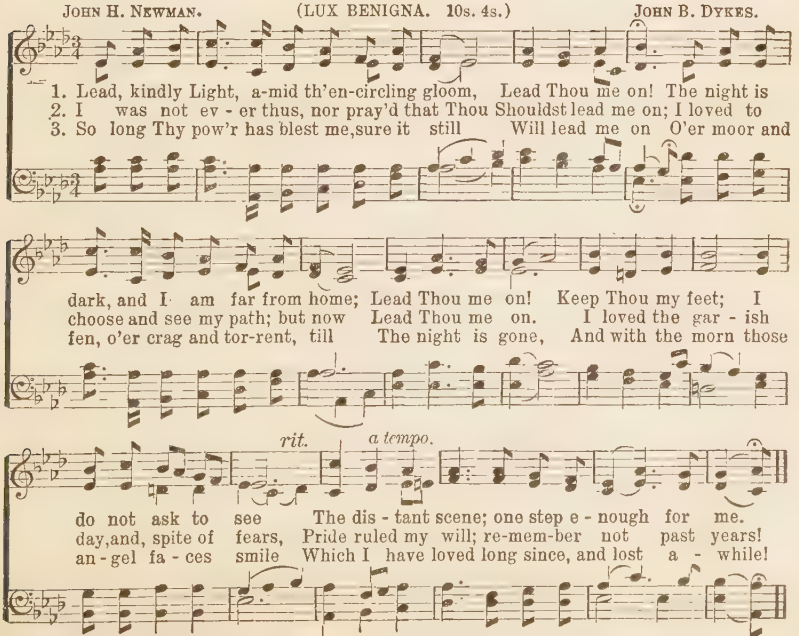
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

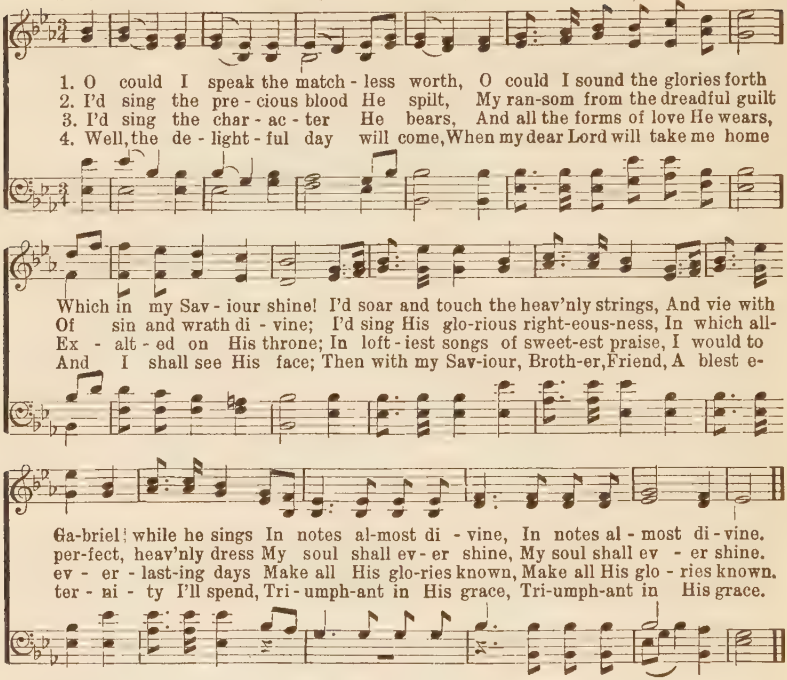
No, 187. Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. (LUX BENIGNA. 10s. 4s.) John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me,sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
rit.
a tempo.
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day,and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 188. His Matchless Worth.

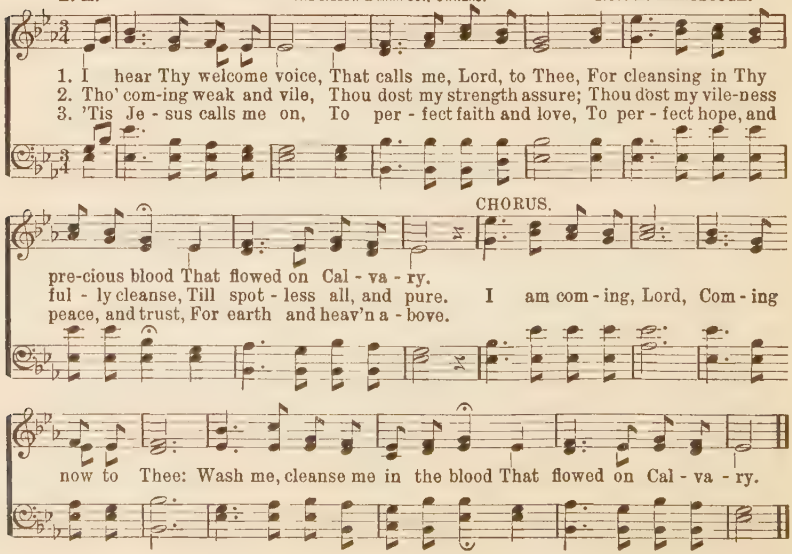
SAMUEL MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home
Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all-
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft - iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-
Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
per-fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ev - er - last-ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.

No. 189. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

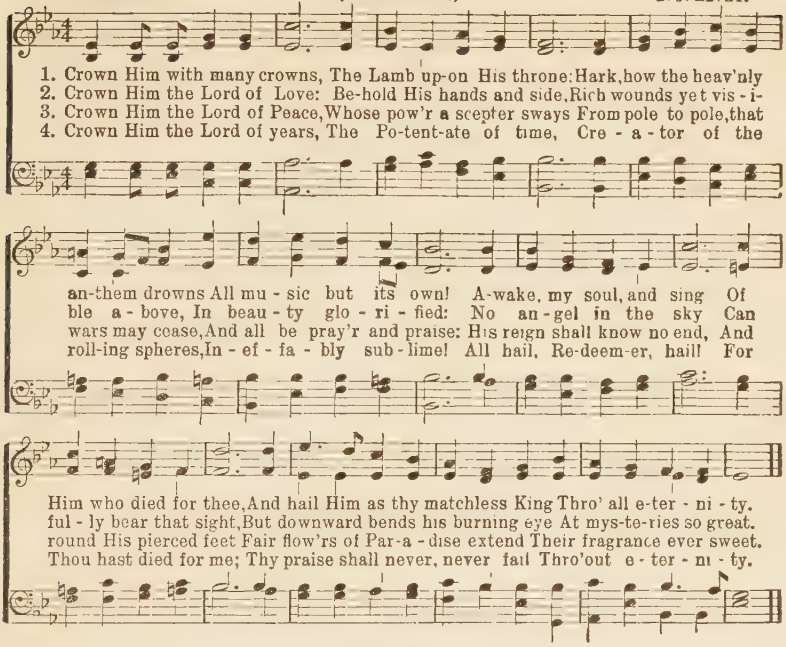
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY L. HARTSOUGH.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on, To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure. I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

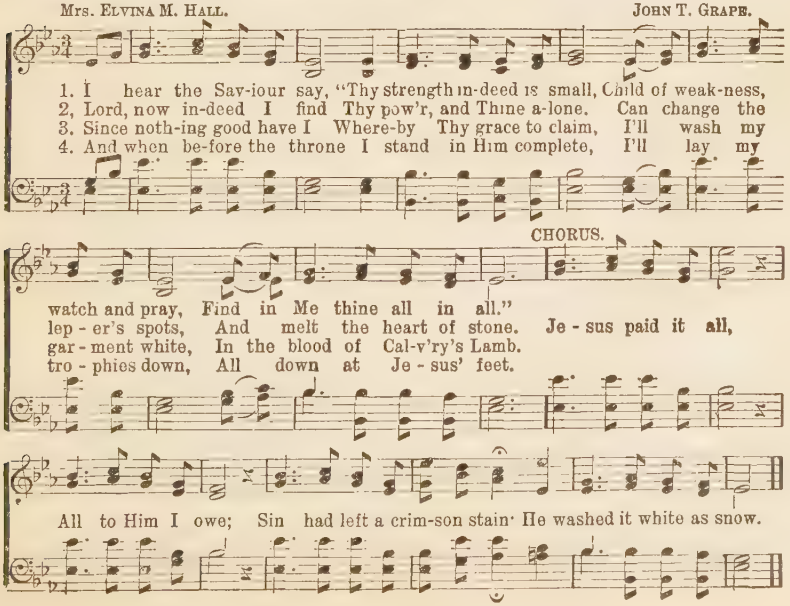
No. 190. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA.) G. J. ELVEY.


1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne: Hark, how the heav'nly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-tent-ate of time, Cre-a-tor of the roll-ing spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime! All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For
Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
ful-ly bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye At mys-te-ries so great.
round His pierced feet Fair flow'rs of Par-a-dise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Thro'out e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 191. Jesus Paid it All.

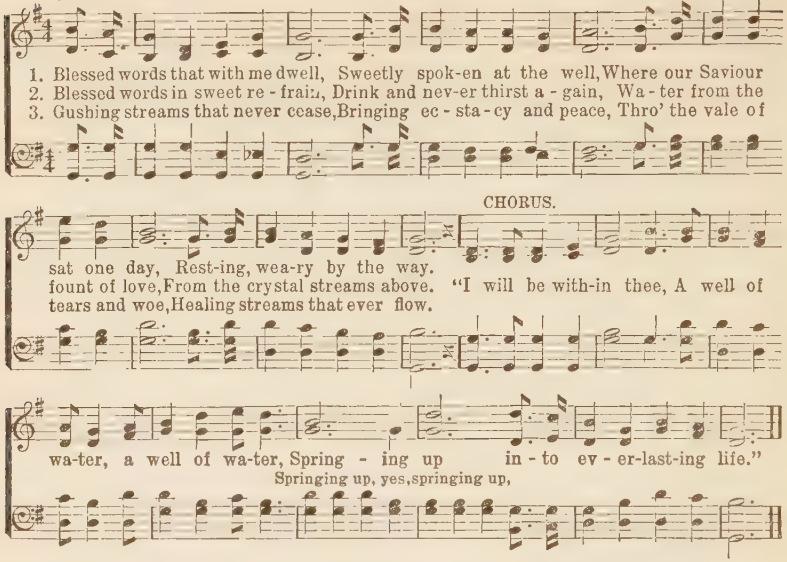
MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone. Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my gar-ment white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je-sus paid it all,
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain· He washed it white as snow.

No. 192. Living Water.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, MRS. L. E. SWENEY, OWNER.

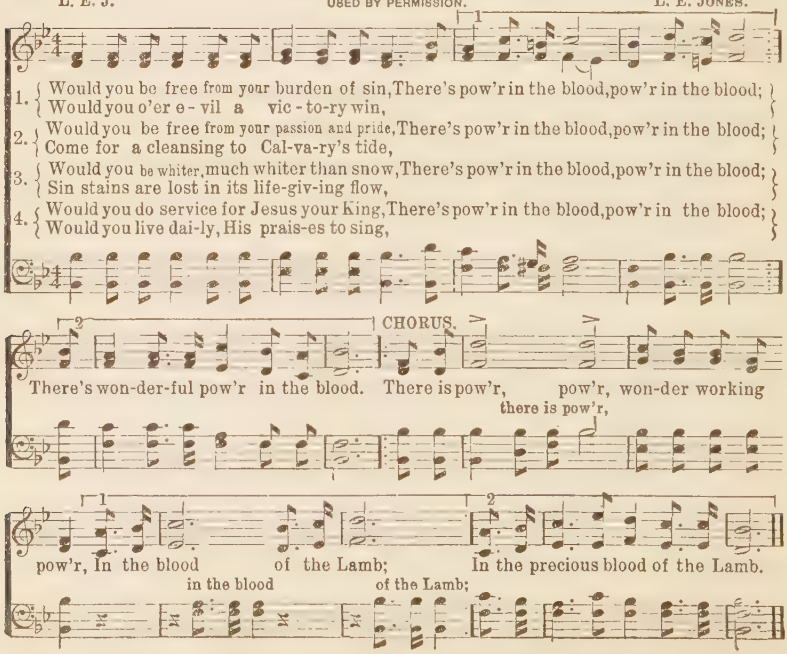
JESSE P. TOMPKINS. USED BY PERMISSION. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Blessed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spok-en at the well, Where our Saviour
2. Blessed words in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev-er thirst a - gain, Wa - ter from the
3. Gushing streams that never cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace, Thro' the vale of
CHORUS.
sat one day, Rest-ing, wea-ry by the way.
fount of love, From the crystal streams above. "I will be with-in thee, A well of
tears and woe, Healing streams that ever flow.
wa-ter, a well of wa-ter, Spring - ing up in - to ev - er-last-ing life."
Springing up, yes, springing up,

No. 193. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

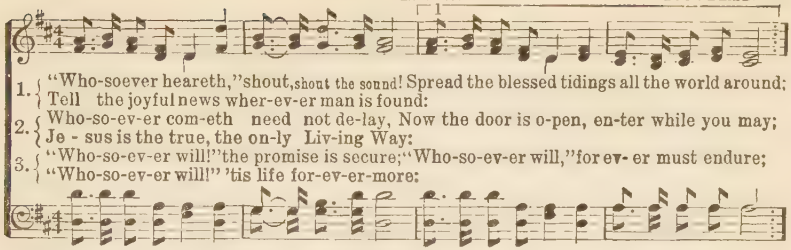
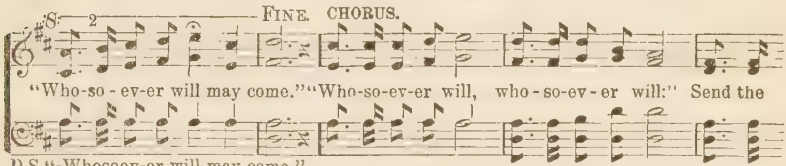
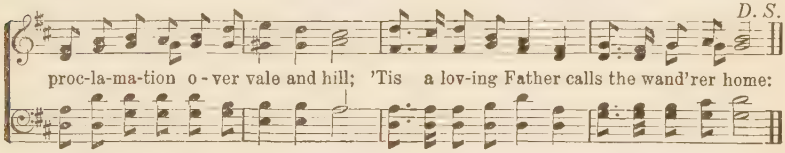
L. E. J. USED BY PERMISSION. L. E. JONES.


1. Would you be free from your burden of sin, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to-ry win,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
4. Would you do service for Jesus your King, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing,
CHORUS.
There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der working
there is pow'r,
pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb; In the precious blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 194. "Whosoever Will."

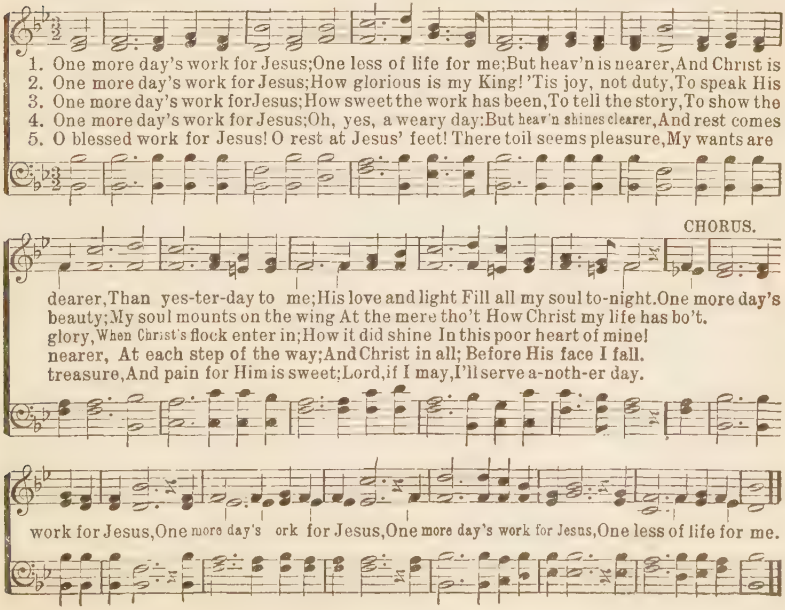
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

No. 195. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

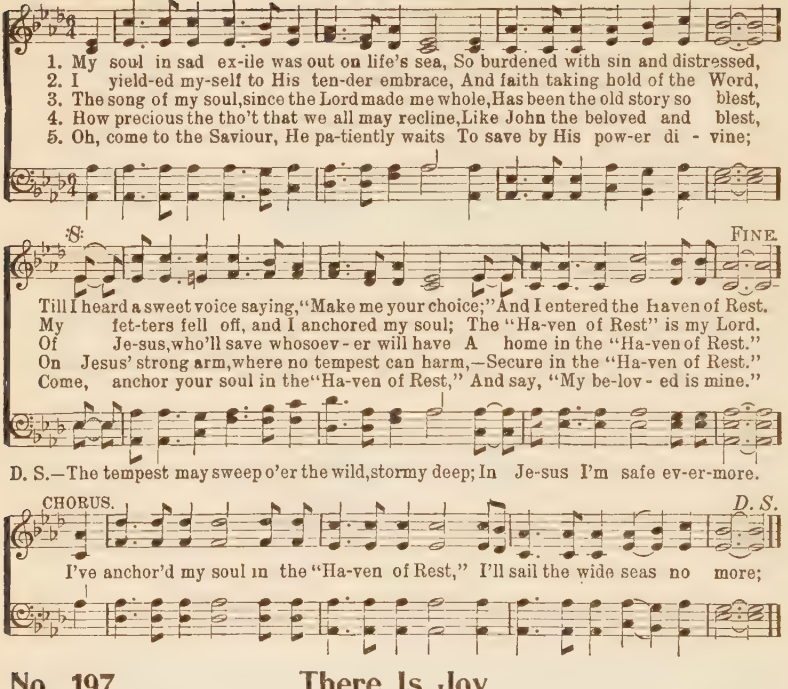
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

ANNA WARNER. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. One more day's work for Jesus; One less of life for me; But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is
2. One more day's work for Jesus; How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not duty, To speak His
3. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the
4. One more day's work for Jesus; Oh, yes, a weary day: But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes
5. O blessed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are
CHORUS.
dearer, Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's
beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bo't.
glory, When Christ's flock enter in; How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all; Before His face I fall.
treasure, And pain for Him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve a-noth-er day.
work for Jesus, One more day's ork for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

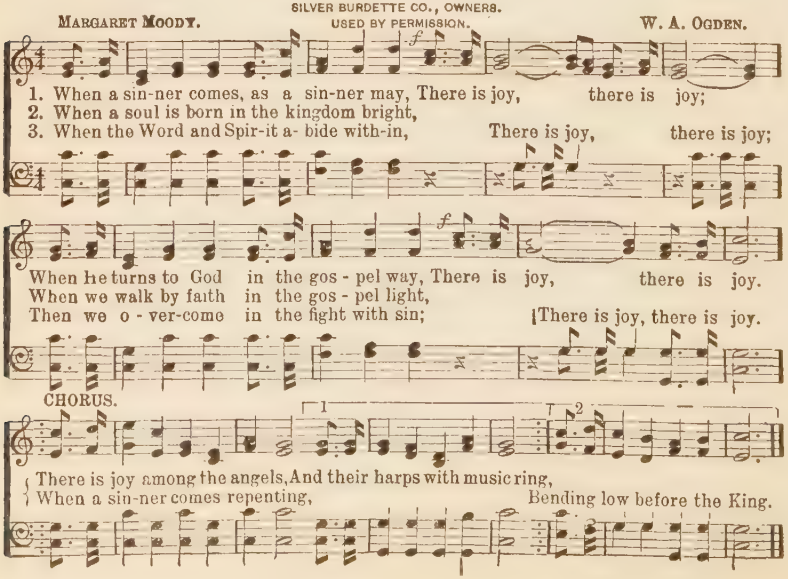
No. 196. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. D. MOORE.

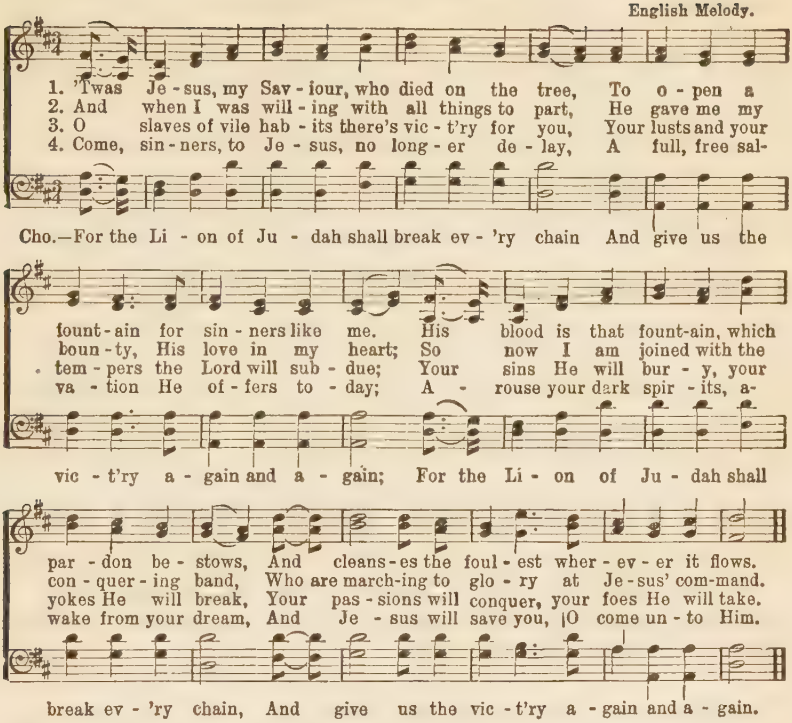

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;
FINE.
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev-er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov-ed is mine."
D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 197. There Is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY. SILVER BURDETTE CO., OWNERS. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. OGDEN.

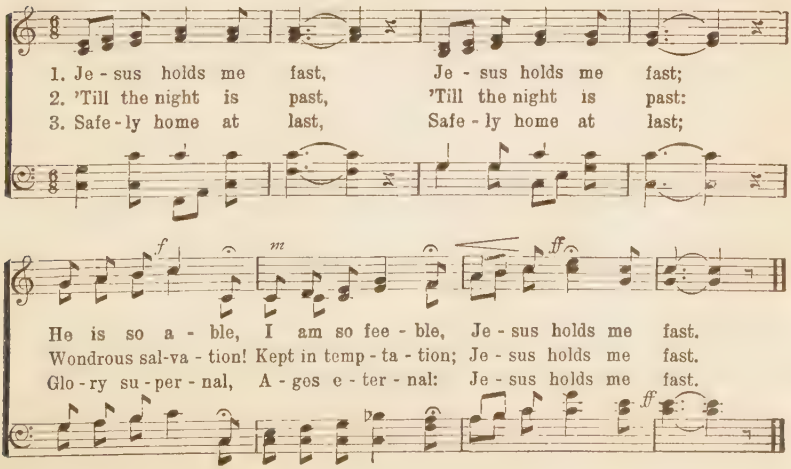

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy, there is joy;
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
3. When the Word and Spir-it a-bide with-in, There is joy, there is joy;
When He turns to God in the gos-pel way, There is joy, there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the gos-pel light,
Then we o-ver-come in the fight with sin; There is joy, there is joy.
CHORUS.
1
2
There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring,
When a sin-ner comes repenting, Bending low before the King.

No. 198. Chains Broken.

English Melody.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav - iour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
3. O slaves of vile hab - its there's vic - t'ry for you, Your lusts and your
4. Come, sin - ners, to Je - sus, no long - er de - lay, A full, free sal-
Cho.—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev - 'ry chain And give us the
fount - ain for sin - ners like me. His blood is that fount-ain, which
boun - ty, His love in my heart; So now I am joined with the
tem - pers the Lord will sub - due; Your sins He will bur - y, your
va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a-
vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall
par - don be - stows, And cleans - es the foul - est wher - ev - er it flows.
con - quer - ing band, Who are march-ing to glo - ry at Je - sus' com-mand.
yokes He will break, Your pas - sions will conquer, your foes He will take.
wake from your dream, And Je - sus will save you, O come un - to Him.
break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

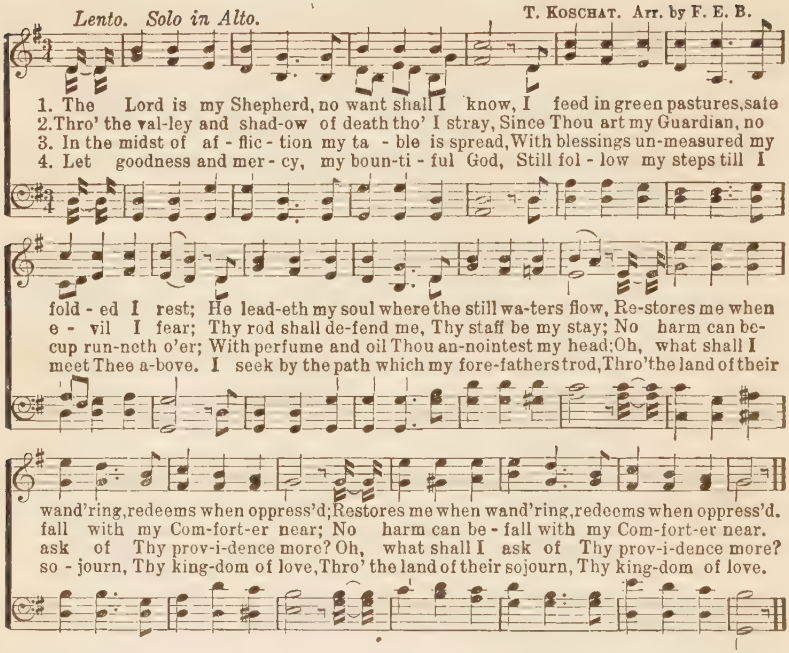
No. 199. Jesus Holds Me Fast.

The principal question is, Does Jesus hold us fast *now*? Do we LET Him *now*?

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus holds me fast, Je - sus holds me fast;
2. 'Till the night is past, 'Till the night is past:
3. Safe - ly home at last, Safe - ly home at last;
He is so a - ble, I am so fee - ble, Je - sus holds me fast.
Wondrous sal-va - tion! Kept in temp - ta - tion; Je - sus holds me fast.
Glo - ry su - per - nal, A - gos e - ter - nal: Je - sus holds me fast.

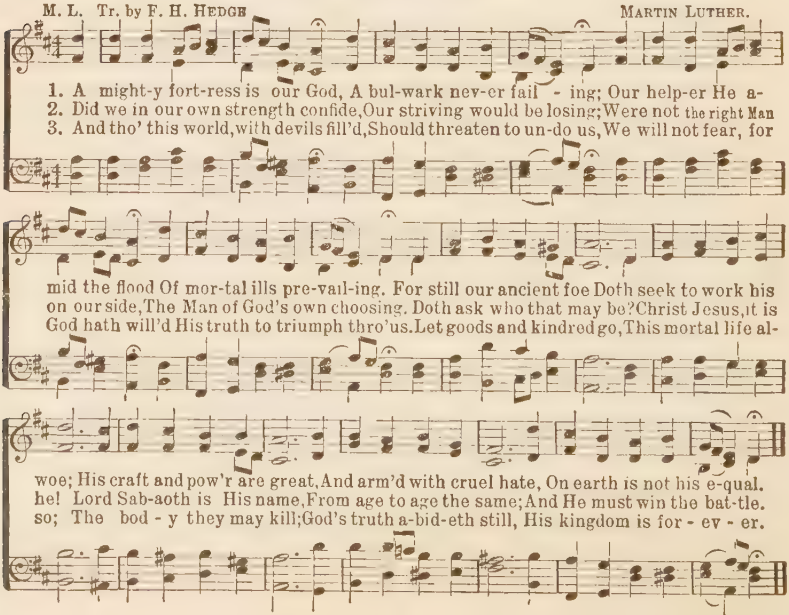
No. 200. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento. Solo in Alto. T. KOSCHAT. Arr. by F. E. B.

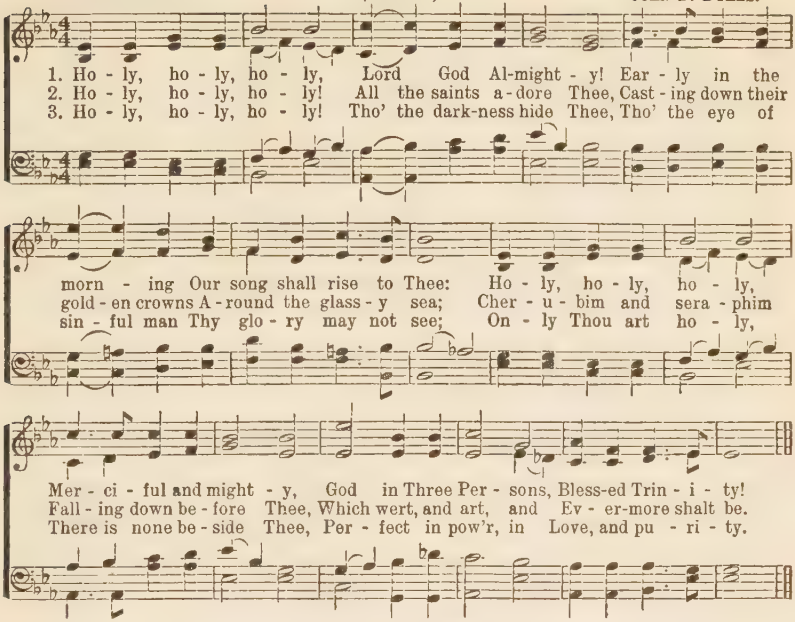

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, sate
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-measured my
4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I
fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when
e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-nointest my head; Oh, what shall I
meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their
wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
fall with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.
ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
so - journ, Thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love.

No. 201. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE MARTIN LUTHER.

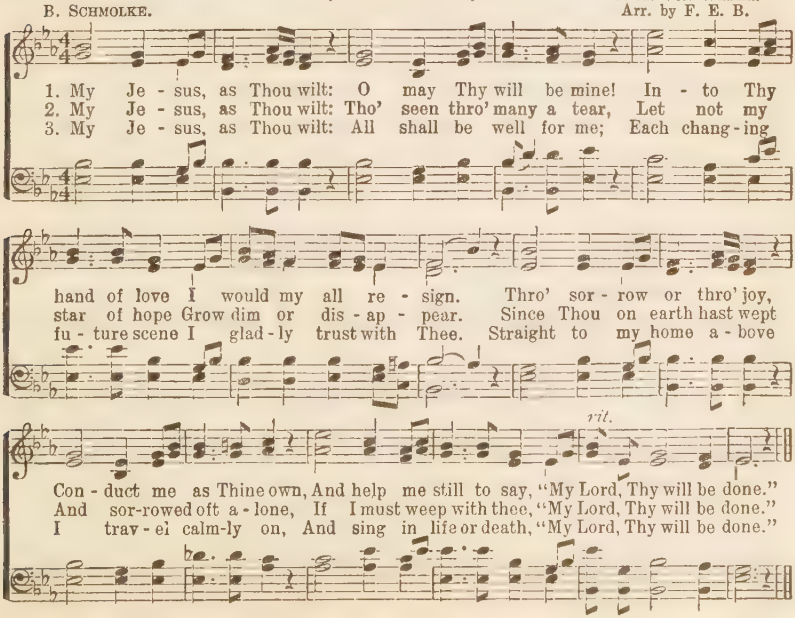

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man
3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for
mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-
woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
he! Lord Sab-aoth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

No. 202. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

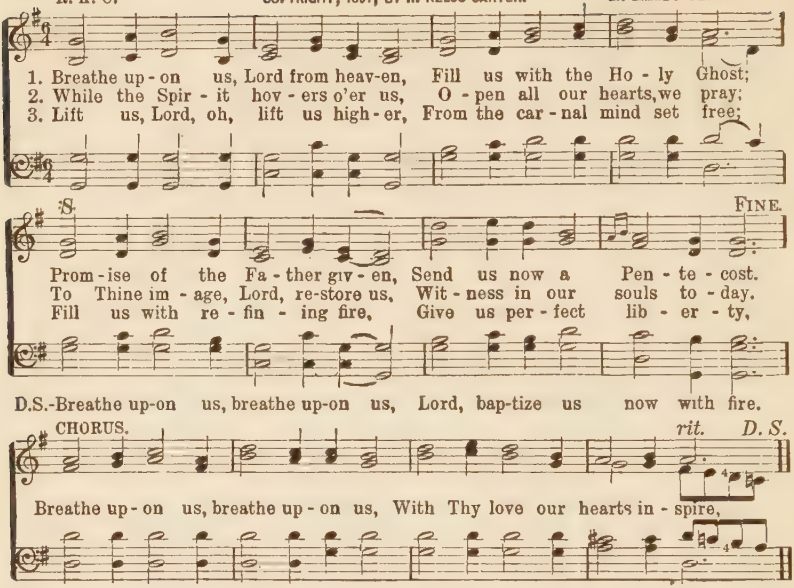
No. 203. As Thou Wilt.

B. SCHMOLKE. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) C. M. VON WEBER. Arr. by F. E. B.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove
rit.
Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sor-rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

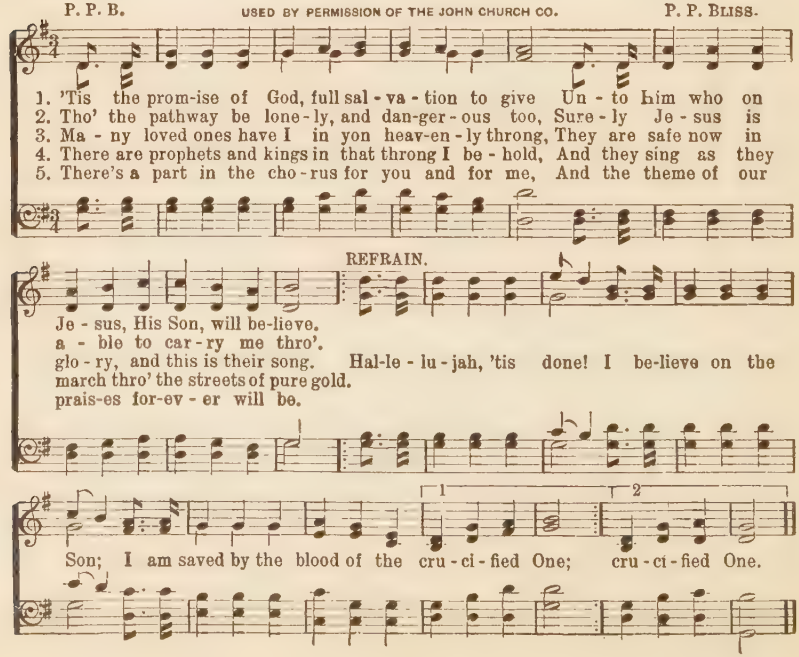
No. 204. Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Breathe up - on us, Lord from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;
S.
FINE.
Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im - age, Lord, re-store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty,
D.S.-Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.
CHORUS.
rit. D. S.
Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire,

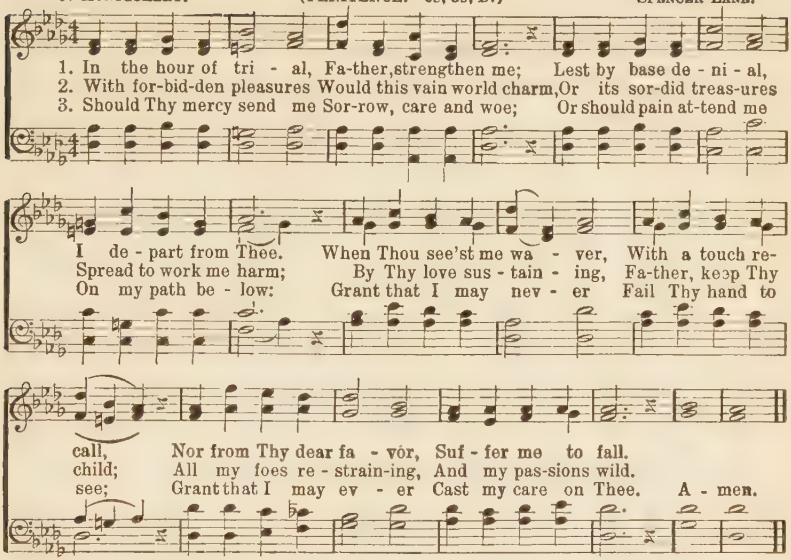
No. 205. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. BLISS.


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lone - ly, and dan-ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav-en - ly throng, They are safe now in
4. There are prophets and kings in that throng I be - hold, And they sing as they
5. There's a part in the cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, His Son, will be-lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
glo - ry, and this is their song. Hal-le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
march thro' the streets of pure gold.
prais-es for-ev - er will be.
1
2
Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

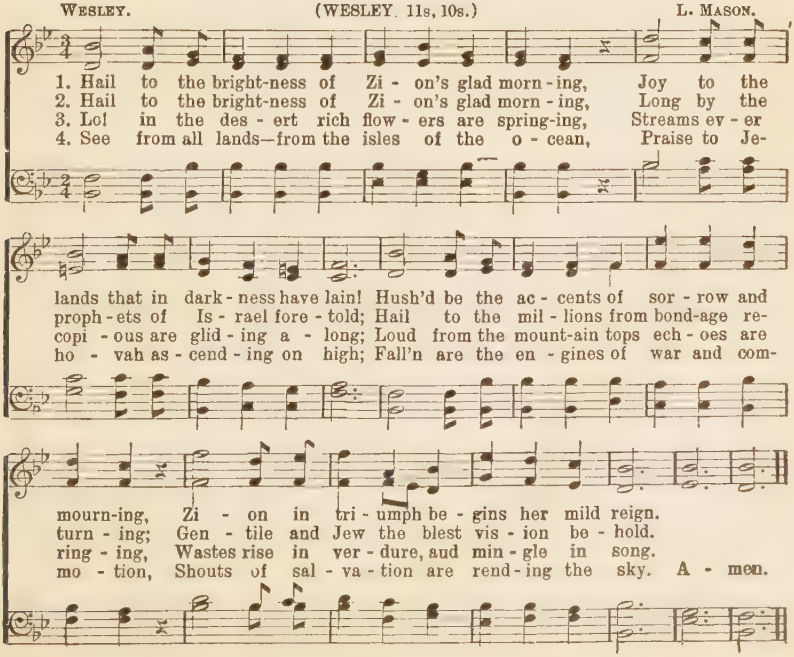
No. 206. In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.) SPENCER LANE.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

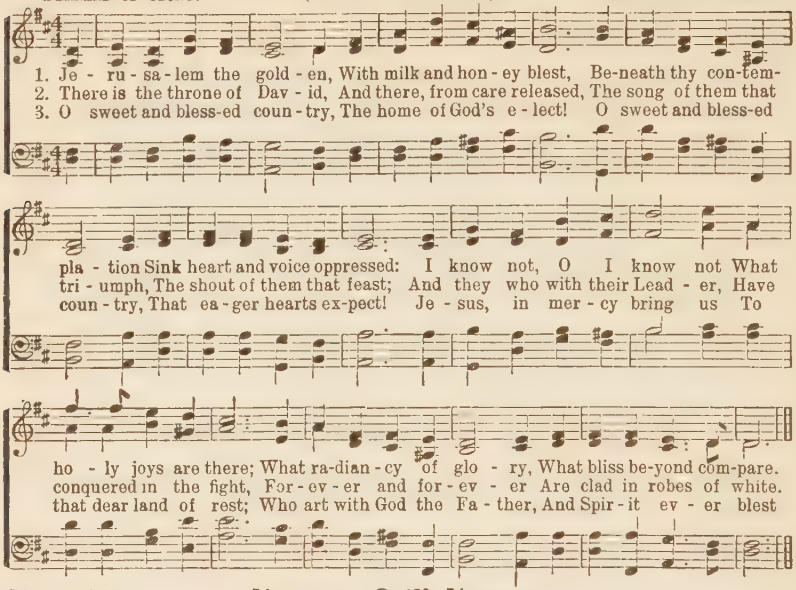
No. 207. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY. (WESLEY. 11s, 10s.) L. MASON.


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-
lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
copi - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount-ain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

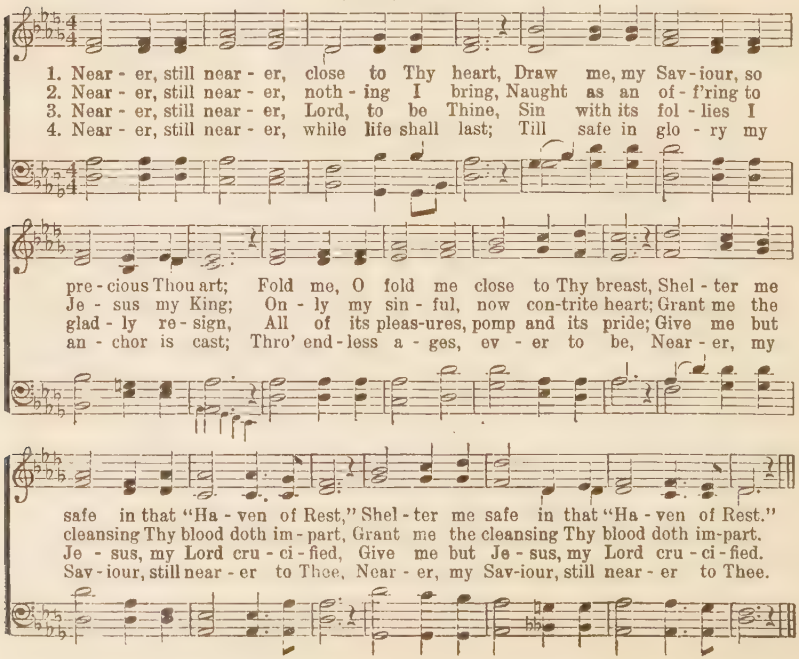
No 208. Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s. & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem-
2. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care released, The song of them that
3. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless-ed
pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Lead - er, Have
coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To
ho - ly joys are there; What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare.
conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest

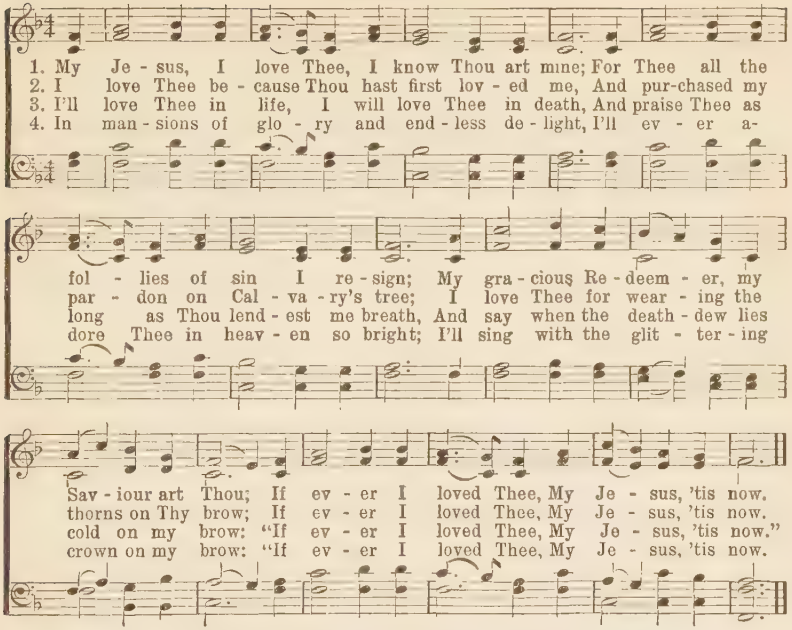
No. 209. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol - lies I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last; Till safe in glo - ry my
pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart; Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleas-ures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my
safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth im - part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth im-part.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav-iour, still near - er to Thee.

No. 210. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

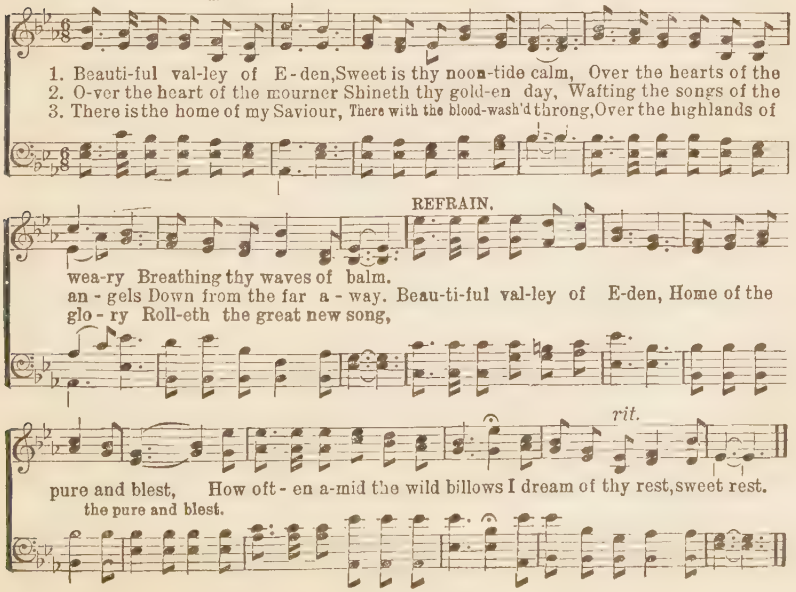
(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 211. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

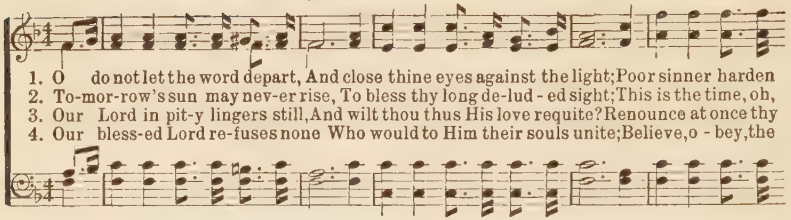
USED BY ARR. WITH THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., RENEWAL OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Beauti-ful val-ley of E-den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm, Over the hearts of the
2. O-ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold-en day, Wafting the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Saviour, There with the blood-wash'd throng, Over the highlands of
REFRAIN.
wea-ry Breathing thy waves of balm.
an - gels Down from the far a - way. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the
glo - ry Roll-eth the great new song,
rit.
pure and blest, How oft - en a-mid the wild billows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.
the pure and blest.

No. 212. O Why Not To-night?

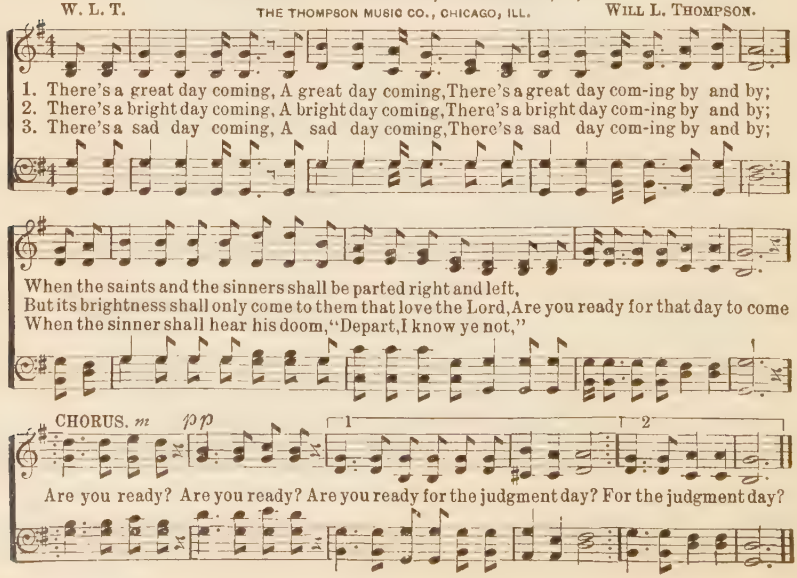
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER. J. CALVIN BUSHBY.


1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh,
3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - bey, the
CHORUS.
not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
work is done, Be saved, O to-night.
O why not to-night? O why
O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?
not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O why not to-night?

No. 213. There's a Great Day Coming.

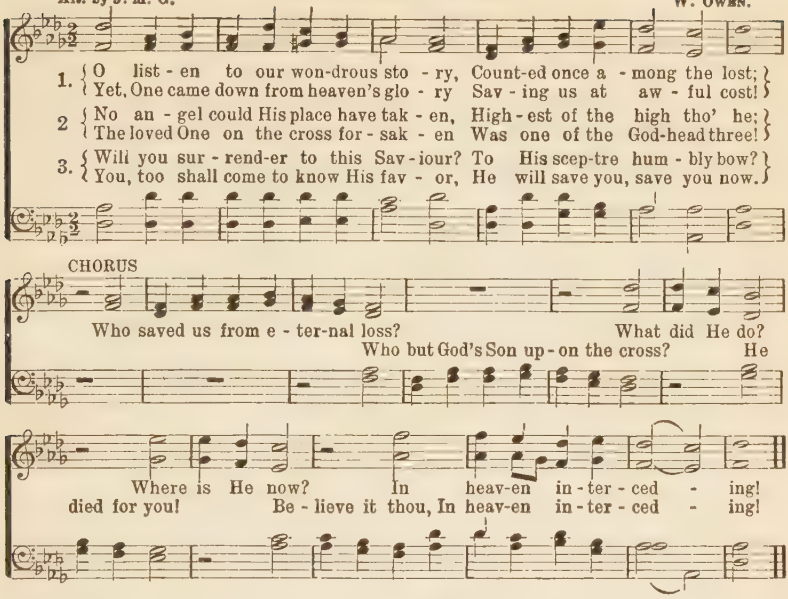
USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp
1
2
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

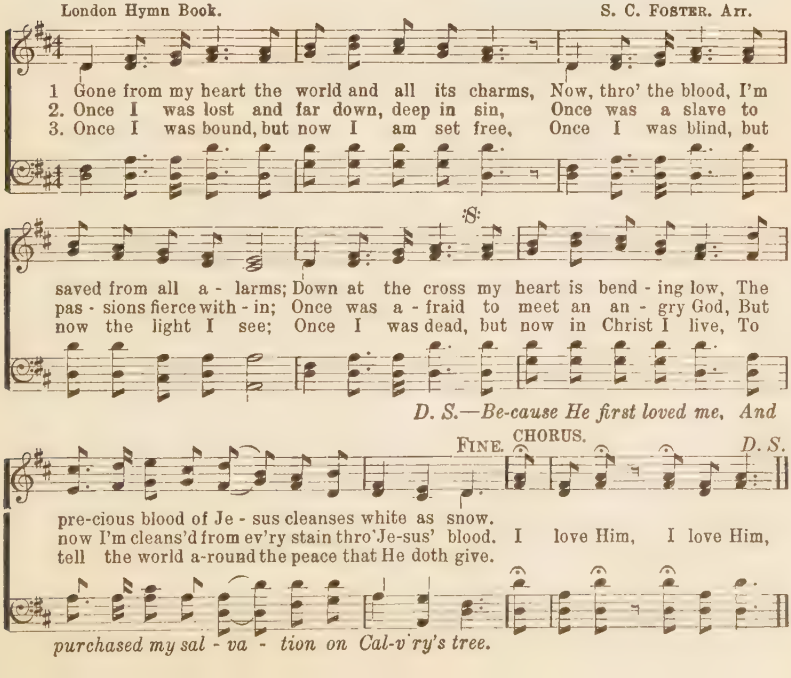
No. 214. What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. OWEN.


1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2 No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS
Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

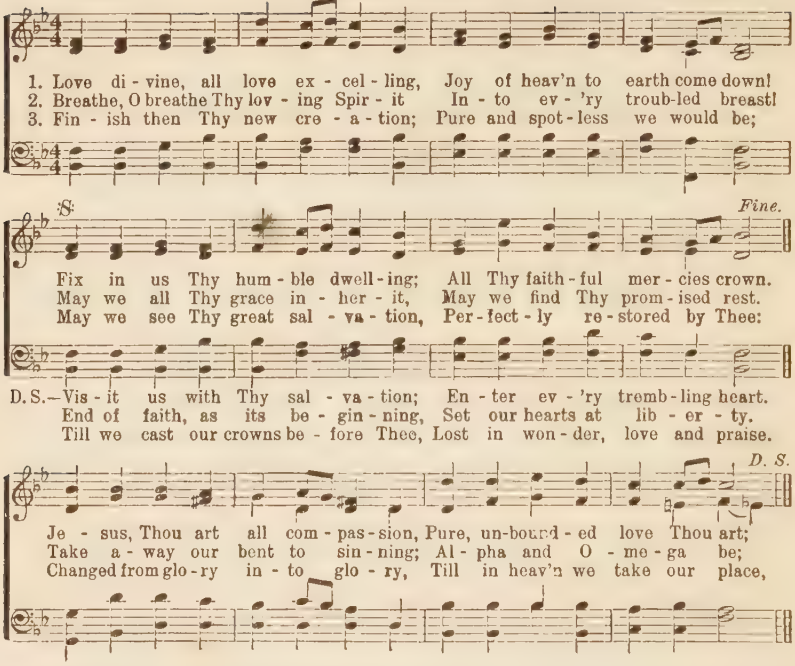
No. 215. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. FOSTER. Arr.


1 Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost and far down, deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but
saved from all a - larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend - ing low, The
pas - sions fierce with - in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.
purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

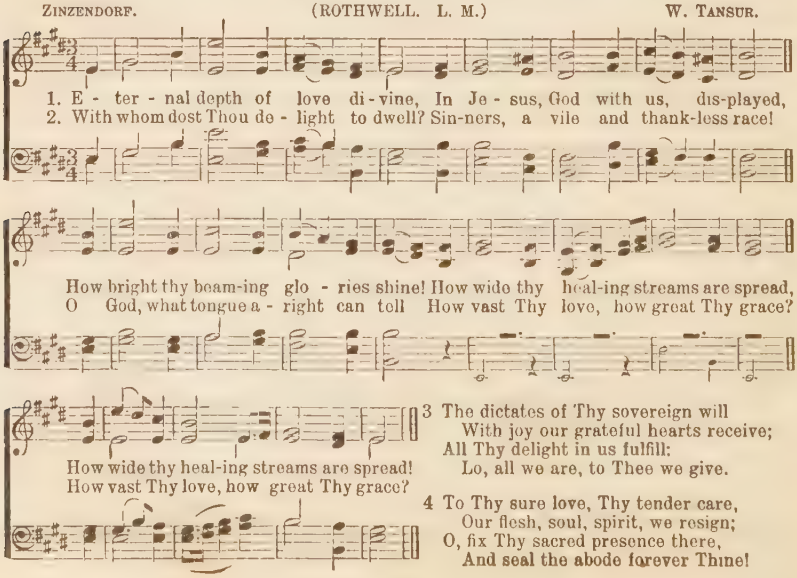
No. 216. Love Divine.

C. WESLEY. (BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less we would be;
:S:
Fine.
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
May we all Thy grace in - her - it, May we find Thy prom - ised rest.
May we see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored by Thee:
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.
D. S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 217. Eternal Depth of Love.

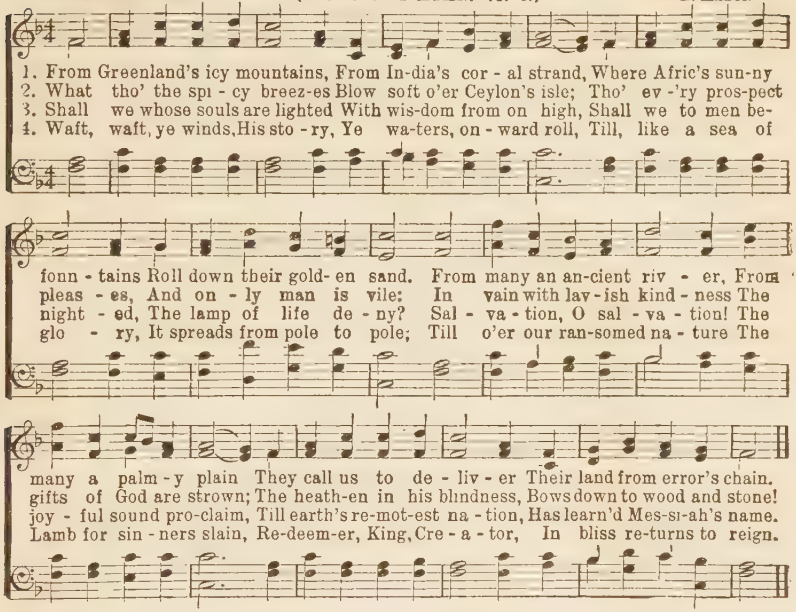
ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR.


1. E - ter - nal depth of love di - vine, In Je - sus, God with us, dis-played,
2. With whom dost Thou de - light to dwell? Sin-ners, a vile and thank-less race!
How bright thy beam-ing glo - ries shine! How wide thy heal-ing streams are spread,
O God, what tongue a - right can tell How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace?
How wide thy heal-ing streams are spread!
How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace?

3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All Thy delight in us fulfill:
Lo, all we are, to Thee we give.

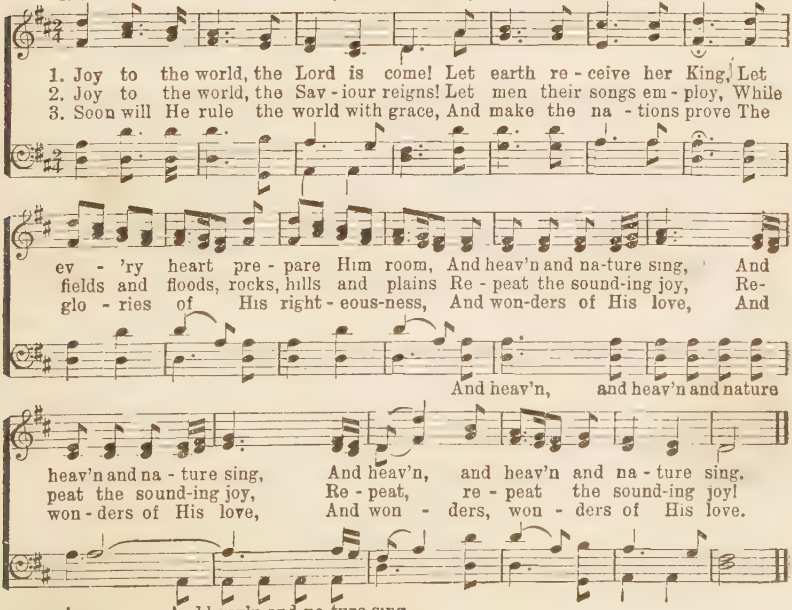
4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O, fix Thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode forever Thine!

No. 218. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. 6.) L. MASON

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny fonn - tains Roll down their gold- en sand. From many an an-cient riv - er, From
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev -'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
3. Shall we whose souls are lighted With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to men be- night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, Ye wa-ters, on - ward roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The
many a palm - y plain They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heath-en in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na - tion, Has learn'd Mes-si-ah's name.
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 219 Joy to the World.

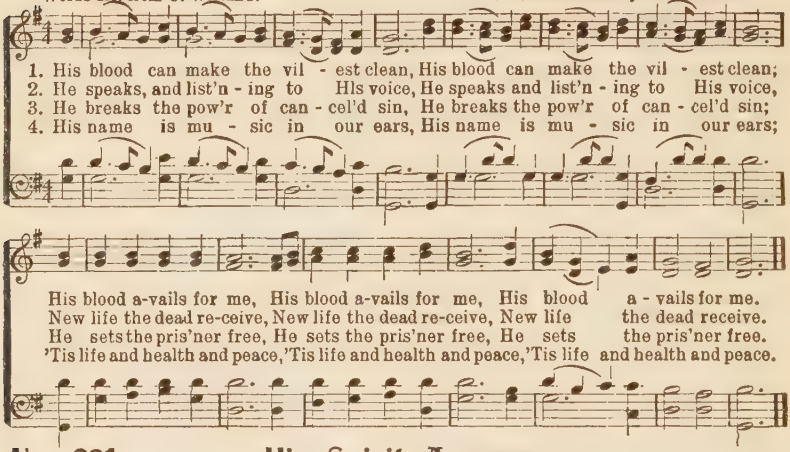
I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) ARR. FROM GEO. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King, Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing,
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - iour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re- peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy!
3. Soon will He rule the world with grace, And make the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And won - ders of His love, won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

No. 220. The Blood Avails.

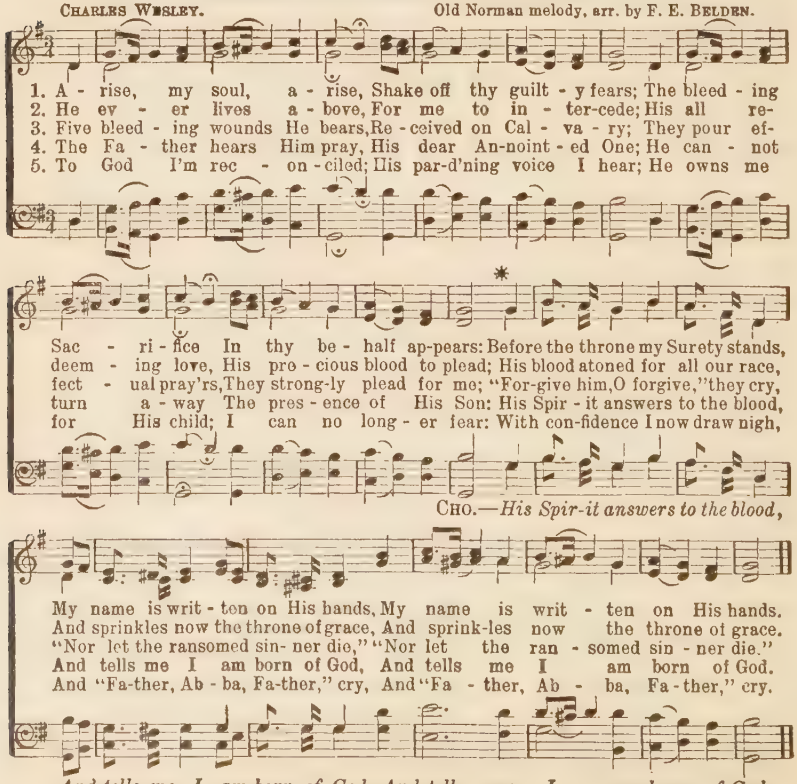
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

Words arr. from C. WESLEY. Arr. and written by F. E. BELDEN.


1. His blood can make the vil - est clean, His blood can make the vil - est clean;
2. He speaks, and list'n - ing to His voice, He speaks and list'n - ing to His voice,
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - cel'd sin, He breaks the pow'r of can - cel'd sin;
4. His name is mu - sic in our ears, His name is mu - sic in our ears;
His blood a-vails for me, His blood a-vails for me, His blood a - vails for me.
New life the dead re-ceive, New life the dead re-ceive, New life the dead receive.
He sets the pris'ner free, He sets the pris'ner free, He sets the pris'ner free.
'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.

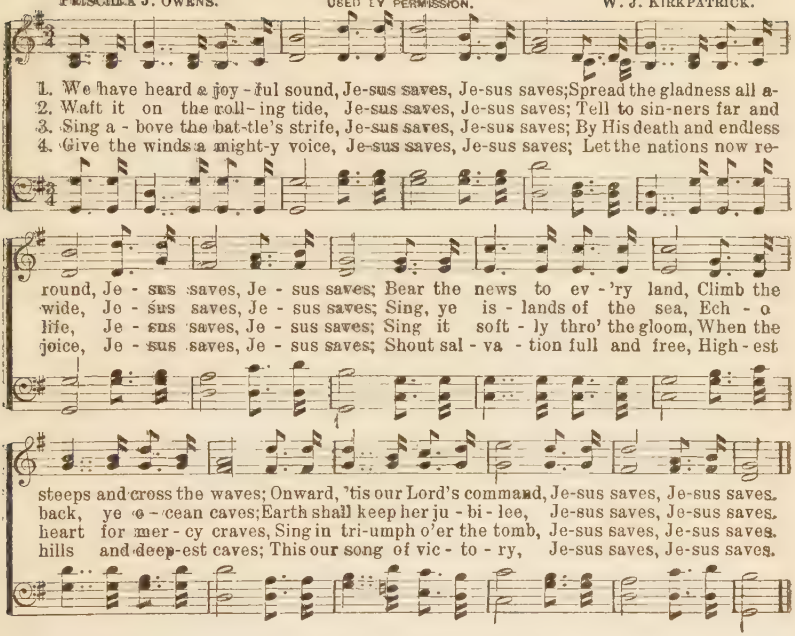
No. 221. His Spirit Answers.

ARRANGEMENT OF MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

CHARLES WESLEY. Old Norman melody, arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all re-
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear An-noint - ed One; He can - not
5. To God I'm rec - on - ciled; His par-d'ning voice I hear; He owns me
Sac - ri - fice In thy be - half ap-pears: Before the throne my Surety stands,
deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
fect - ual pray'rs, They strong-ly plead for me; "For-give him, O forgive," they cry,
turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son: His Spir - it answers to the blood,
for His child; I can no long - er fear: With con-fidence I now draw nigh,
CHO.—*His Spir-it answers to the blood,*
My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprink-les now the throne of grace.
"Nor let the ransomed sin- ner die," "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."
And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa-ther," cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.
And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

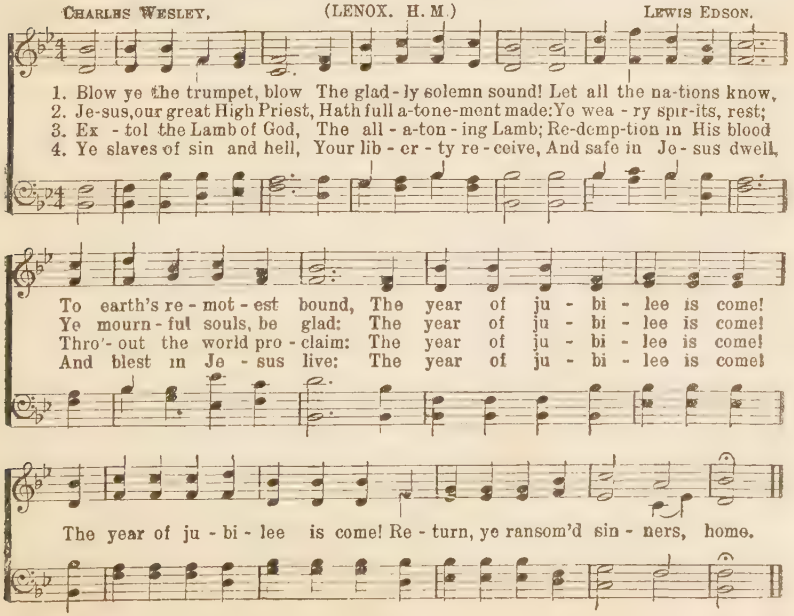
No. 222. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the gladness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a migh-ty voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-
round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est
steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

No. 223. The Year of Jubilee.

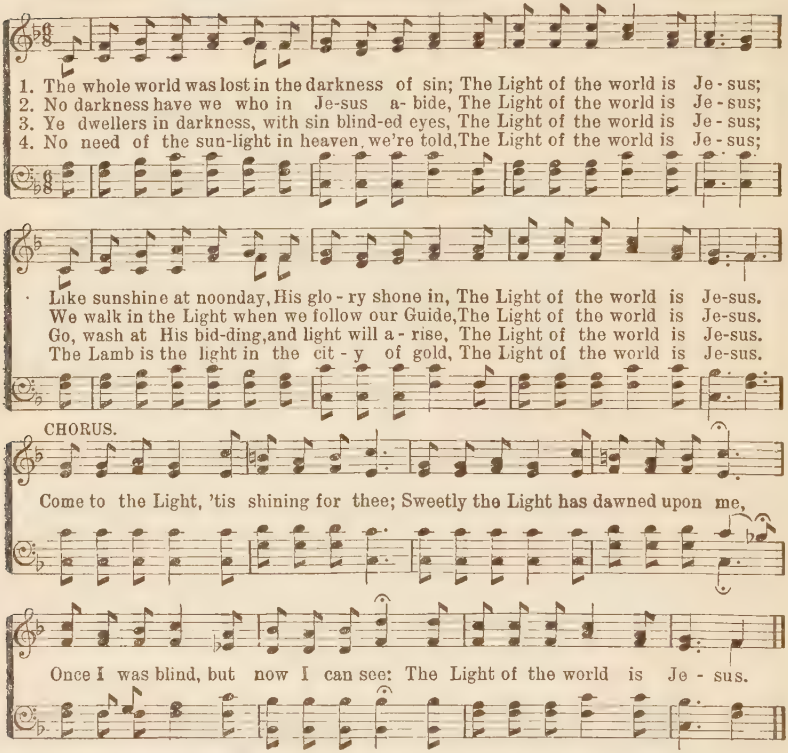
CHARLES WESLEY. (LENOX. H. M.) LEWIS EDSON.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad - ly solemn sound! Let all the na-tions know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made: Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton - ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion in His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell,
To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Thro' - out the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

No. 224. The Light of the World is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

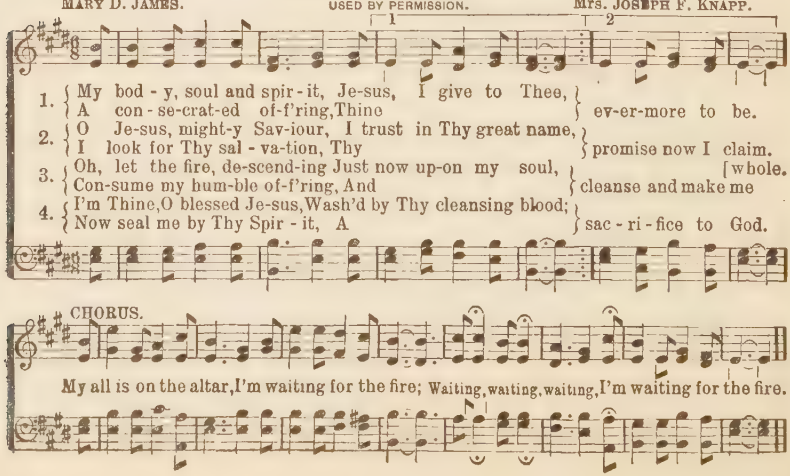
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus;
2. No darkness have we who in Je-sus a- bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
3. Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heaven we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
Like sunshine at noonday, His glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
Go, wash at His bid-ding, and light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
The Lamb is the light in the cit - y of gold, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 225. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

COPYRIGHT, 1869, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.
USED BY PERMISSION.

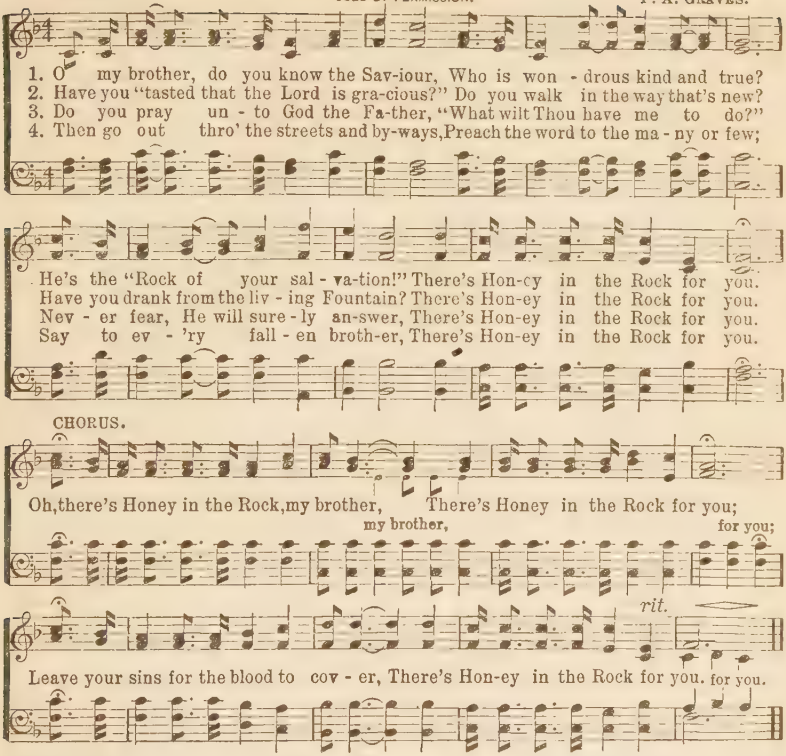
MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1
2
1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je-sus, I give to Thee,
A con - se-crat-ed of-f'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
2. O Je-sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy sal - va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
3. Oh, let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up-on my soul, [whole.
Con-sume my hum-ble of-f'ring, And cleanse and make me
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.
CHORUS.
My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

No. 226. Honey in the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY F. A. GRAVES.
USED BY PERMISSION.

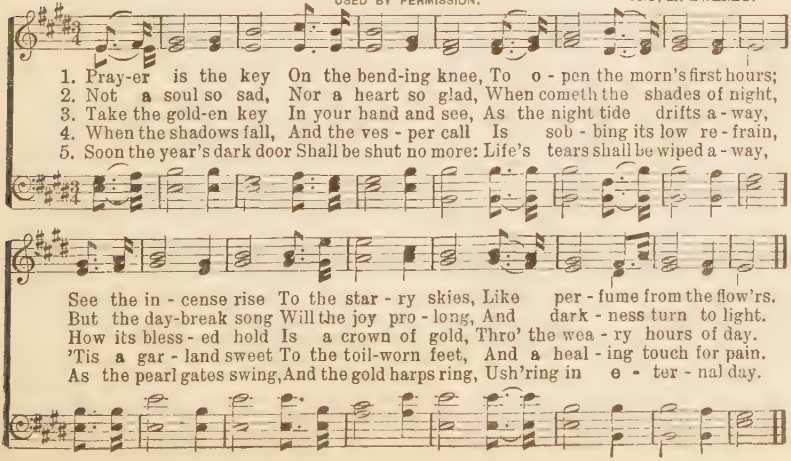
F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.


1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-iour, Who is won - drous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra-cious?" Do you walk in the way that's new?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa-ther, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by-ways, Preach the word to the ma - ny or few;
He's the "Rock of your sal - va-tion!" There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
Have you drank from the liv - ing Fountain? There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an-swer, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
CHORUS.
Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you;
my brother, for you;
rit.
Leave your sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
for you.

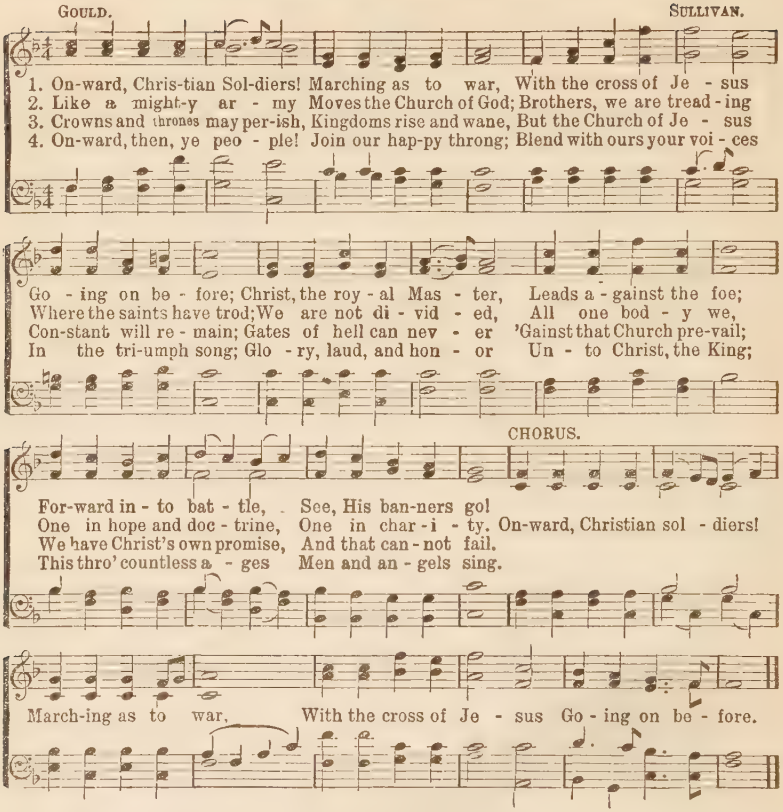
No. 227. The Golden Key.

RECOPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

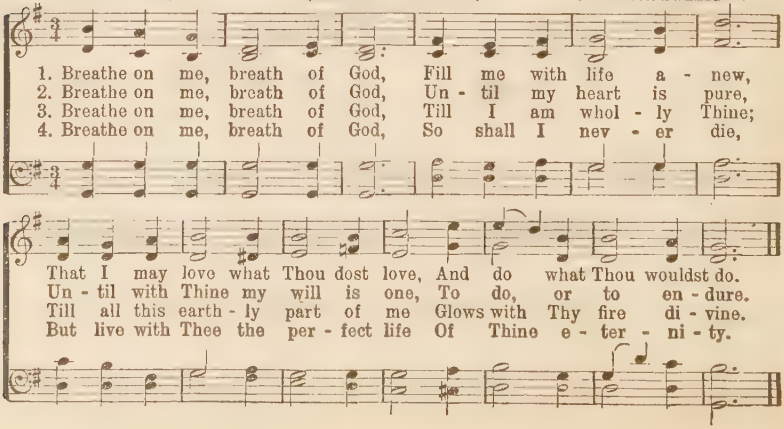

1. Pray-er is the key On the bend-ing knee, To o - pen the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the gold-en key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a - way,
4. When the shadows fall, And the ves - per call Is sob - bing its low re - frain,
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's tears shall be wiped a - way,
See the in - cense rise To the star - ry skies, Like per - fume from the flow'rs.
But the day-break song Will the joy pro - long, And dark - ness turn to light.
How its bless - ed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the wea - ry hours of day.
'Tis a gar - land sweet To the toil-worn feet, And a heal - ing touch for pain.
As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, Ush'ring in e - ter - nal day.

No. 228. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voi - ces
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King;
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 229. Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

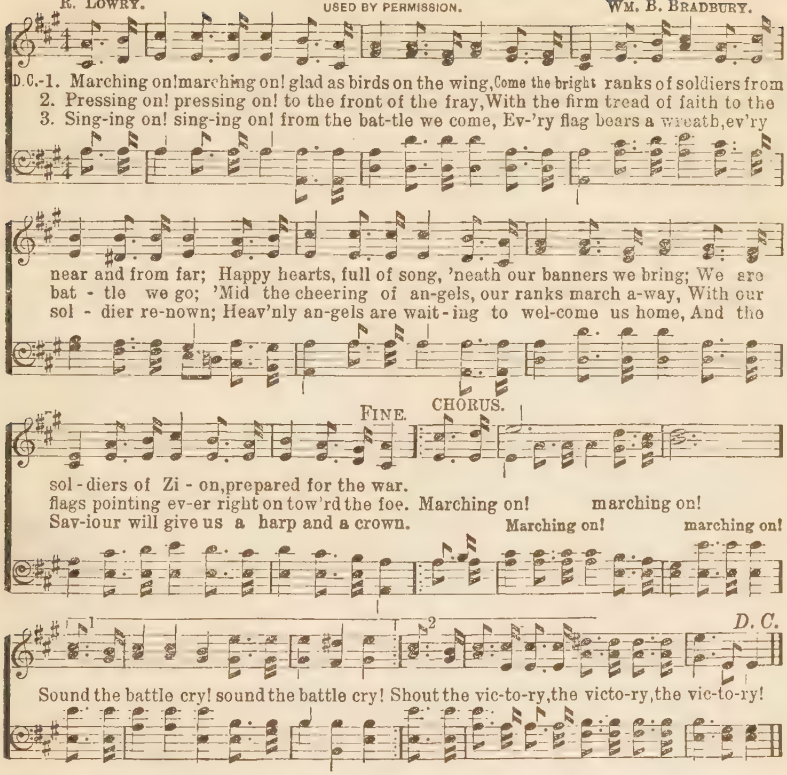
EDWIN HATCH, D. D. (GREENWOOD. S. M.) JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.


1. Breathe on me, breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
2. Breathe on me, breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
3. Breathe on me, breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine;
4. Breathe on me, breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Un - til with Thine my will is one, To do, or to en - dure.
Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 230. Marching On.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

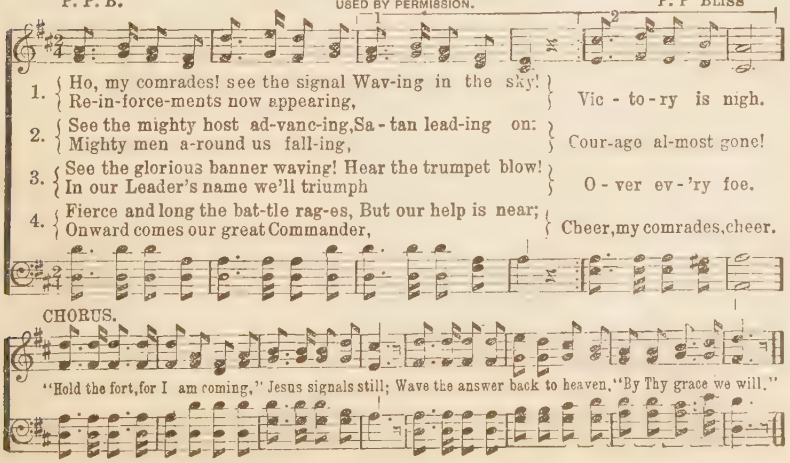
R. LOWRY. WM. B. BRADBURY.


D.C.-1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from
2. Pressing on! pressing on! to the front of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the
3. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the bat-tle we come, Ev-'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry
near and from far; Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring; We are
bat - tle we go; 'Mid the cheering of an-gels, our ranks march a-way, With our
sol - dier re-nown; Heav'nly an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come us home, And the
FINE.
CHORUS.
sol-diers of Zi - on, prepared for the war.
flags pointing ev-er right on tow'rd the foe. Marching on! marching on!
Sav-iour will give us a harp and a crown. Marching on! marching on!
1
2
D. C.
Sound the battle cry! sound the battle cry! Shout the vic-to-ry, the victo-ry, the vic-to-ry!

No. 231. Hold the Fort.

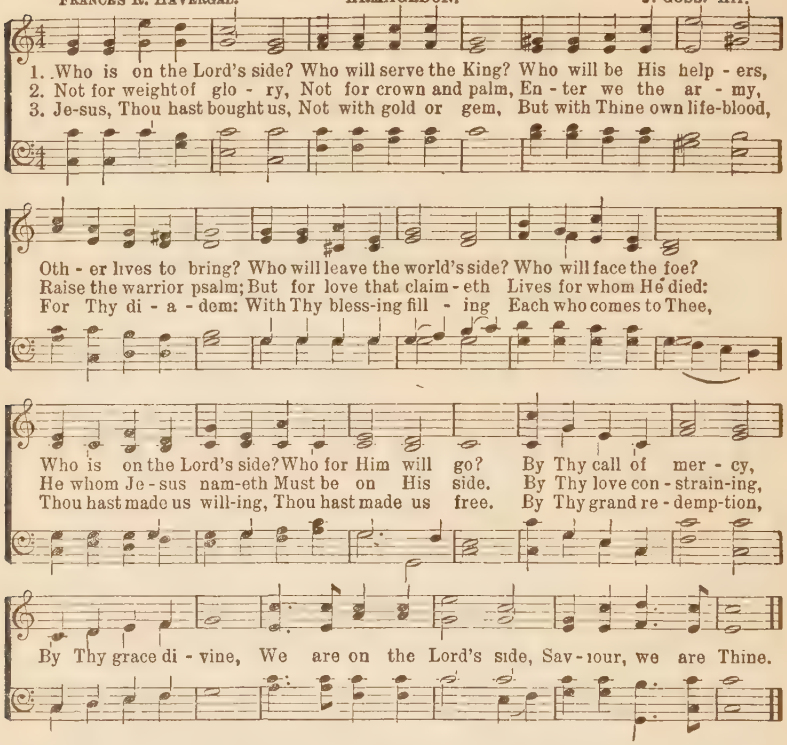
THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P BLISS


1. { Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! / Re-in-force-ments now appearing, } Vic - to-ry is nigh.
2. { See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: / Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, } Cour-age al-most gone!
3. { See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! / In our Leader's name we'll triumph } O - ver ev-'ry foe.
4. { Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; / Onward comes our great Commander, } Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

No. 232. Who is on the Lord's Side?

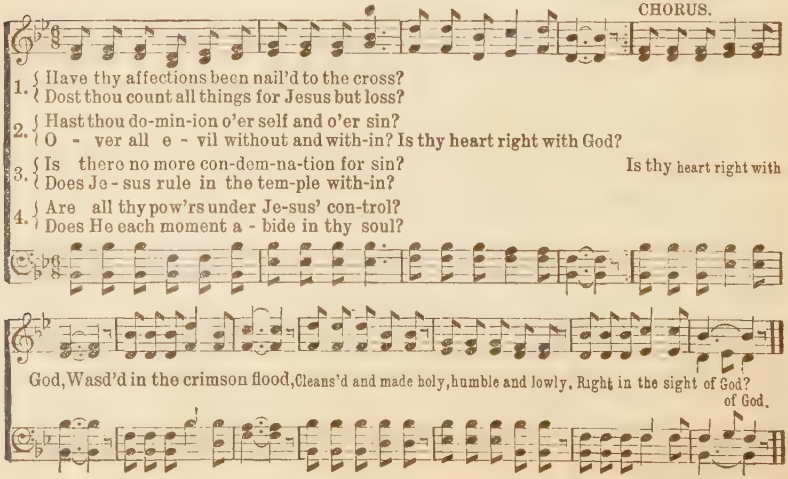
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "ARMAGEDON." J. GOSS. ARR.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.

No. 233. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

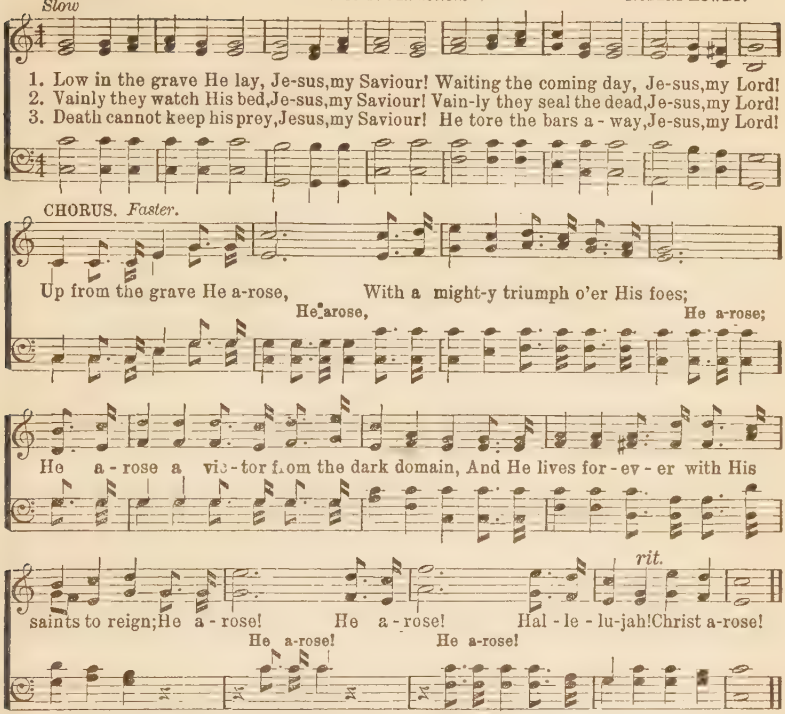
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


CHORUS.
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross?
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin?
O - ver all e - vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul?
Is thy heart right with
God, Was'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

No. 234. Christ Arose!

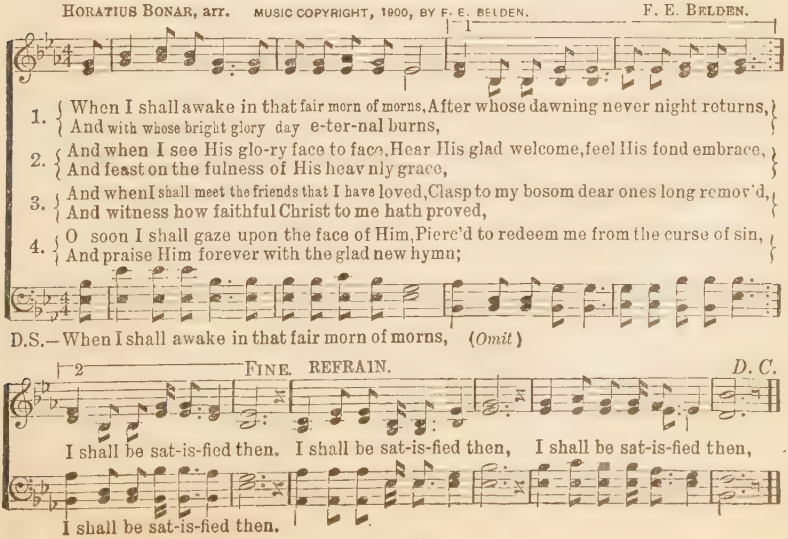
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. *Slow* ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a - way, Je-sus, my Lord!
CHORUS. *Faster.*
Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He arose, He a-rose;
He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark domain, And He lives for - ev - er with His
saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
rit.
He a-rose! He a-rose! He a-rose!

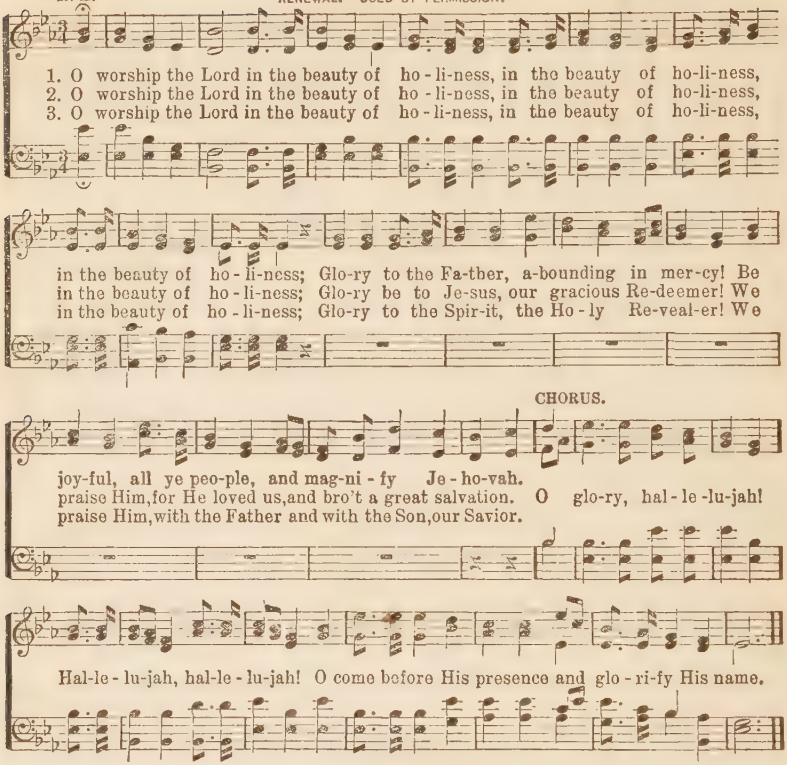
No. 235. When I Shall Awake.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr. MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.


1. When I shall awake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawning never night returns, And with whose bright glory day e-ter-nal burns,
2. And when I see His glo-ry face to face, Hear His glad welcome, feel His fond embrace, And feast on the fulness of His heav nly grace,
3. And when I shall meet the friends that I have loved, Clasp to my bosom dear ones long remov'd, And witness how faithful Christ to me hath proved,
4. O soon I shall gaze upon the face of Him, Pierc'd to redeem me from the curse of sin, And praise Him forever with the glad new hymn;
D.S.—When I shall awake in that fair morn of morns, (*Omit*)
FINE. REFRAIN. D. C.
I shall be sat-is-fied then. I shall be sat-is-fied then, I shall be sat-is-fied then,
I shall be sat-is-fied then.

No. 236. O Worship the Lord.

COPYRIGHT 1901, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

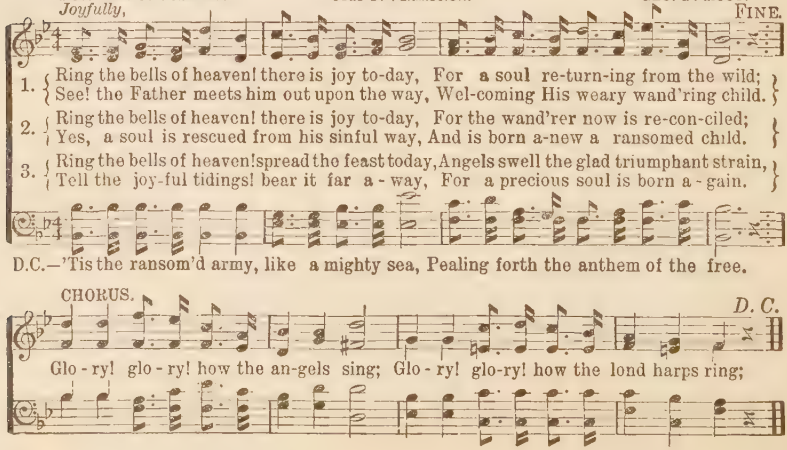
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the beauty of ho-li-ness,
2. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the beauty of ho-li-ness,
3. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the beauty of ho-li-ness,
in the beauty of ho-li-ness; Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, a-bounding in mer-cy! Be
in the beauty of ho-li-ness; Glo-ry be to Je-sus, our gracious Re-deemer! We
in the beauty of ho-li-ness; Glo-ry to the Spir-it, the Ho-ly Re-veal-er! We
CHORUS.
joy-ful, all ye peo-ple, and mag-ni-fy Je-ho-vah.
praise Him, for He loved us, and bro't a great salvation. O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
praise Him, with the Father and with the Son, our Savior.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! O come before His presence and glo-ri-fy His name.

No. 237. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

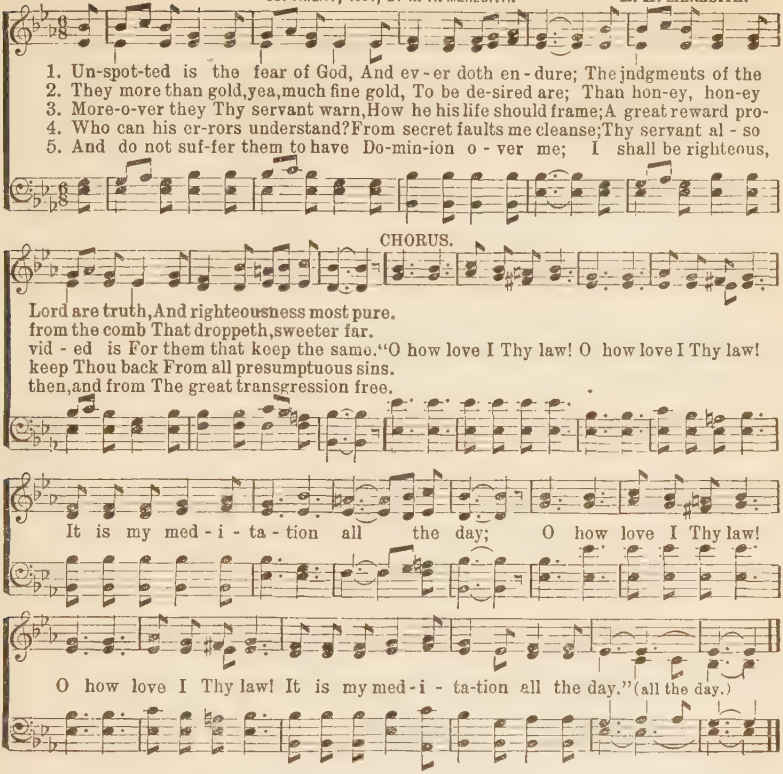
Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully,


FINE.
1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain.
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

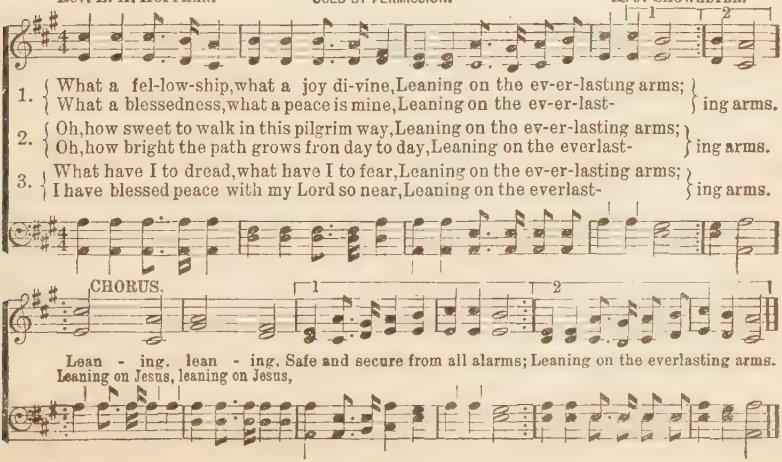
No. 238. O How Love I Thy Law!

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. H. MEREDITH.

R. H. MEREDITH.

1. Un-spot-ted is the fear of God, And ev-er doth en-dure; The judgments of the
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de-sired are; Than hon-ey, hon-ey
3. More-o-ver they Thy servant warn, How he his life should frame; A great reward pro-
4. Who can his er-rors understand? From secret faults me cleanse; Thy servant al-so
5. And do not suf-fer them to have Do-min-ion o-ver me; I shall be righteous,
CHORUS.
Lord are truth, And righteousness most pure.
from the comb That droppeth, sweeter far.
vid-ed is For them that keep the same. "O how love I Thy law! O how love I Thy law!
keep Thou back From all presumptuous sins.
then, and from The great transgression free.
It is my med-i-ta-tion all the day; O how love I Thy law!
O how love I Thy law! It is my med-i-ta-tion all the day." (all the day.)

No. 239. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

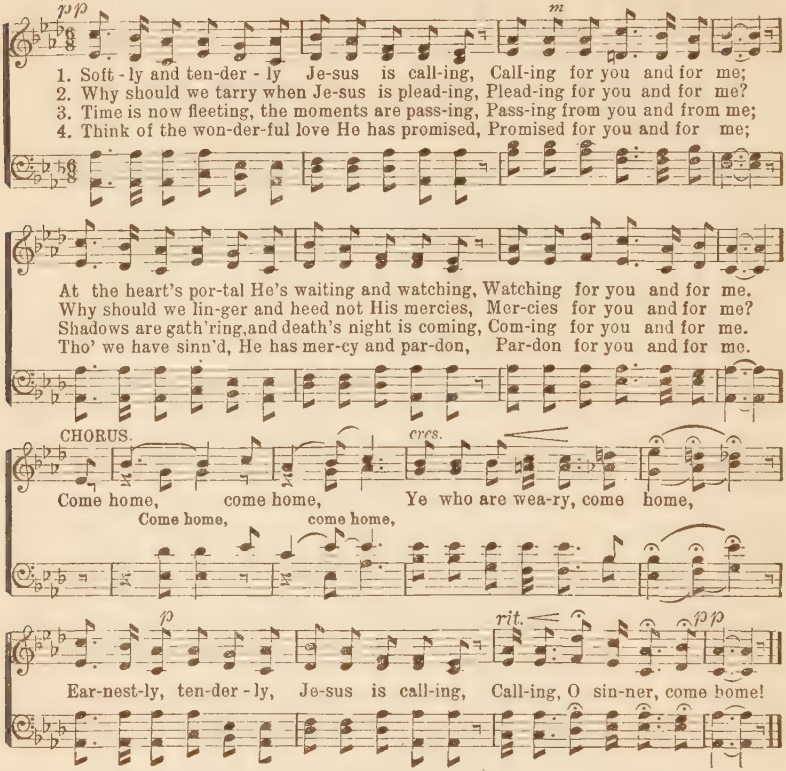
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- ing arms.
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows fron day to day, Leaning on the everlast- ing arms.
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- ing arms.
CHORUS.
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

No. 240. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

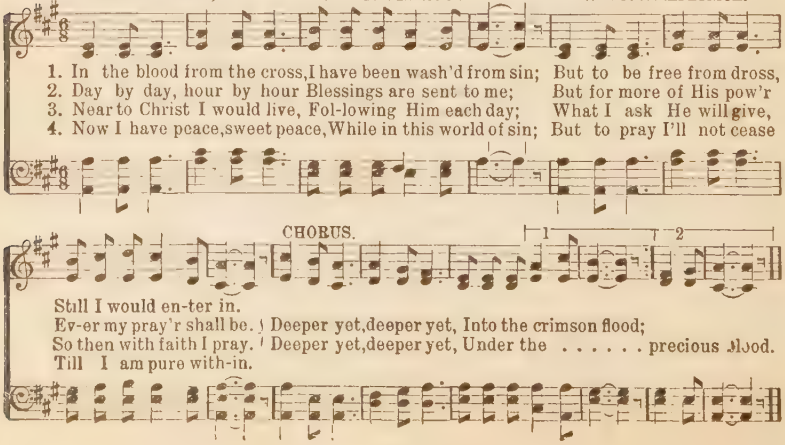
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 241. Deeper Yet.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

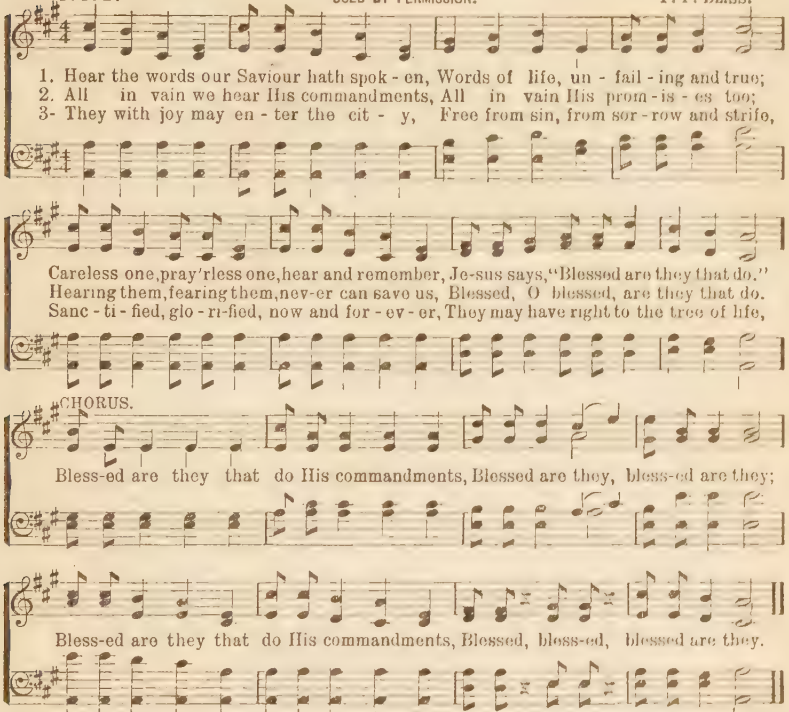

1. In the blood from the cross, I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross,
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more of His pow'r
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-lowing Him each day; What I ask He will give,
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease
CHORUS.
1
2
Still I would en-ter in.
Ev-er my pray'r shall be. } Deeper yet, deeper yet, Into the crimson flood;
So then with faith I pray. }
Till I am pure with-in.

No. 242. Blessed are They That Do.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."
—Rom. 2:13.

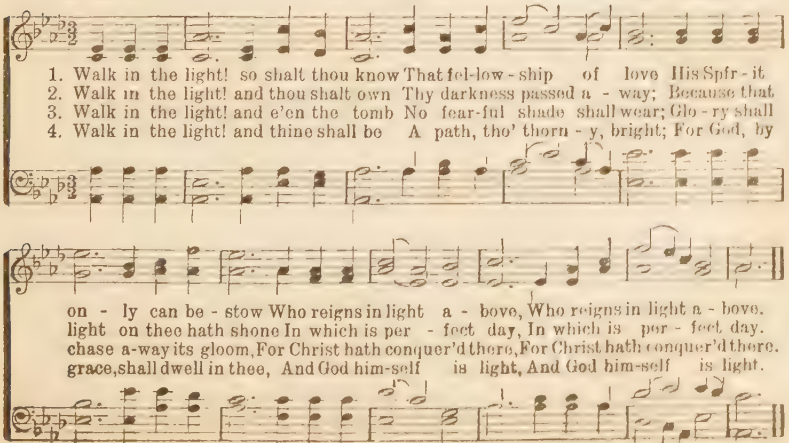
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

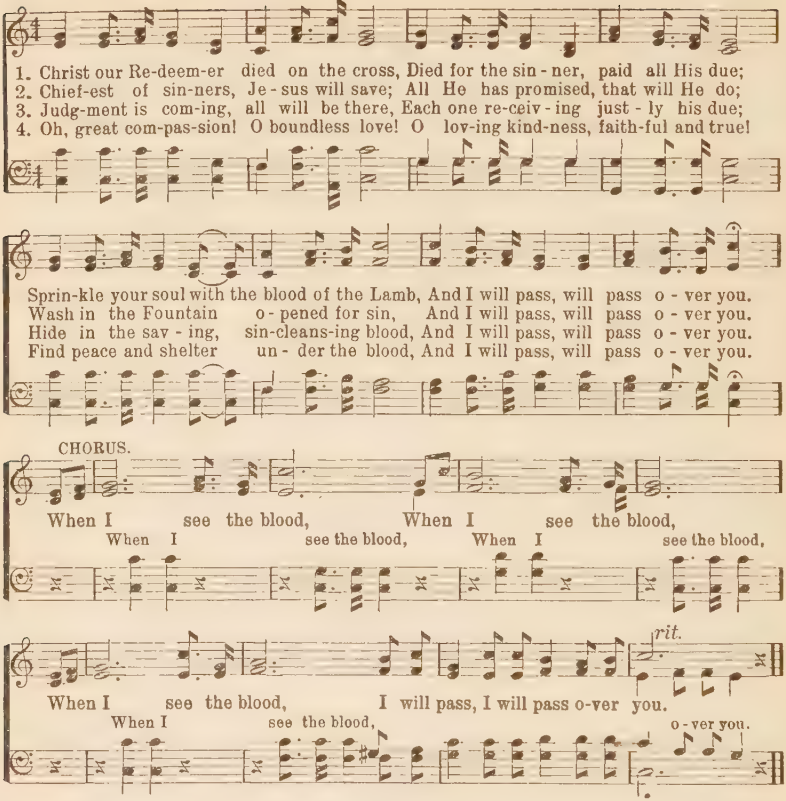

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spok - en, Words of life, un - fail - ing and true;
2. All in vain we hear His commandments, All in vain His prom - is - es too;
3- They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from sor - row and strife,
Careless one, pray'rless one, hear and remember, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
Hearing them, fearing them, nev-er can save us, Blessed, O blessed, are they that do.
Sanc - ti - fied, glo - ri-fied, now and for - ev - er, They may have right to the tree of life,
CHORUS.
Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed are they, bless-ed are they;
Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed, bless-ed, blessed are they.

No. 243. Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

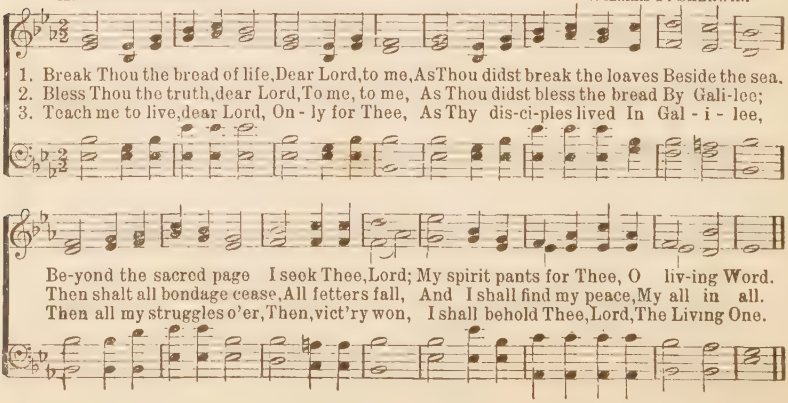

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low - ship of love His Spir - it
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way; Because that
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn - y, bright; For God, by
on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove, Who reigns in light a - bove.
light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day, In which is per - fect day.
chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there, For Christ hath conquer'd there.
grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him-self is light, And God him-self is light.

No. 244. I Will Pass Over You.

E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je - sus will save; All He has promised, that will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv - ing just - ly his due;
4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness, faith-ful and true!
Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Wash in the Fountain o - pened for sin, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Hide in the sav - ing, sin-cleans-ing blood, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Find peace and shelter un - der the blood, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.
CHORUS.
When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
rit.
When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
When I see the blood, o - ver you.

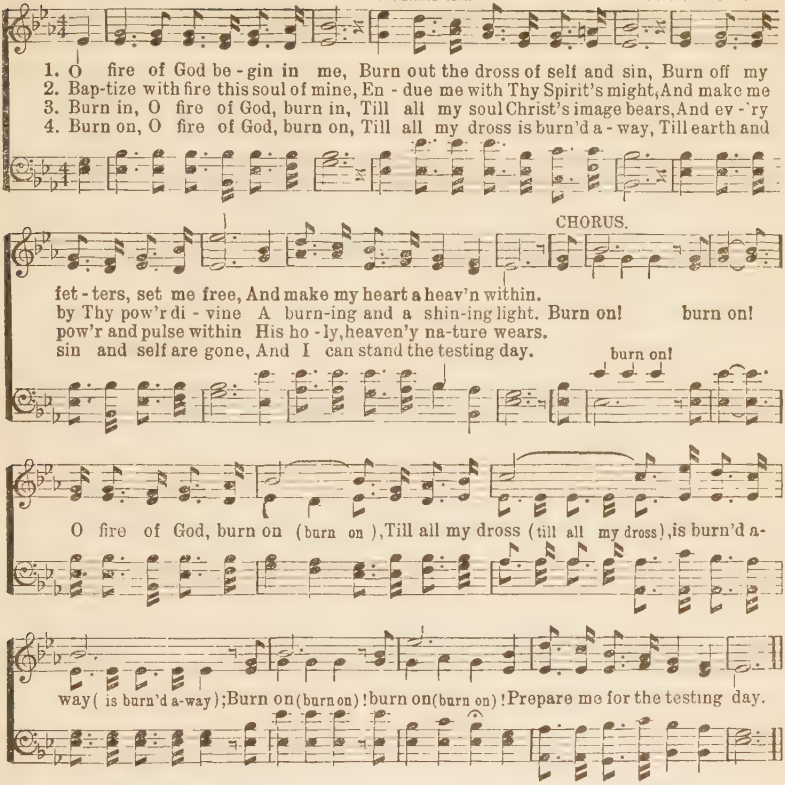
No. 245. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

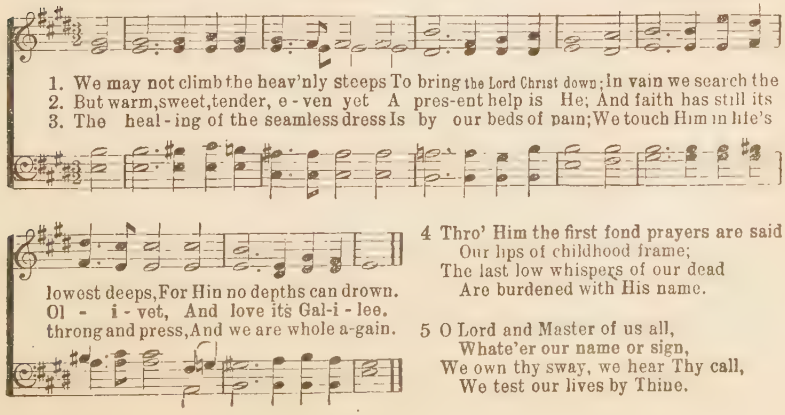

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gali-lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee,
Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word.
Then shalt all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The Living One.

No. 246. Burn On.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. B. SIMPSON.

A. B. SIMPSON. USED BY PERMISSION. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. O fire of God be - gin in me, Burn out the dross of self and sin, Burn off my
2. Bap-tize with fire this soul of mine, En - due me with Thy Spirit's might, And make me
3. Burn in, O fire of God, burn in, Till all my soul Christ's image bears, And ev - 'ry
4. Burn on, O fire of God, burn on, Till all my dross is burn'd a - way, Till earth and
CHORUS.
fet - ters, set me free, And make my heart a heav'n within.
by Thy pow'r di - vine A burn-ing and a shin-ing light. Burn on! burn on!
pow'r and pulse within His ho - ly, heaven'y na-ture wears.
sin and self are gone, And I can stand the testing day.
burn on!
O fire of God, burn on (burn on), Till all my dross (till all my dross), is burn'd a-
way (is burn'd a-way); Burn on (burn on)! burn on (burn on)! Prepare me for the testing day.

No. 247. A Present Help.

J. G. WHITTIER. (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres-ent help is He; And faith has still its
3. The heal - ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain; We touch Him in life's
lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal-i - lee.
throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.

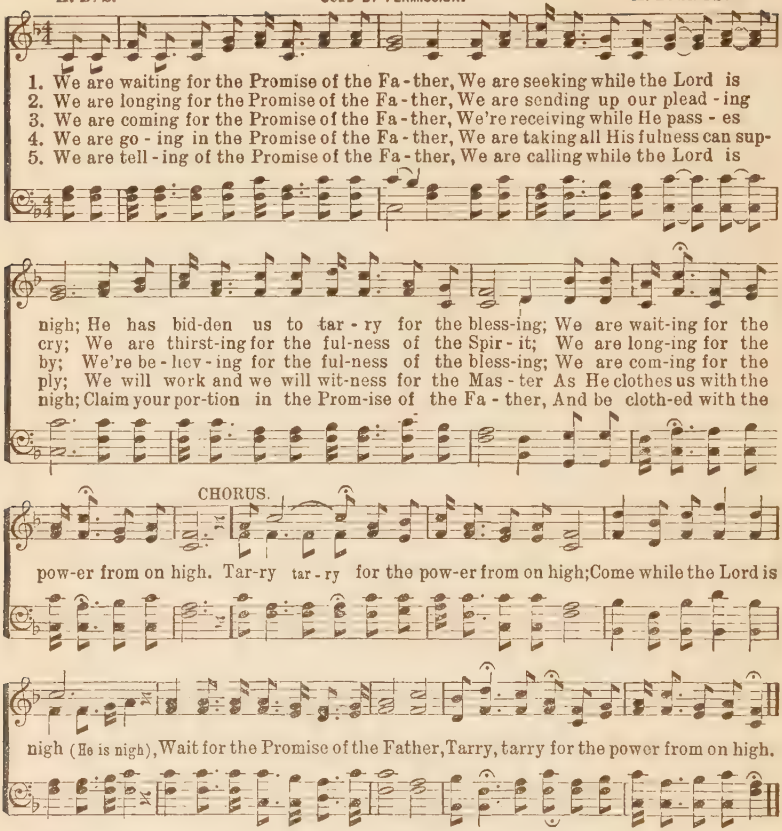
4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

No. 248. Tarry for the Power.

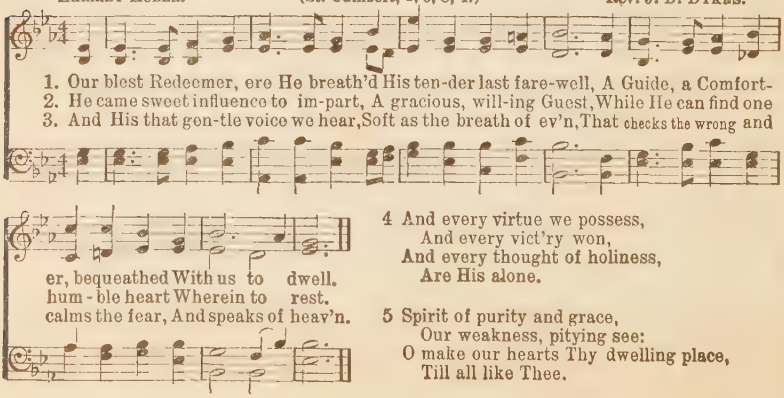
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY A. B. SIMPSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. We are waiting for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are seeking while the Lord is
2. We are longing for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are sending up our plead - ing
3. We are coming for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We're receiving while He pass - es
4. We are go - ing in the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are taking all His fulness can sup-
5. We are tell - ing of the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are calling while the Lord is
nigh; He has bid-den us to tar - ry for the bless-ing; We are wait-ing for the
cry; We are thirst-ing for the ful-ness of the Spir - it; We are long-ing for the
by; We're be - liev - ing for the ful-ness of the bless-ing; We are com-ing for the
ply; We will work and we will wit-ness for the Mas - ter As He clothes us with the
nigh; Claim your por-tion in the Prom-ise of the Fa - ther, And be cloth-ed with the
CHORUS.
pow-er from on high. Tar-ry tar - ry for the pow-er from on high; Come while the Lord is
nigh (He is nigh), Wait for the Promise of the Father, Tarry, tarry for the power from on high.

No. 249. Guide and Comforter.

HARRIET AUBER. (St. Cuthbert, 8, 6, 8, 8, 4.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.

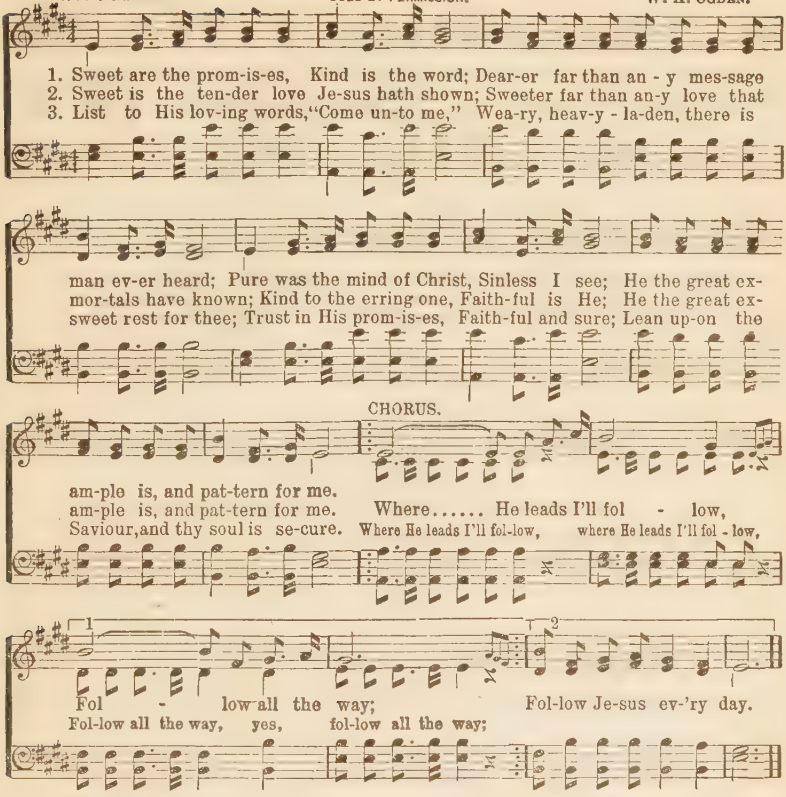

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd His ten-der last fare-well, A Guide, a Comfort-
2. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gracious, will-ing Guest, While He can find one
3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n, That checks the wrong and
er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
hum - ble heart Wherein to rest.
calms the fear, And speaks of heav'n.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every vict'ry won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
Till all like Thee.

No. 250. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

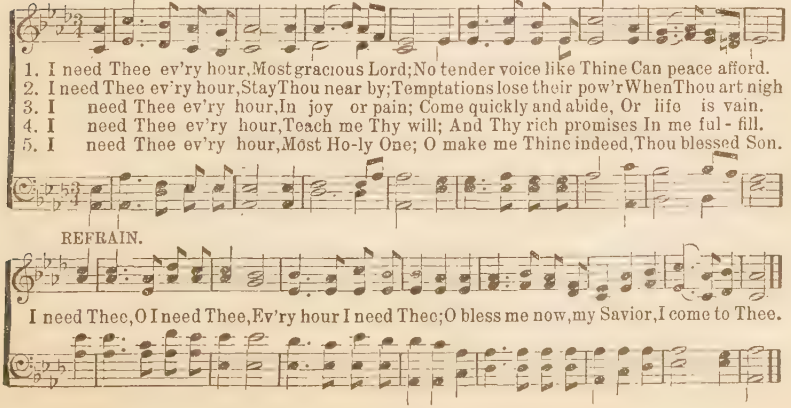
OWNED BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than an - y mes-sage
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown; Sweeter far than an-y love that
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, there is
man ev-er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sinless I see; He the great ex-
mor-tals have known; Kind to the erring one, Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-
sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is-es, Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the
CHORUS.
am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
am-ple is, and pat-tern for me. Where..... He leads I'll fol - low,
Saviour, and thy soul is se-cure. Where He leads I'll fol-low, where He leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - low all the way;
Fol-low all the way, yes, fol-low all the way;
2
Fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

No. 251. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.
REFRAIN.
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

No. 252. Build On the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv - ing Rock, On Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges;
2. Some build on the sink - ing sands of life, On vi - sions of earth - ly treas - ure;
3. O build on the Rock, for ev - er sure, The firm and the true foun - da - tion;

So shall we a - bide the fear - ful shock, When loud the tem - pest ra - ges.
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world - ly pleas - ure.
Its hope is the hope which shall en - dure,—The hope of our sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock;

We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, On Christ, the might - y Rock.

No. 253. The Solid Rock.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE. (L. M. 61.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

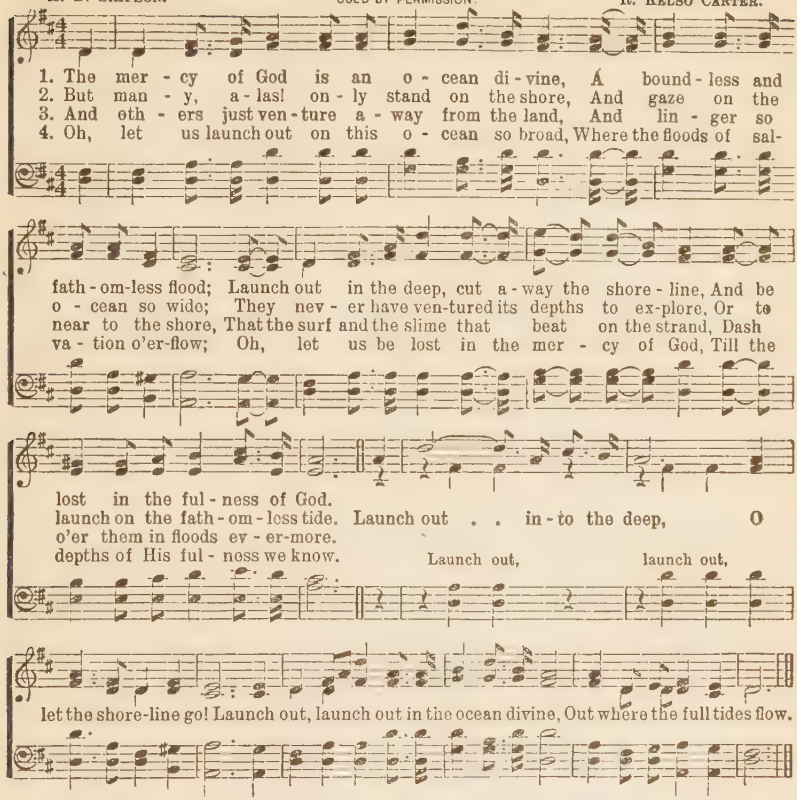
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;
   In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vail.
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;
   When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When He shall come with trump-et sound, O may I then in Him be found,
   Clad in His right-eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

REFRAIN.

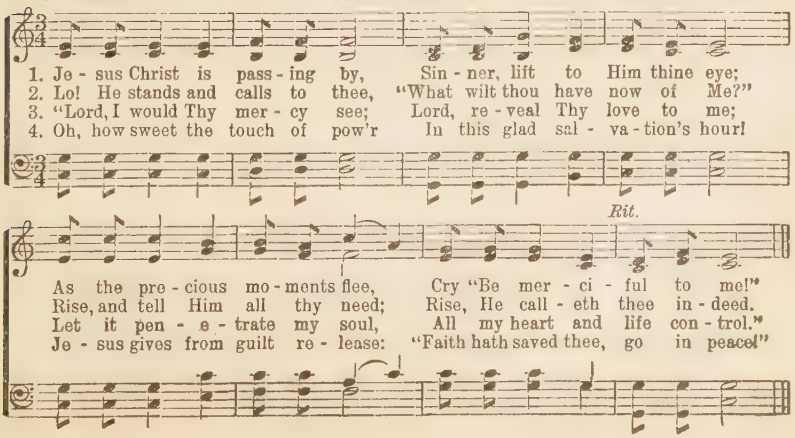
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

No. 254. Launch Out.

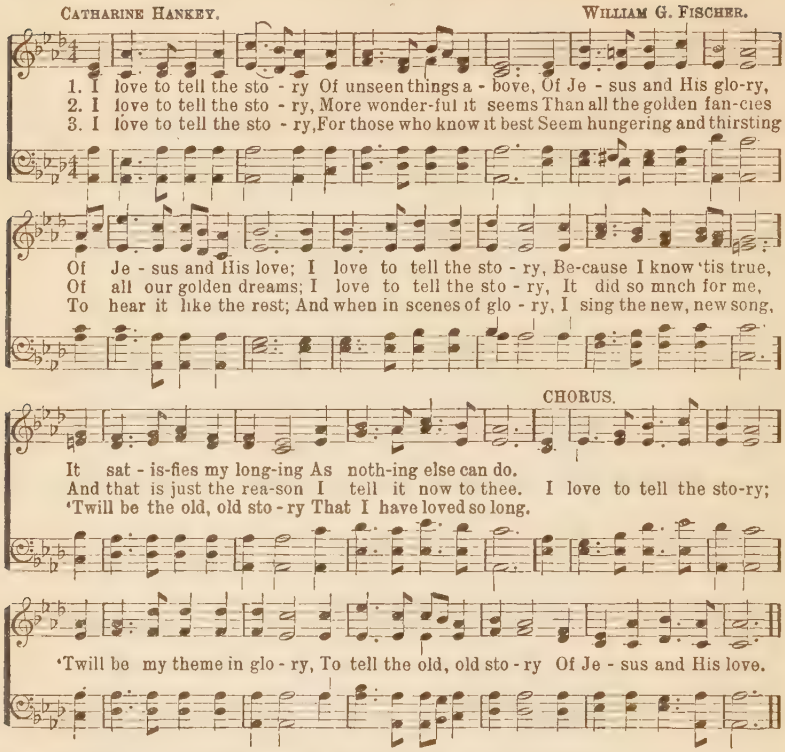
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. B. SIMPSON. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A bound - less and
2. But man - y, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of sal-
fath - om-less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a - way the shore - line, And be
o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven-tured its depths to ex-plore, Or to
near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat on the strand, Dash
va - tion o'er-flow; Oh, let us be lost in the mer - cy of God, Till the
lost in the ful - ness of God.
launch on the fath - om - less tide. Launch out . . in - to the deep, O
o'er them in floods ev - er-more.
depths of His ful - ness we know.
Launch out, launch out,
let the shore-line go! Launch out, launch out in the ocean divine, Out where the full tides flow.

No. 255. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

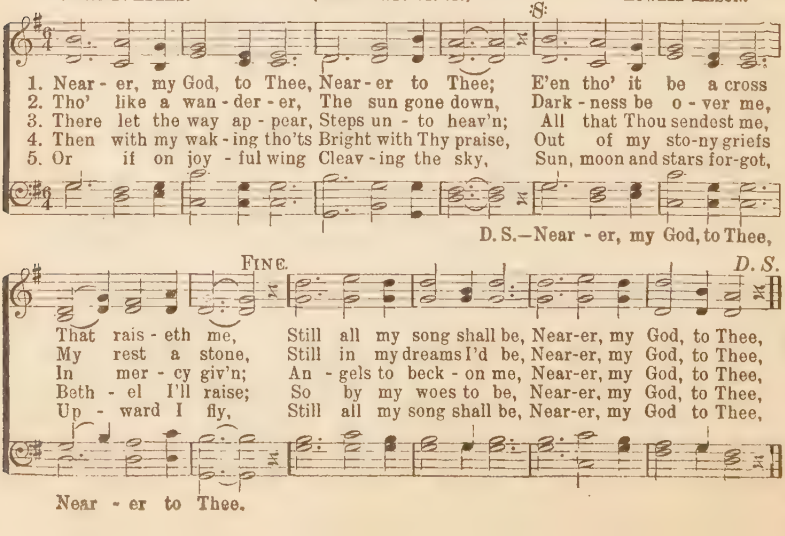
J. DENHAM SMITH. USED BY PERMISSION. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou have now of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of pow'r In this glad sal - va - tion's hour!
Rit.
As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry "Be mer - ci - ful to me!"
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

No. 256. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting
Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true,
Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry;
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

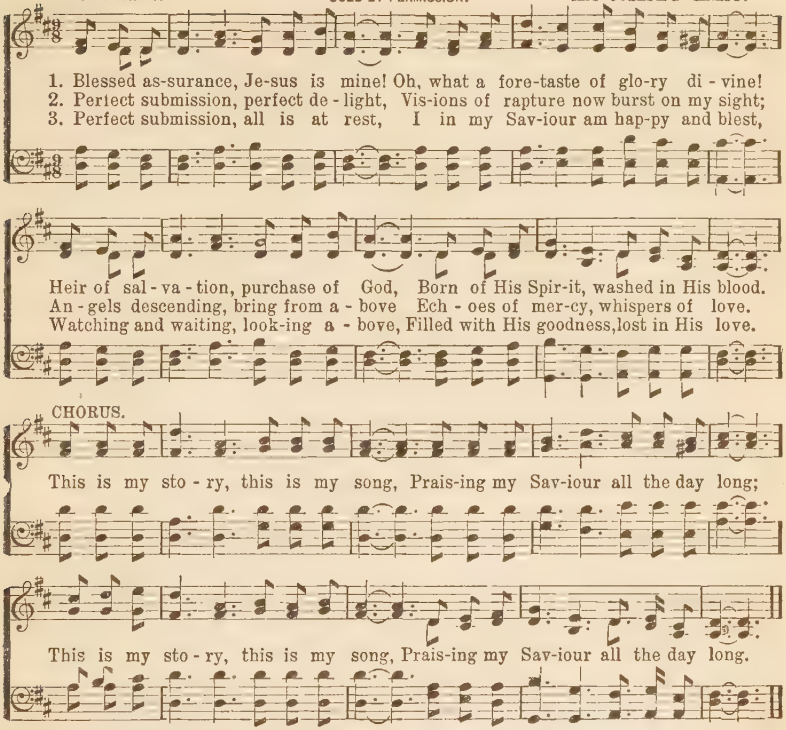
No. 257. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Still in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to Thee,
Near - er to Thee.

No. 258. Blessed Assurance.

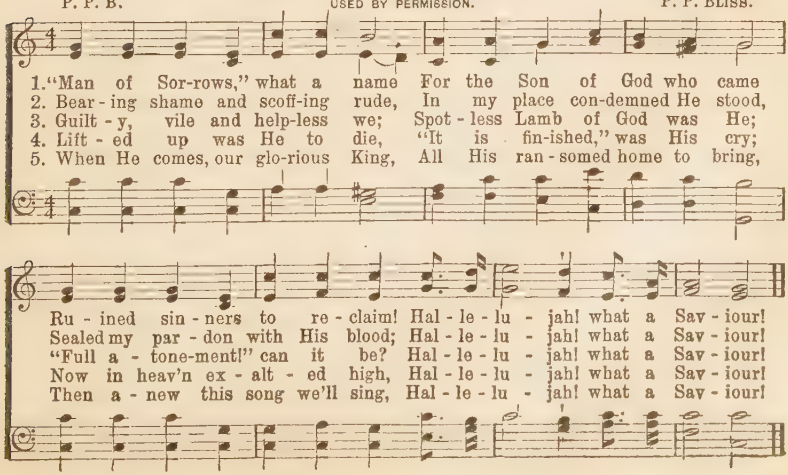
COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Perfect submission, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,
Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An - gels descending, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 259. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

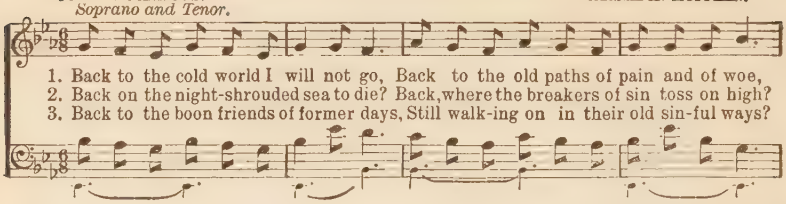

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

No. 260. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

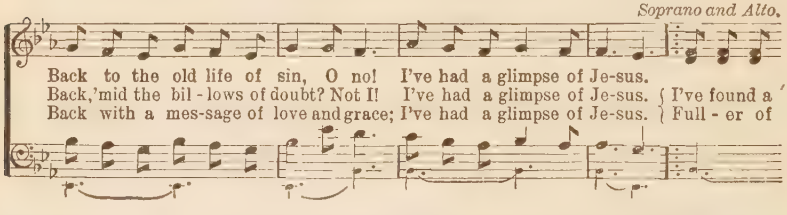
USED BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

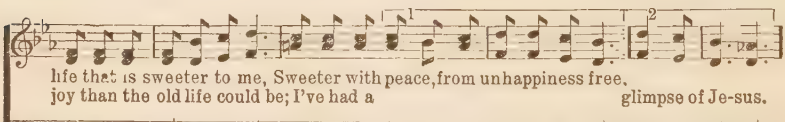
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Soprano and Tenor.

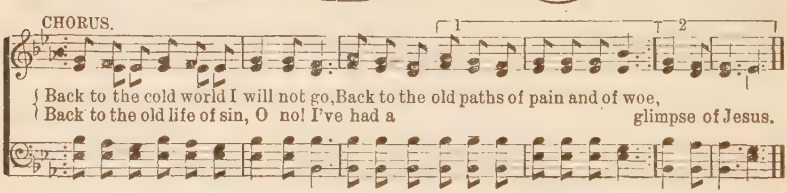

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe,
2. Back on the night-shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of sin toss on high?
3. Back to the boon friends of former days, Still walk-ing on in their old sin-ful ways?

Soprano and Alto.


Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a glimpse of Je-sus.
Back, 'mid the bil - lows of doubt? Not I! I've had a glimpse of Je-sus. I've found a
Back with a mes-sage of love and grace; I've had a glimpse of Je-sus. Full - er of

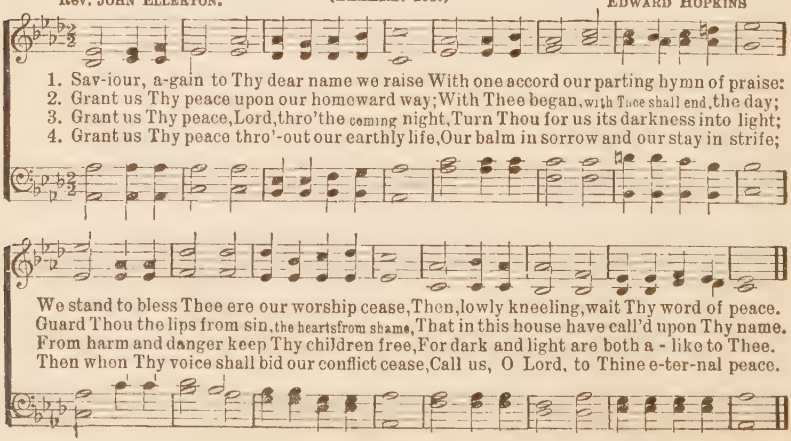

life that is sweeter to me, Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free,
joy than the old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

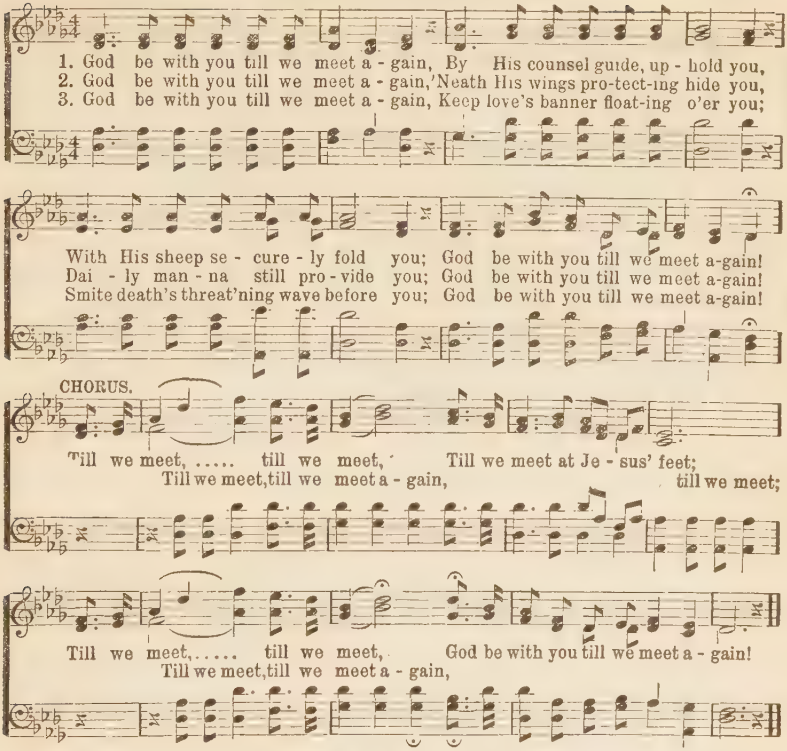

Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe,
Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a glimpse of Jesus.

No. 261. Parting Hymn.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS. 10s.) EDWARD HOPKINS

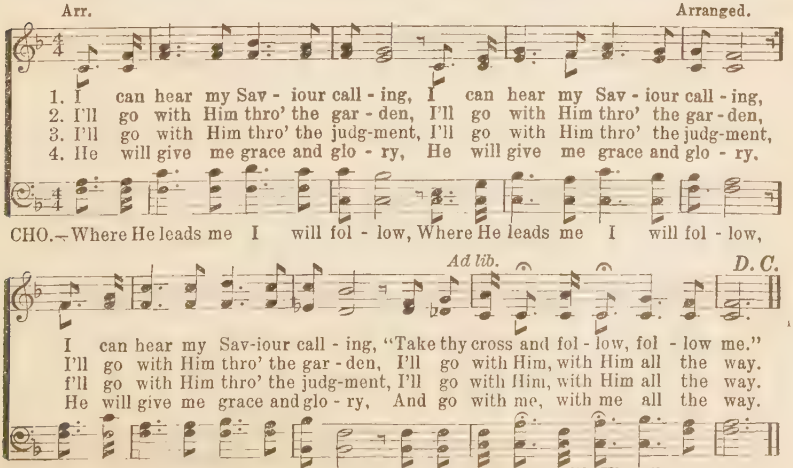

1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

No. 262. God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. BY PERMISSION OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsel guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet;
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

No. 263. Follow All the Way.

Arr. Arranged.

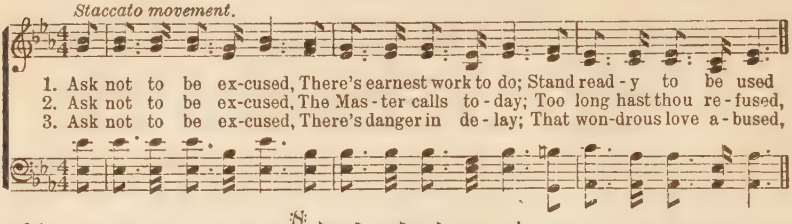

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry.
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
Ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

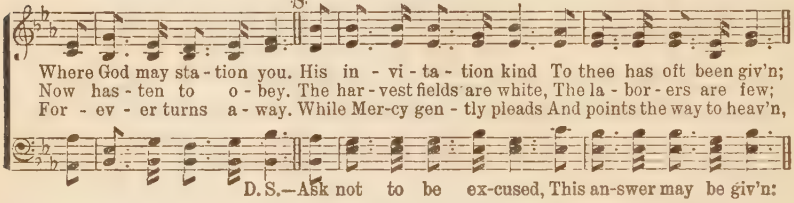
No. 264. Ask Not to be Excused.

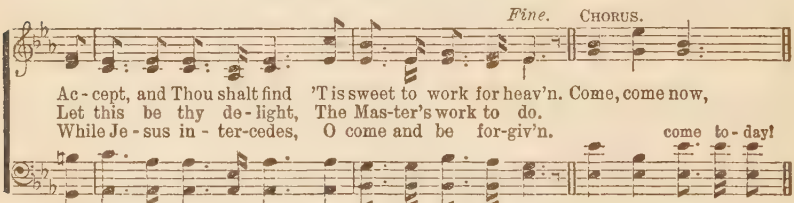
"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14: 16.

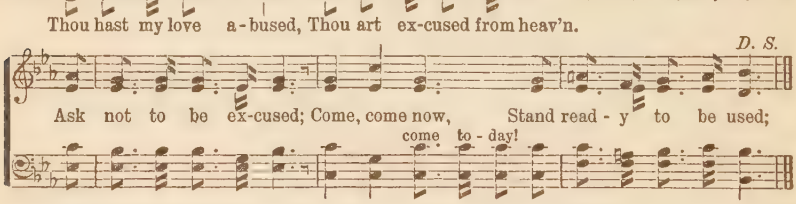
F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

Staccato movement.


1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand read - y to be used
2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Mas - ter calls to - day; Too long hast thou re - fused,
3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de - lay; That won-drous love a - bused,


Where God may sta - tion you. His in - vi - ta - tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n;
Now has - ten to o - bey. The har - vest fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few;
For - ev - er turns a - way. While Mer-cy gen - tly pleads And points the way to heav'n,
D. S.—Ask not to be ex-cused, This an-swer may be giv'n:

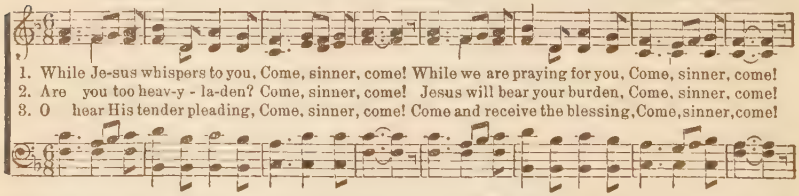

Fine.
CHORUS.
Ac - cept, and Thou shalt find 'T is sweet to work for heav'n. Come, come now,
Let this be thy de - light, The Mas-ter's work to do.
While Je - sus in - ter-cedes, O come and be for-giv'n.
come to - day!
Thou hast my love a - bused, Thou art ex-cused from heav'n.

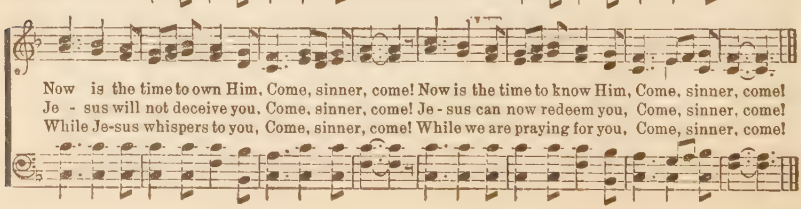


No. 265. While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

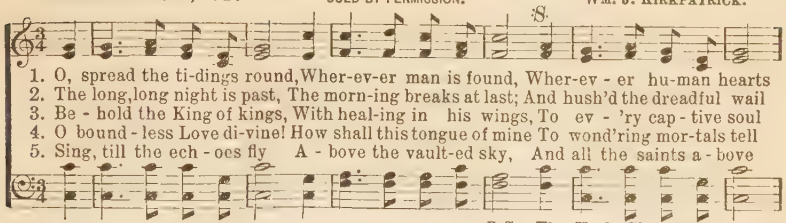

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!


Now is the time to own Him. Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you. Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 266. The Comforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

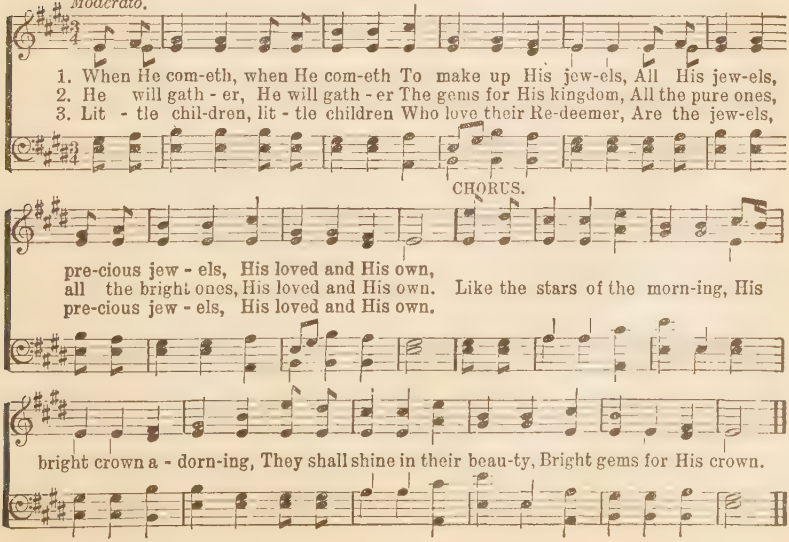
Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


S.
1. O, spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal-ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap - tive soul
4. O bound - less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a - bove
D.S.—The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n,
And hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue Proclaim the joy-ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills The day ad - van-ces fast:
A full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells The song of tri-umph rings:
The matchless grace d vine,—That I, a child of sin, Should in his im-age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less love, The song that ne'er will die:
The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher-ev - er man is found,—
FINE.
D. S.
The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come!
The Com-fort-er has come!

No. 267. Jewels.

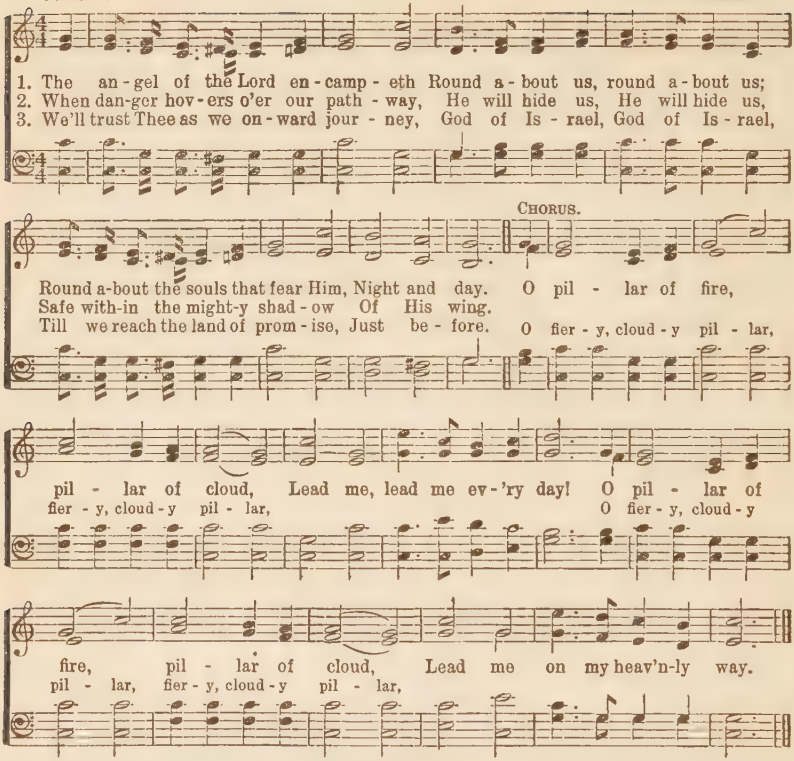
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. F. ROOT.


Modcrato.
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the pure ones,
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle children Who love their Re-deemer, Are the jew-els,
CHORUS.
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

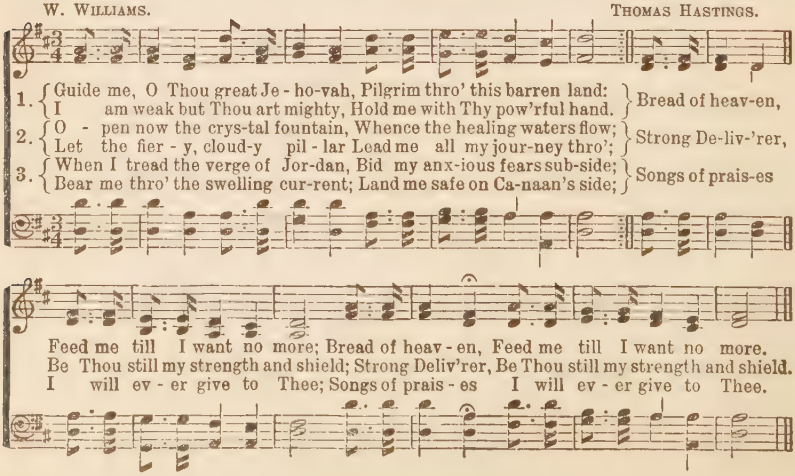
No. 268. Pillar of Fire.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The an-gel of the Lord en-camp-eth Round a-bout us, round a-bout us;
2. When dan-ger hov-ers o'er our path-way, He will hide us, He will hide us,
3. We'll trust Thee as we on-ward jour-ney, God of Is-rael, God of Is-rael,
CHORUS.
Round a-bout the souls that fear Him, Night and day. O pil-lar of fire,
Safe with-in the might-y shad-ow Of His wing.
Till we reach the land of prom-ise, Just be-fore. O fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar,
pil-lar of cloud, Lead me, lead me ev-'ry day! O pil-lar of
fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar, O fier-y, cloud-y
fire, pil-lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'n-ly way.
pil-lar, fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar,

No. 269. Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand. Bread of heav-en,
2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv-'rer,
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;
Bear me thro' the swelling cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; Songs of prais-es
Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev-er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

No. 270. Christ Returneth.

COPYRIGHT 1877, AND 1905, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' darkness and
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, perchance, that the
3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na! from heaven descending, With glo-ri-fied saints and the
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing; No sickness, no sadness, no

shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-
black-ness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the blaze of His glo-ry, When
an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a ha-lo of glo-ry, Will
dreath and no cry-ing; Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in-to glo-ry, When

CHORUS.

ceive from the world "His own."
Je-sus re-ceives "His own." O Lord Jesus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song?
Je-sus re-ceive "His own"
Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

rit.

Christ re-turn-eth; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

No. 271. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. (L. M. P.) E. F. RIMBAULT.

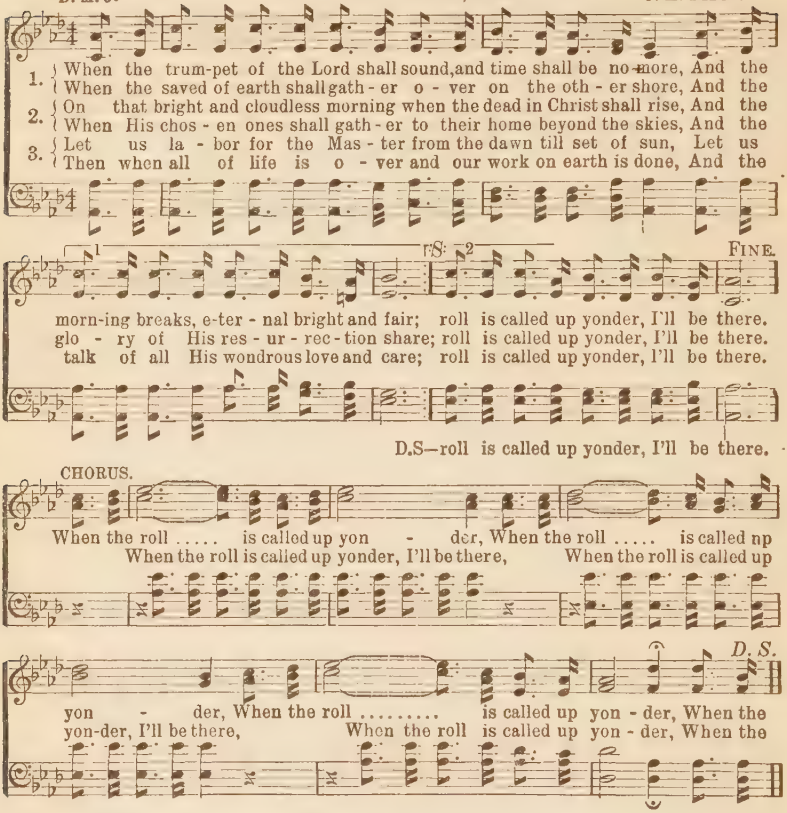
1. O hap-py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
   Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py
2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di-vine. Hap-py
3. Now rest, my long di-vi-ded heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
   Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. Hap-py

FINE. *D. S.*

day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

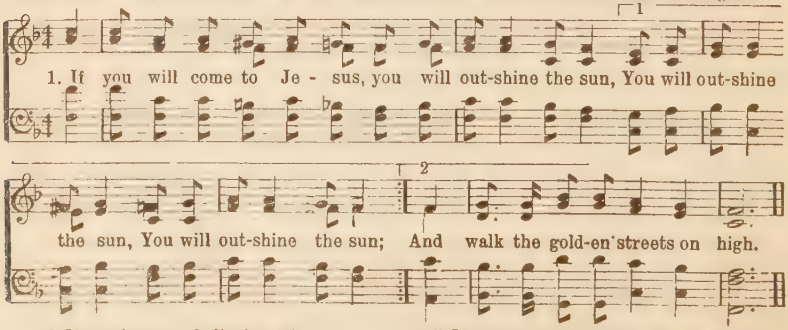
No. 272. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the
D.S.
FINE.
morn-ing breaks, e-ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
D. S.
yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

No. 273. Outshine the Sun.

(Adapted by F. E. Belden from words and music heard at Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, in 1898, when used by Melville Trotter and Harry Monroe; musical theme borrowed from old song book.

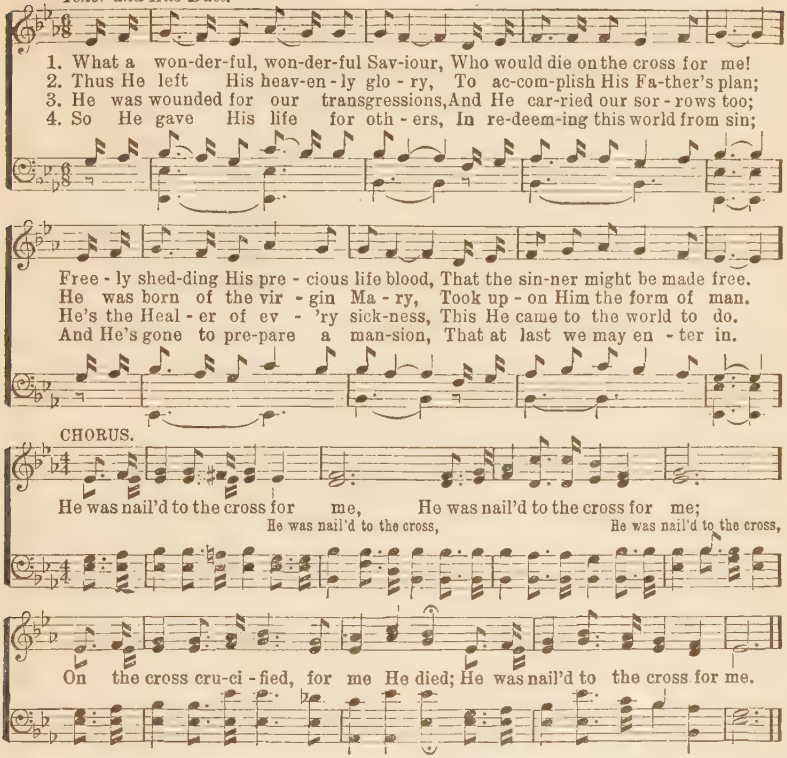

1. If you will come to Je - sus, you will out-shine the sun, You will out-shine
the sun, You will out-shine the sun; And walk the gold-en streets on high.

2 If you keep on believing, etc.
3 If you keep on obeying, etc.
4 If you lift up the fallen, etc.
5 If you're a cheerful giver, etc.
6 If you're a smiling Christian, etc.
7 If you keep close to Jesus, etc.

No. 274. He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. A. GRAVES.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. G.
Tenor and Alto Duet.

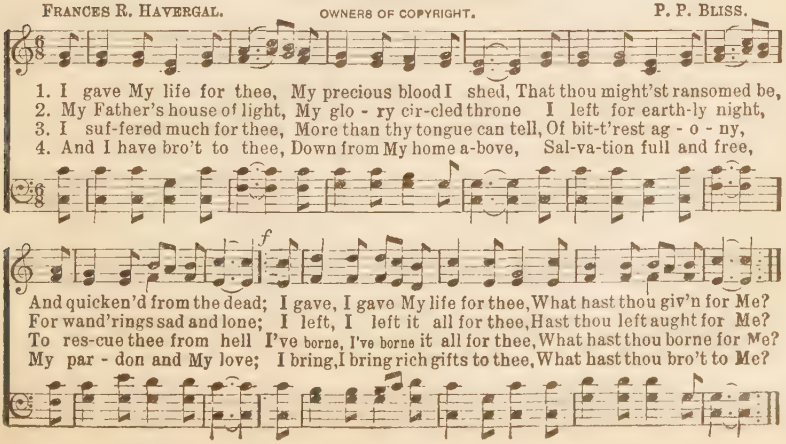
F. A. GRAVES.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor-rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;
Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal-er of ev-'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en-ter in.
CHORUS.
He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

No. 275. I Gave My Life for Thee.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

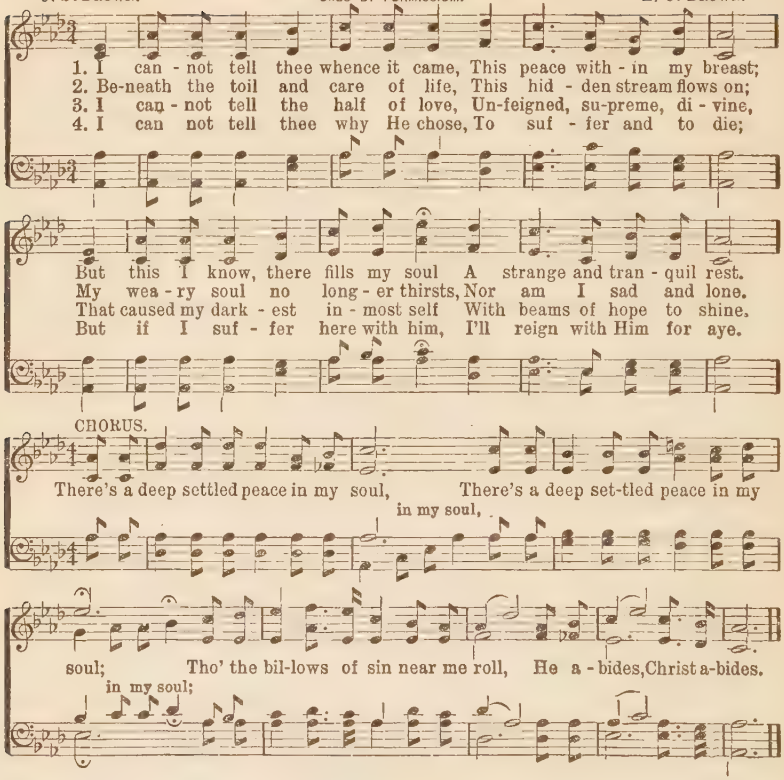
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo-ry cir-cled throne I left for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,
f
And quicken'd from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To res-cue thee from hell I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My par-don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?

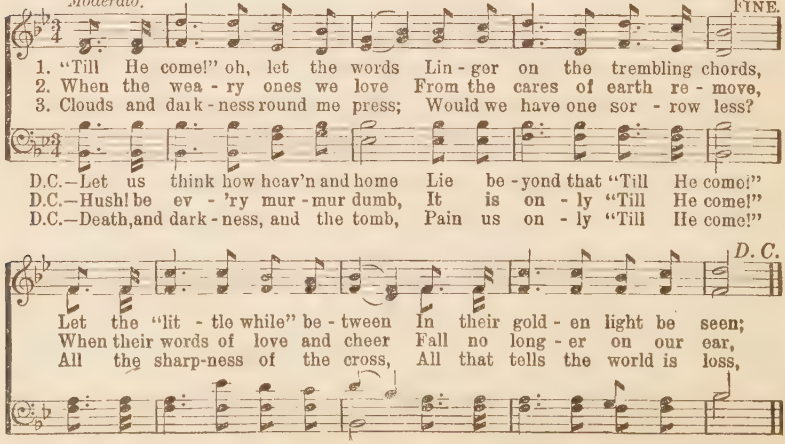
No. 276. Hidden Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY L. O. BROWN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un-feigned, su-preme, di - vine,
4. I can not tell thee why He chose, To suf - fer and to die;
But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran - quil rest.
My wea - ry soul no long - er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with him, I'll reign with Him for aye.
CHORUS.
There's a deep settled peace in my soul, There's a deep set-tled peace in my
in my soul,
soul; Tho' the bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.
in my soul;

No. 277. Till He Come.

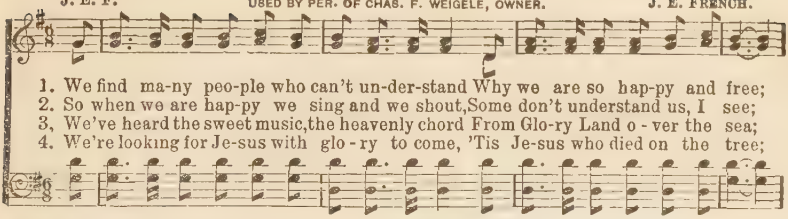
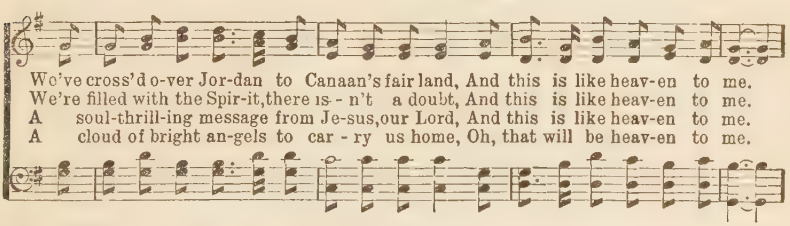
HENRY ALFORD. ARRANGED.
Moderato. FINE.

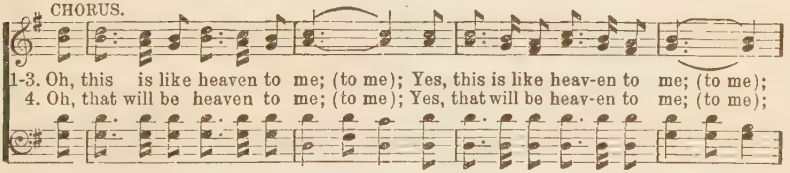

1. "Till He come!" oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea - ry ones we love From the cares of earth re - move,
3. Clouds and dark - ness round me press; Would we have one sor - row less?
D.C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
D.C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
D.C.—Death, and dark - ness, and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"
D. C.
Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no long - er on our ear,
All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,

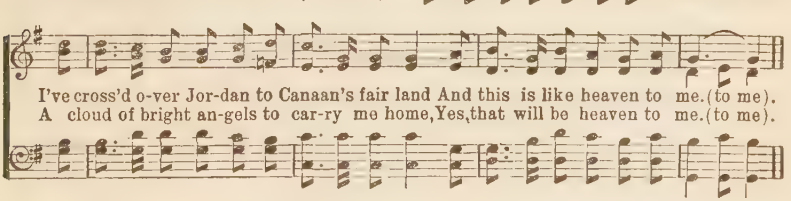
No. 278. This is Like Heaven to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY PURITY PUB. CO.
USED BY PER. OF CHAS. F. WEIGELE, OWNER.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.


1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free;
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't understand us, I see;
3. We've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chord From Glo-ry Land o-ver the sea;
4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree;

We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me.
We're filled with the Spir-it, there is-n't a doubt, And this is like heav-en to me.
A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like heav-en to me.
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry us home, Oh, that will be heav-en to me.

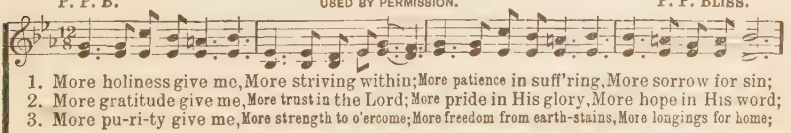
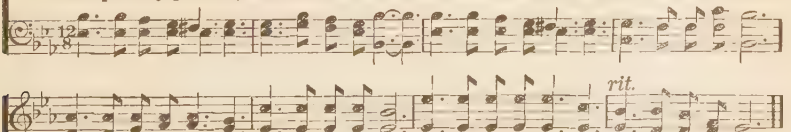

CHORUS.
1-3. Oh, this is like heaven to me; (to me); Yes, this is like heav-en to me; (to me);
4. Oh, that will be heaven to me; (to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me; (to me);


I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me. (to me).
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me. (to me).

No. 279. My Prayer.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

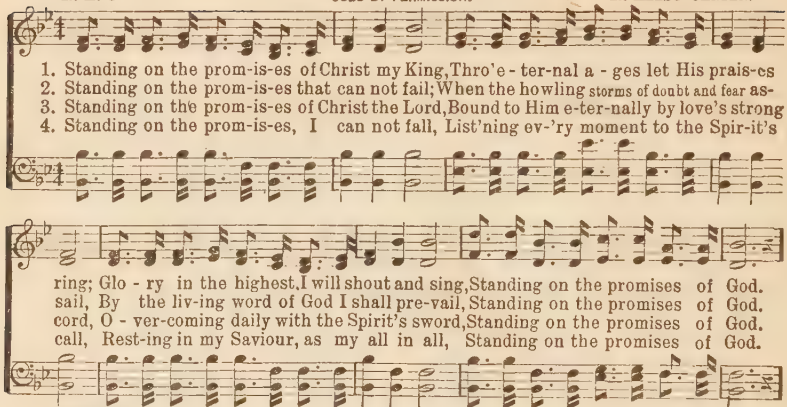
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. More holiness give me, More striving within; More patience in suff'ring, More sorrow for sin;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His glory, More hope in His word;
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

rit.
More faith in my Saviour, More sense of His care; More joy in His service, More purpose in pray'r.
More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be; More blessed and holy, More, Savior, like Thee.

No. 280. Standing On the Promises.

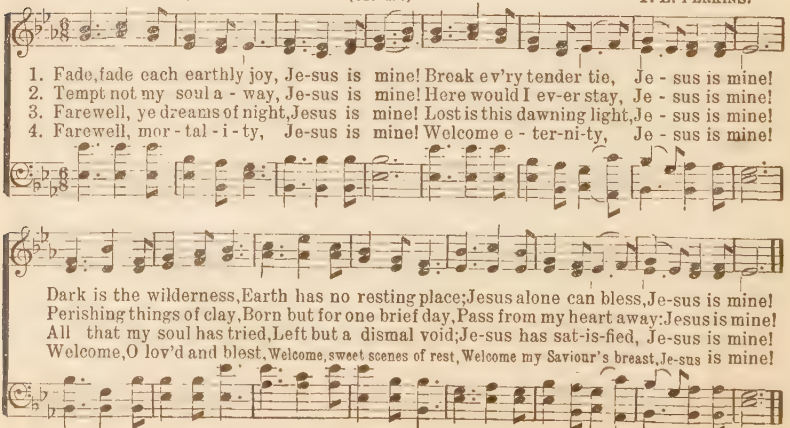
COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

R. K. C. USED BY PERMISSION. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro'e - ter-nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.
CHORUS.
Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises.
Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

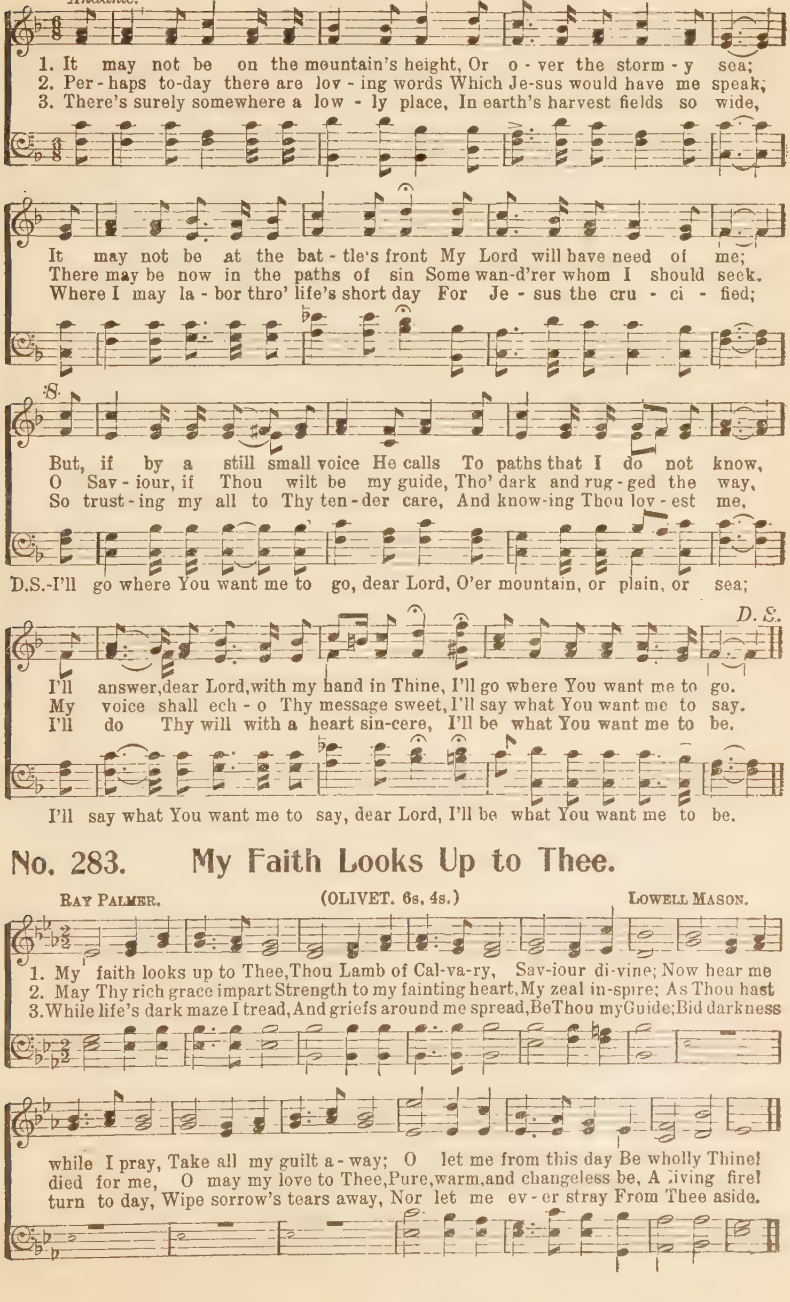
No. 281. Jesus is Mine.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s. 4s.) T. E. PERKINS.


1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev'ry tender tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine! Lost is this dawning light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Farewell, mor - tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine! Welcome e - ter-ni-ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place; Jesus alone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away: Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried, Left but a dismal void; Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, O lov'd and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

No. 282. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;
But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

No. 283. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

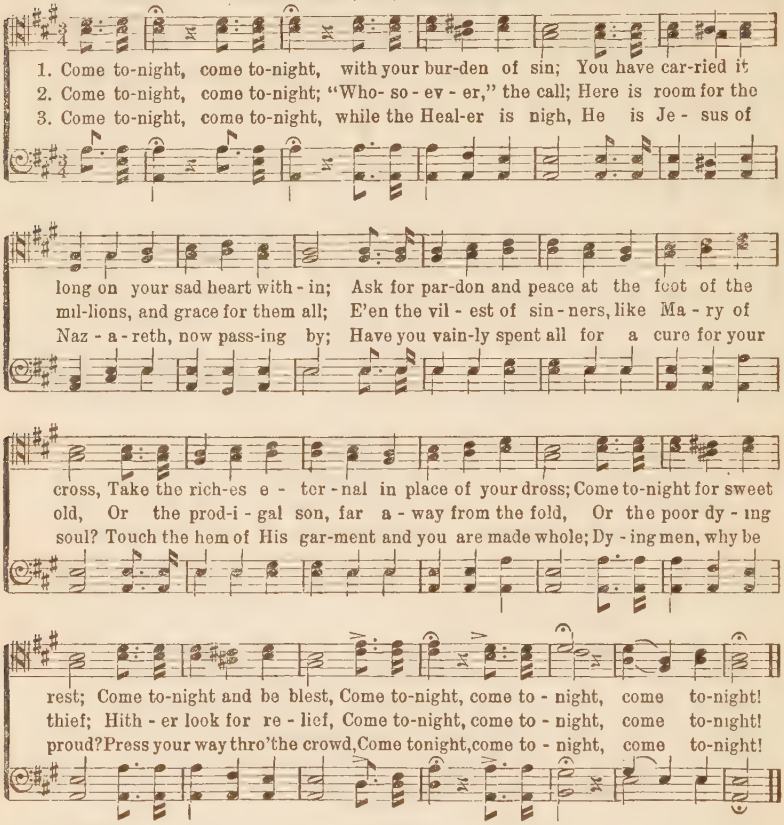
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

No. 284. Come To-Night!

(For Male Voices.)

For ladies' voices, 2d alto sing lower bass notes an octave higher.

F. E. BELDEN. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. by F.E.B.


1. Come to-night, come to-night, with your bur-den of sin; You have car-ried it
2. Come to-night, come to-night; "Who- so - ev - er," the call; Here is room for the
3. Come to-night, come to-night, while the Heal-er is nigh, He is Je - sus of
long on your sad heart with - in; Ask for par-don and peace at the feet of the
mul-lions, and grace for them all; E'en the vil - est of sin - ners, like Ma - ry of
Naz - a - reth, now pass-ing by; Have you vain-ly spent all for a cure for your
cross, Take the rich-es e - ter - nal in place of your dross; Come to-night for sweet
old, Or the prod-i - gal son, far a - way from the fold, Or the poor dy - ing
soul? Touch the hem of His gar-ment and you are made whole; Dy - ing men, why be
rest; Come to-night and be blest, Come to-night, come to - night, come to-night!
thief; Hith - er look for re - lief, Come to-night, come to - night, come to-night!
proud? Press your way thro' the crowd, Come tonight, come to - night, come to-night!

No. 285. Speed Away!

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN.

1 Speed away! speed away over mountain and sea,
To the hearts that are waiting with welcome for thee;
There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel light,
There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right,
There are voices to sing praise to Jesus the King:
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

2 Speed away! speed away from thy home fair and bright,
To the homes that are darkened by sin's starless night;
Tho' the world with its pleasures invite thee to stay,
Tho' the loved ones entreat thee "good bye" to delay,
Look away thro' the tears, to eternity's years:
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

3 Speed away! speed away, with the love of thy Lord,
With the glorious tidings revealed in His word;
Bear the Bethlehem story with gladness to men,
Bid the world to prepare for His coming again;
Free salvation proclaim thro' Immanuel's name:
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

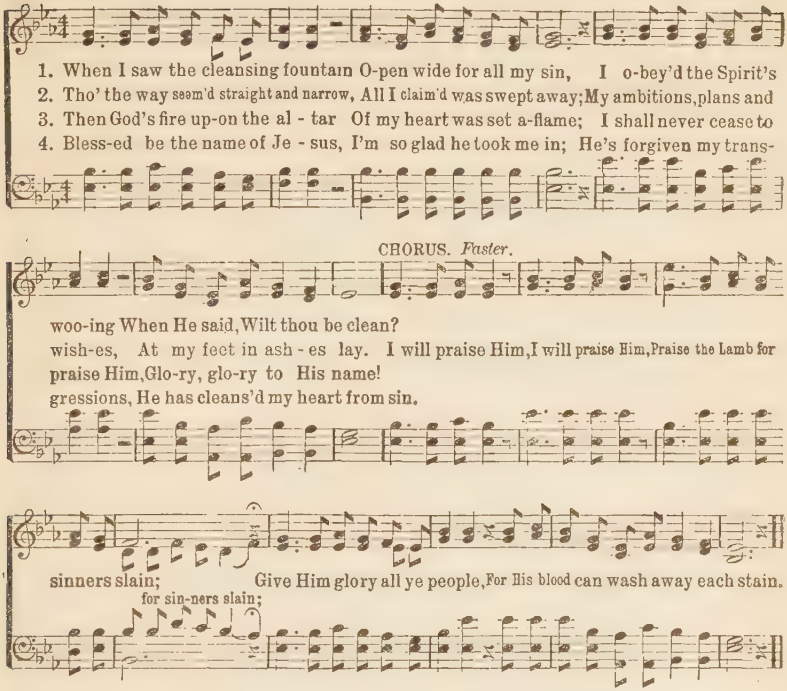
—*F. E. Belden.*

No. 286. I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. M. J. HARRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.


1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O-pen wide for all my sin, I o-bey'd the Spirit's
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and narrow, All I claim'd was swept away; My ambitions, plans and
3. Then God's fire up-on the al - tar Of my heart was set a-flame; I shall never cease to
4. Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad he took me in; He's forgiven my trans-
CHORUS. Faster.
woo-ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
wish-es, At my feet in ash - es lay. I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for
praise Him, Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!
gressions, He has cleans'd my heart from sin.
sinners slain; Give Him glory all ye people, For His blood can wash away each stain.
for sin-ners slain;

No. 287. Within.

1 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Christ has come to earth again,
Not upon the plains of Judah,
But within the hearts of men!

CHO.—Glory, glory to the Father!
Glory, glory to the Son!
Glory to the Holy Spirit!
Glory to the blessed Three in One.

2 He is seeking empty vessels,
And will put His pow'r within.
Oh, believe, accept, receive Him,
He will cleanse your life from sin.

3 Tarry, tarry, for the Spirit,
And you will not wait in vain,
For the Father comes to bless you
With His glorious "Latter Rain!"

4 Then will burst the joyful message,
From your yielded lips of clay,
"Jesus Christ is coming, coming,
Oh, prepare ye for that day!"

—Bernice Lee.

No. 288. Always the Same.

1 God in heaven, Thou dost see us,
Bowing humbly at Thy feet;
Thou dost hear Thy children calling;
Thou wilt send the answer sweet.

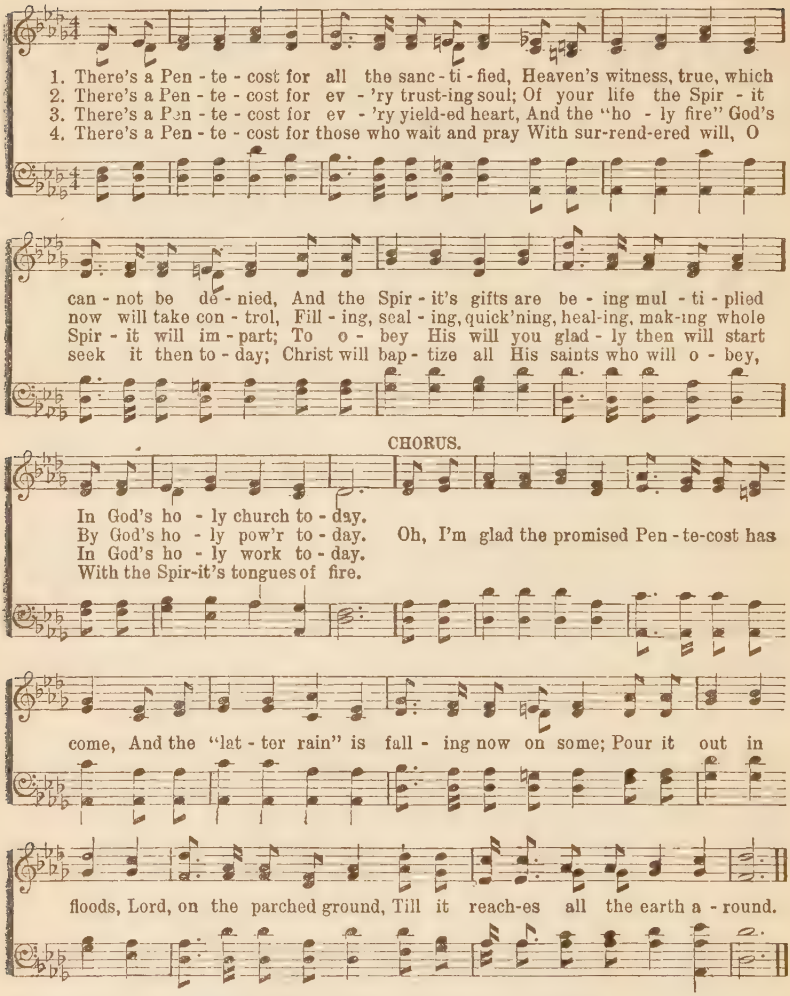
CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
He is always just the same;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise and honor to His glorious name.

2 "Art thou hung'ring for my fulness?
Child of mine, leave all to me;
I will satisfy thy longings;
I am working now in thee."

3 "I will heal thee;" yes, 'tis Jesus
Saying, "Child, bring all to me,
For I bore thy every sickness
Long ago on Calvary."

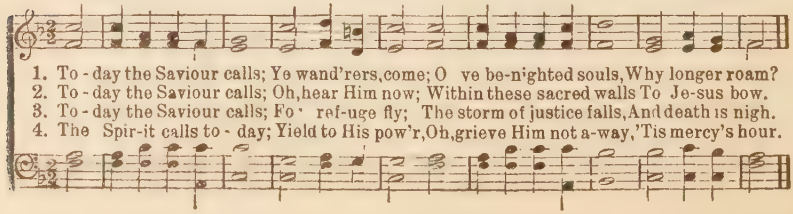
4 "I will guide thee;" blessed promise!
"Child of mine, be not afraid;
Hand in hand we'll walk together
Through the sunshine or the shade."

No. 289. Pentecost Has Come.

D. W. M. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. There's a Pen - te - cost for all the sanc - ti - fied, Heaven's witness, true, which
2. There's a Pen - te - cost for ev - 'ry trust-ing soul; Of your life the Spir - it
3. There's a Pen - te - cost for ev - 'ry yield-ed heart, And the "ho - ly fire" God's
4. There's a Pen - te - cost for those who wait and pray With sur-rend-ered will, O
can - not be de - nied, And the Spir - it's gifts are be - ing mul - ti - plied
now will take con - trol, Fill - ing, seal - ing, quick'ning, heal-ing, mak-ing whole
Spir - it will im - part; To o - bey His will you glad - ly then will start
seek it then to - day; Christ will bap - tize all His saints who will o - bey,
CHORUS.
In God's ho - ly church to - day.
By God's ho - ly pow'r to - day.
In God's ho - ly work to - day.
With the Spir-it's tongues of fire.
Oh, I'm glad the promised Pen - te-cost has
come, And the "lat - ter rain" is fall - ing now on some; Pour it out in
floods, Lord, on the parched ground, Till it reach-es all the earth a - round.

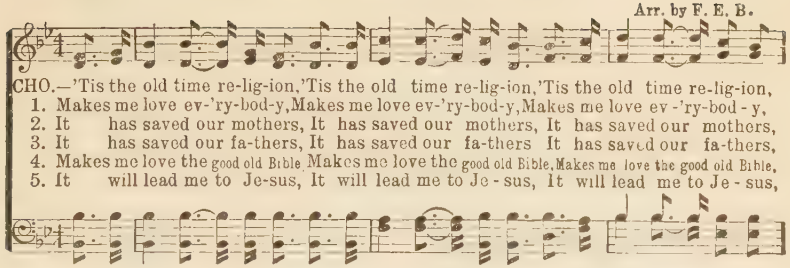
No. 290. To-Day The Saviour Calls.

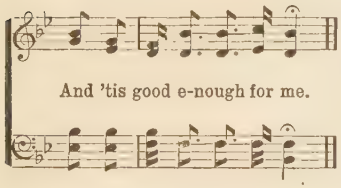
S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.) L. MASON.


1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-nighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls; Fo · ref-uge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r, Oh, grieve Him not a-way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 291. Old Time Religion.

Arr. by F. E. B.


CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
2. It has saved our mothers, It has saved our mothers, It has saved our mothers,
3. It has saved our fa-thers, It has saved our fa-thers It has saved our fa-thers,
4. Makes me love the good old Bible, Makes me love the good old Bible, Makes me love the good old Bible,
5. It will lead me to Je-sus, It will lead me to Je-sus, It will lead me to Je-sus,



6 It was good for the the prophet Daniel,
And 'tis good enough for me.

7 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And 'tis good enough for me.

8 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And 'tis good enough for me.

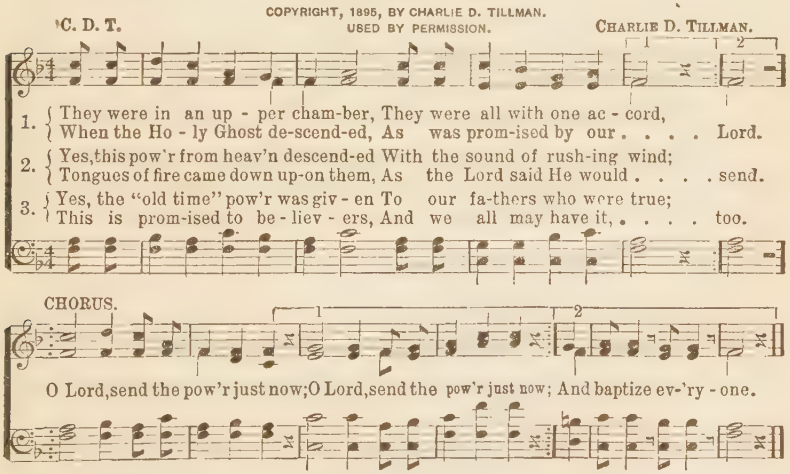
9 It will do when I am dying,
And 'tis good enough for me.

10 It will take us all to heaven,
And 'tis good enough for me.

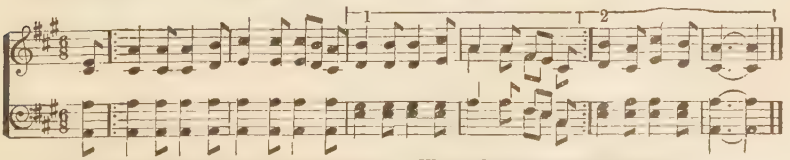
No. 292. Old Time Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.


1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our . . . . Lord.
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said He would . . . . send.
3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa-thers who were true;
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, ... too.
CHORUS.
O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And baptize ev-'ry - one.

No. 293. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



1. ‖: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, :‖ Where Jesus answers prayer.

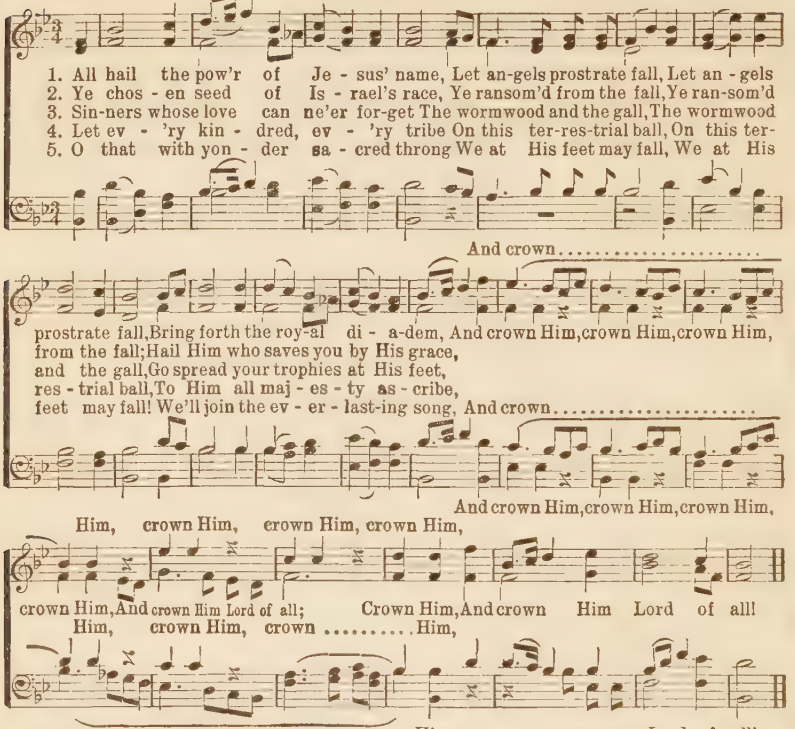
CHO.—‖: I can, I will, I do believe, :‖ That Jesus saves me now.

2. ‖: Refining fire, go through my heart, :‖ Illuminate my soul.

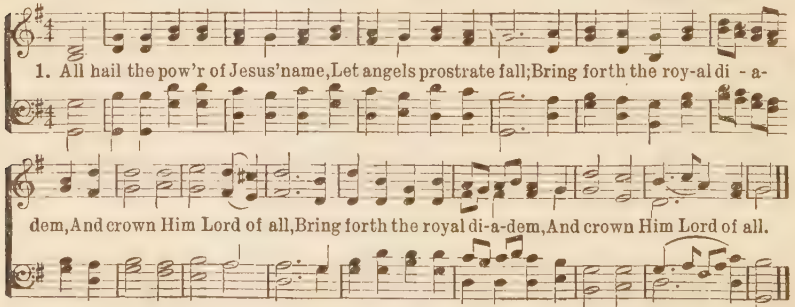
3. ‖: O that it now from heav'n might fall, :‖ And all my sins consume.

No. 294. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM. C. M.) Arr. by T. RICHARDS.

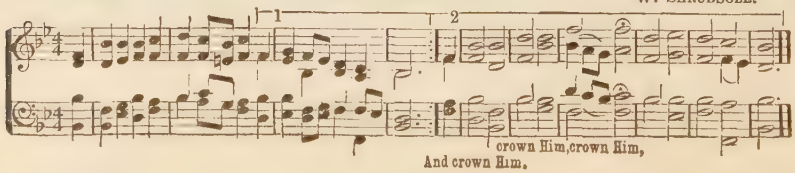

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His
And crown.....
prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown.....
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,
crown ..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 295. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-
dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

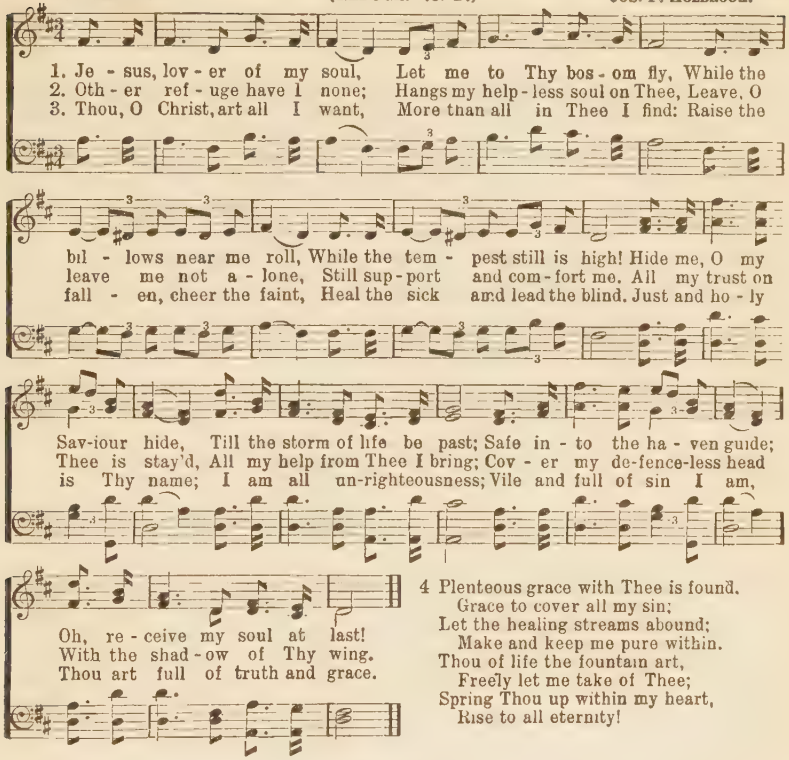
No. 296. Miles Lane.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



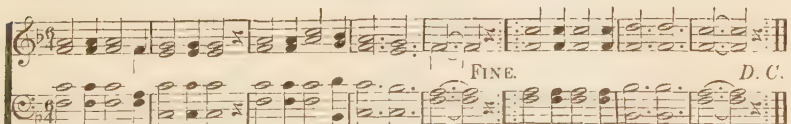
No. 297. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee, Leave, O
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find: Raise the
bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my
leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on
fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly
Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;
Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de-fence-less head
is Thy name; I am all un-righteousness; Vile and full of sin I am,
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Thou art full of truth and grace.

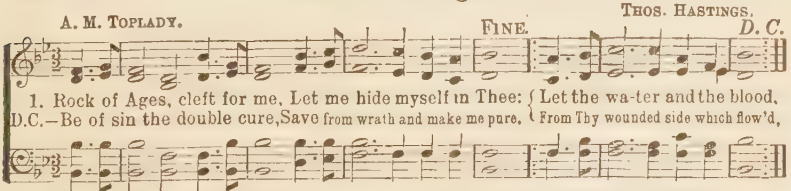
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found.
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 298. Martyn.



No. 299. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

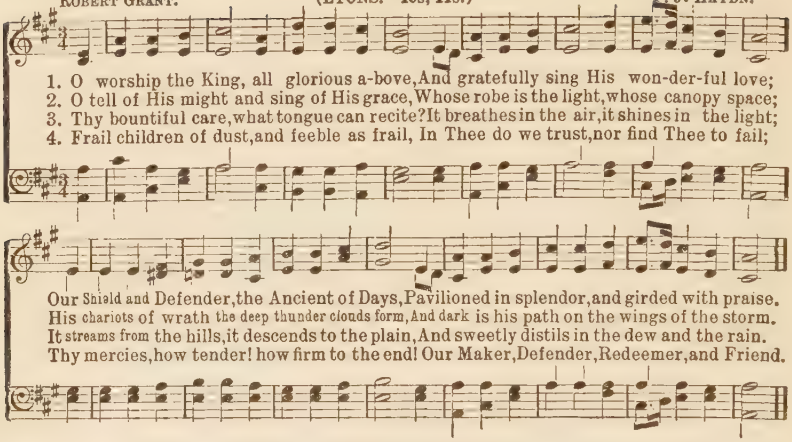

FINE.
D. C.
1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: { Let the wa-ter and the blood,
D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

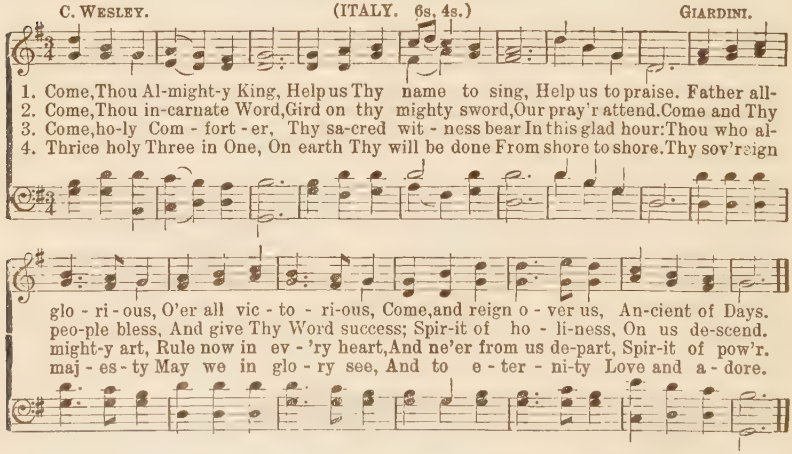
No. 300. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s, 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.


1. O worship the King, all glorious a-bove, And gratefully sing His won-der-ful love;
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 301. Help Us to Praise.

C. WESLEY. (ITALY. 6s, 4s.) GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all-
2. Come, Thou in-carnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend. Come and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. Thrice holy Three in One, On earth Thy will be done From shore to shore. Thy sov'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word success; Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.
might-y art, Rule now in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a - dore.

No. 302. Christ for the World We Sing.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sinsick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

—*Samuel Wolcott.*

No. 303. Praise Ye Jehovah's Name.

Praise ye Jehovah's name,
Praise thro' His courts proclaim,
Rise and adore.
High o'er the heav'ns above,
Sound His great acts of love,
While His rich grace we prove,
Vast as His pow'r.

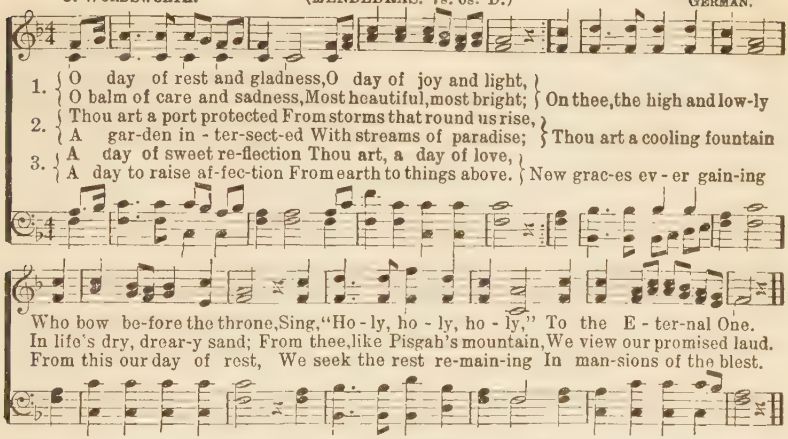
Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as His fame.
There let the harp be found;
Organs oi solemn sound
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His name.

While His high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noble fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

—*William Goode.*

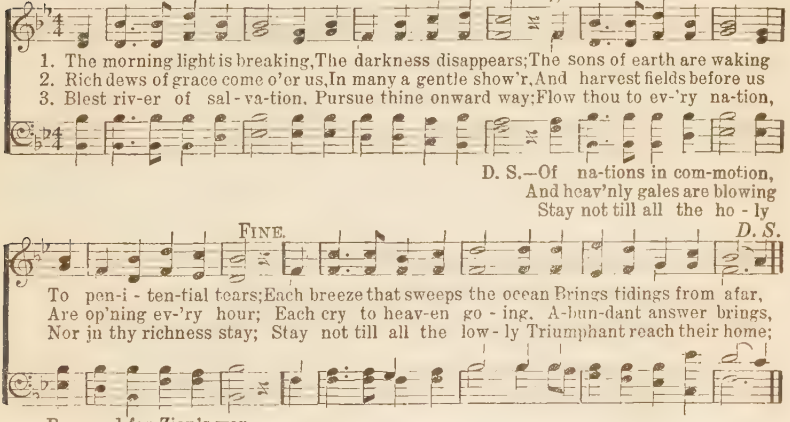
No. 304. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s. 6s. D.) GERMAN.


1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly
2. Thou art a port protected From storms that round us rise,
A gar-den in - ter-sect-ed With streams of paradise; Thou art a cooling fountain
3. A day of sweet re-flection Thou art, a day of love,
A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things above. New grac-es ev - er gain-ing
Who bow be-fore the throne, Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the E - ter-nal One.
In life's dry, drear-y sand; From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised laud.
From this our day of rest, We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

No. 305. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. (WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.) G. J. Webb.


1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r, And harvest fields before us
3. Blest riv-er of sal - va-tion, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion,
D. S.—Of na-tions in com-motion,
And heav'nly gales are blowing
Stay not till all the ho - ly
FINE.
D. S.
To pen-i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
Are op'ning ev-'ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go - ing, A-bun-dant answer brings,
Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Triumphant reach their home;
Prepared for Zion's war.
With peace upon their wings.
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 306. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

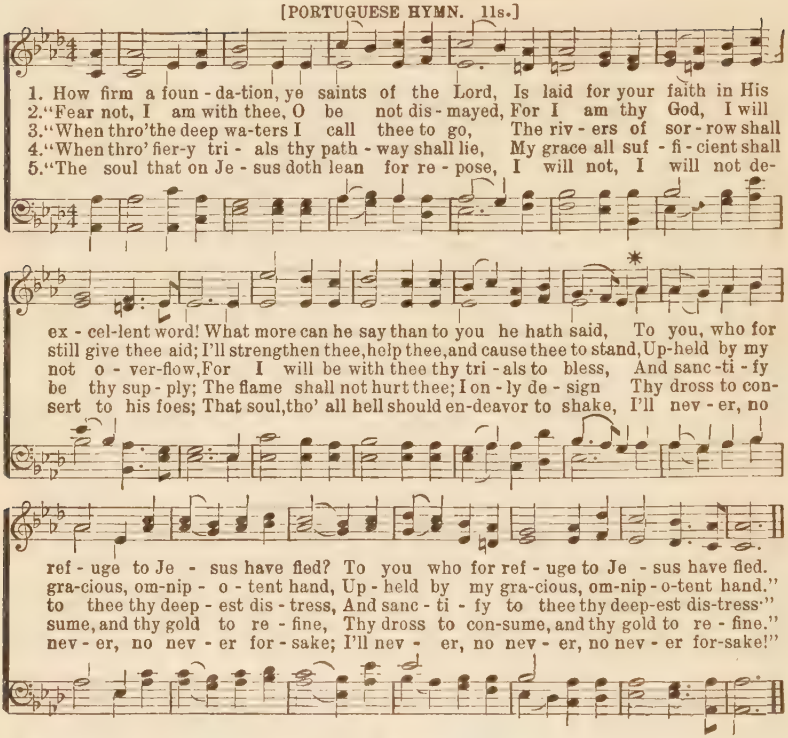
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust yonr own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

No. 307. How Firm a Foundation.

[PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.]


1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2."Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3."When thro'the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4."When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall
5."The soul that on Je - sus doth lean for re - pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - ver-flow, For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deavor to shake, I'll nev - er, no
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand."
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."
nev - er, no nev - er for - sake; I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!"

No. 308. Let Us Adore Him.

(Sing to last part of "Portuguese Hymn," beginning at *)

1 O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Our Saviour and Lord.

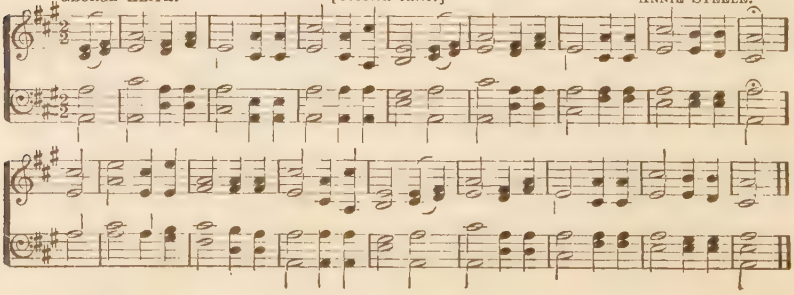
2 For He alone is worthy,
For He alone is worthy,
For He alone is worthy,
Our Saviour and Lord.

3 We give Him praise and glory,
We give Him praise and glory,
We give Him praise and glory,
Our Saviour and Lord.

4 We'll crown Him King forever,
We'll crown Him King forever,
We'll crown Him King forever,
Our Saviour and Lord.

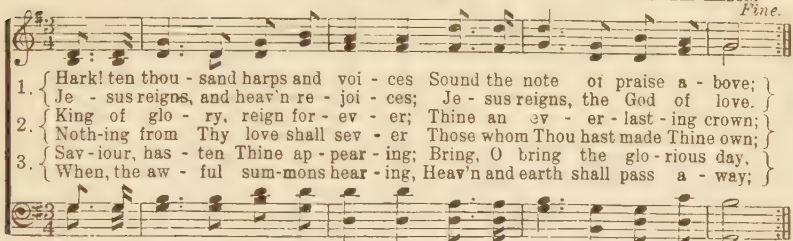
No. 309. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. [*Second tune.*] ANNIE STEELE.



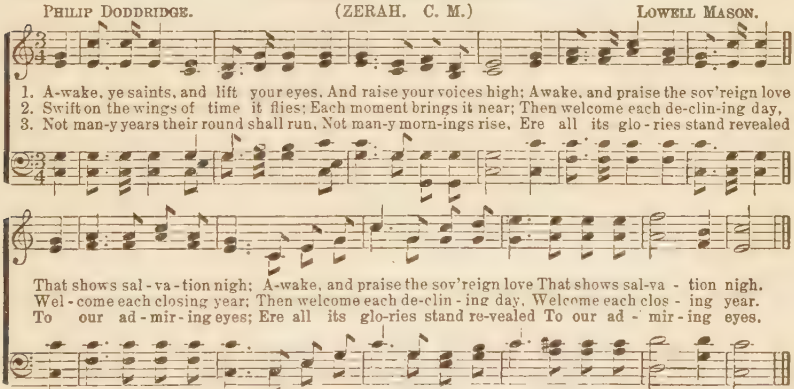
No. 310. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

THOMAS KELLEY. (HARWELL. 8s. 7s.) LOWELL MASON.


Fine.
1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
3. Sav - iour, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
D. C.
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King."

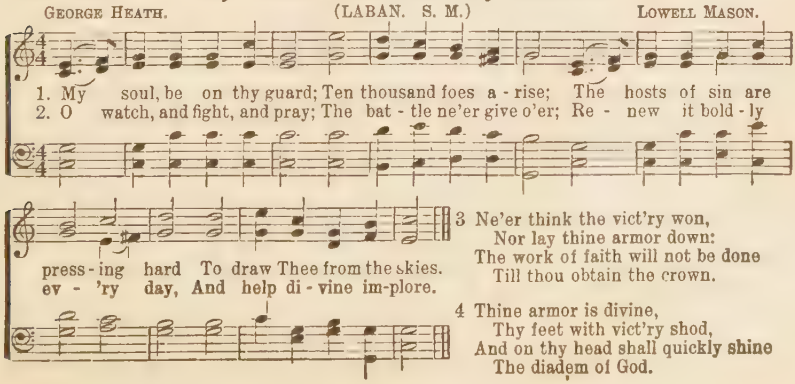
No. 311. Awake, Ye Saints.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.


1. A-wake, ye saints, and lift your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise the sov'reign love
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near; Then welcome each de-clin-ing day,
3. Not man-y years their round shall run, Not man-y morn-ings rise, Ere all its glo - ries stand revealed
That shows sal - va - tion nigh; A-wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal-va - tion nigh.
Wel - come each closing year; Then welcome each de-clin - ing day, Welcome each clos - ing year.
To our ad - mir - ing eyes; Ere all its glo-ries stand re-vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

No. 312. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

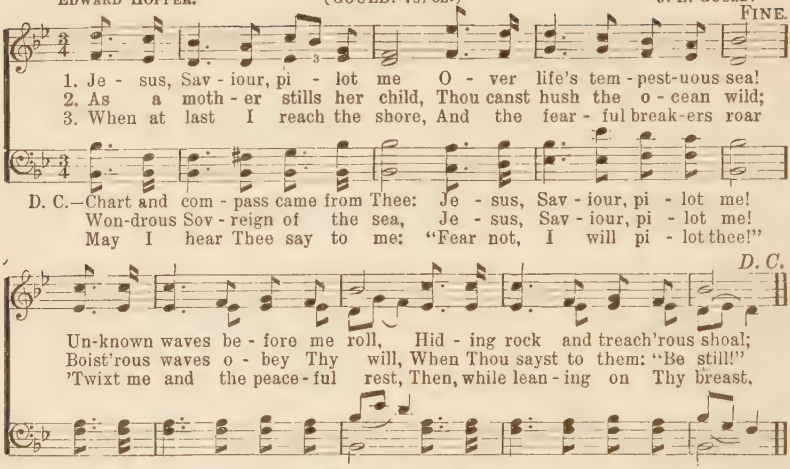

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly
press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with vict'ry shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

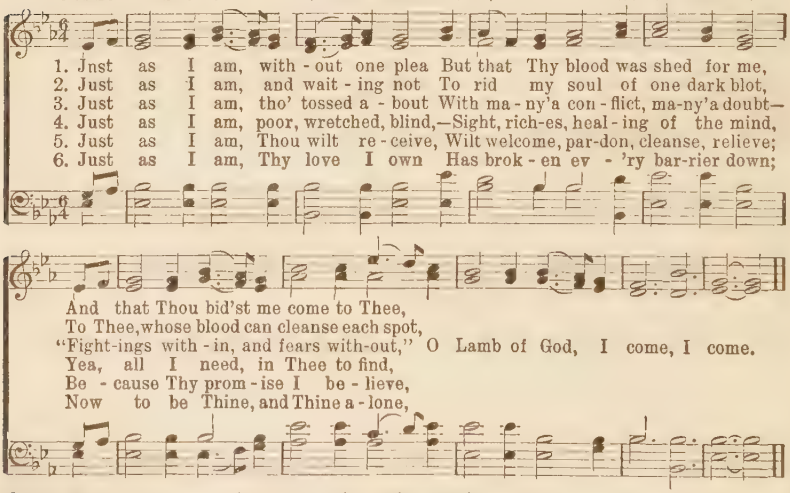
No. 313. Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. (GOULD. 7s. 6L.) J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
Won-drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

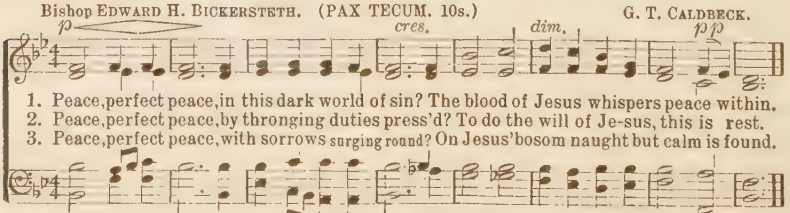
No. 314. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny'a con - flict, ma-ny'a doubt—
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has brok - en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
"Fight-ings with - in, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,
Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,

No. 315. Peace, Perfect Peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. (PAX TECUM. 10s.) G. T. CALDBECK.


p
cres.
dim.
pp
1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

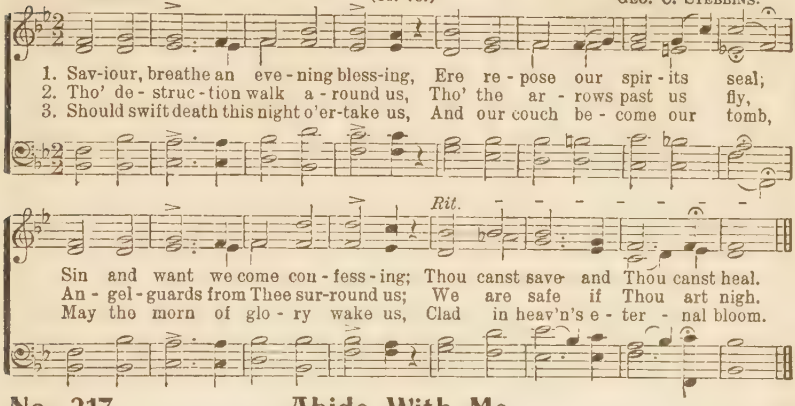
4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

No. 316. Evening Prayer.

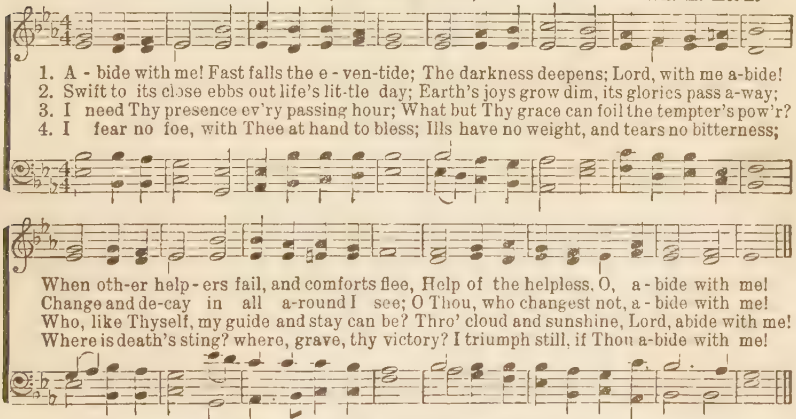
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

J. EDMESTON. (8s. 7s.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
3. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,
Rit.
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel-guards from Thee sur-round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn of glo-ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e-ter-nal bloom.

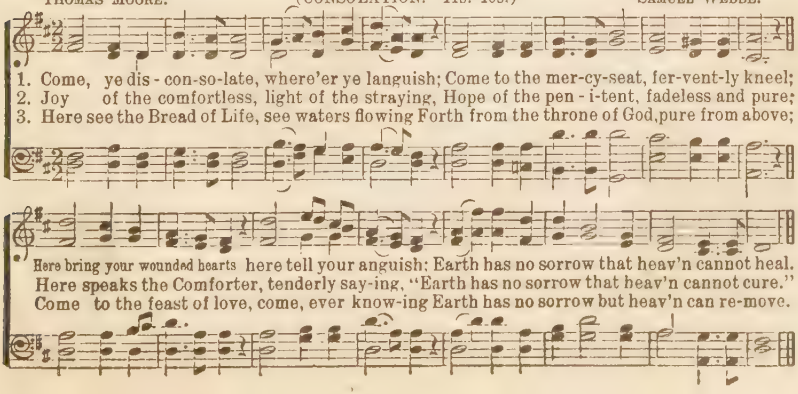
No. 317. Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) WM. H. MONK.


1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a-bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me!

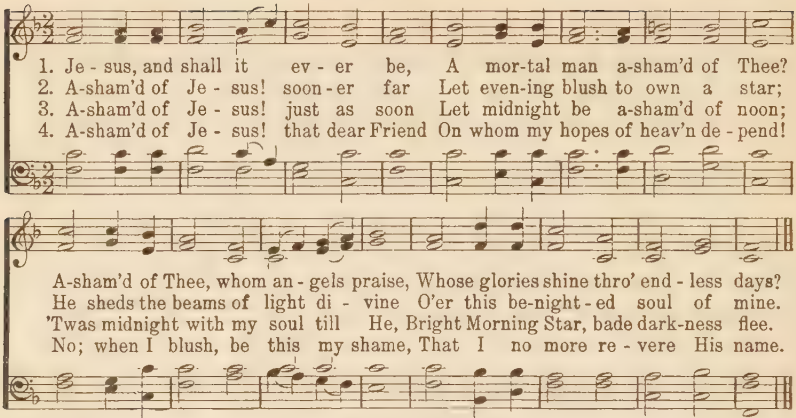
No. 318. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. (CONSOLATION. 11s. 10s.) SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish: Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ever know-ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

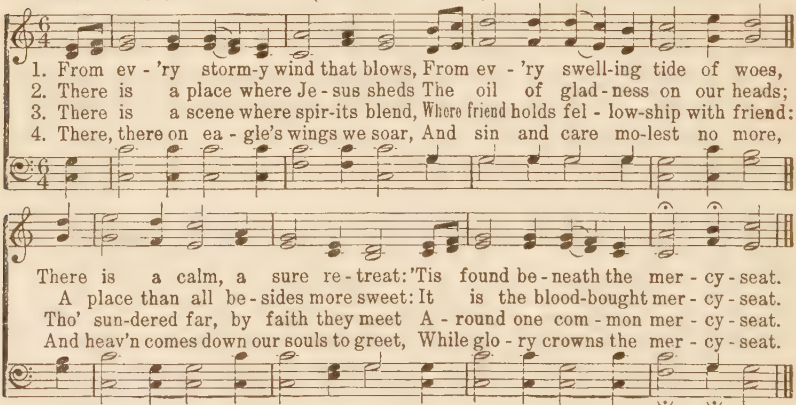
No. 319. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL ST. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-sham'd of Thee?
2. A-sham'd of Je - sus! soon - er far Let even-ing blush to own a star;
3. A-sham'd of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be a-sham'd of noon;
4. A-sham'd of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!
A-sham'd of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
'Twas midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bade dark-ness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

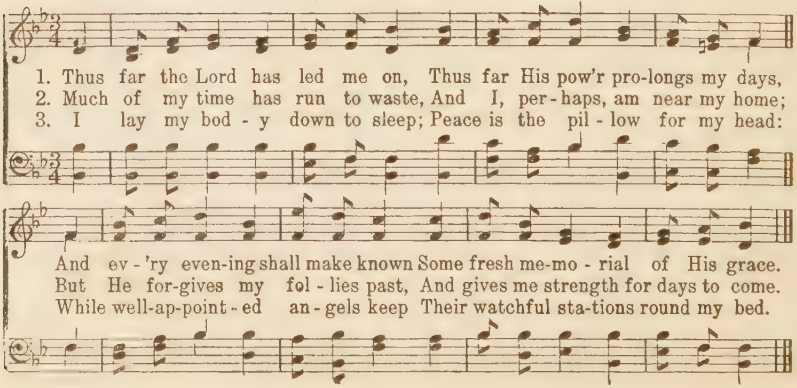
No. 320. The Mercy-Seat.

REV. HUGH STOWELL. (RETREAT. L. M.) DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and care mo-lest no more,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

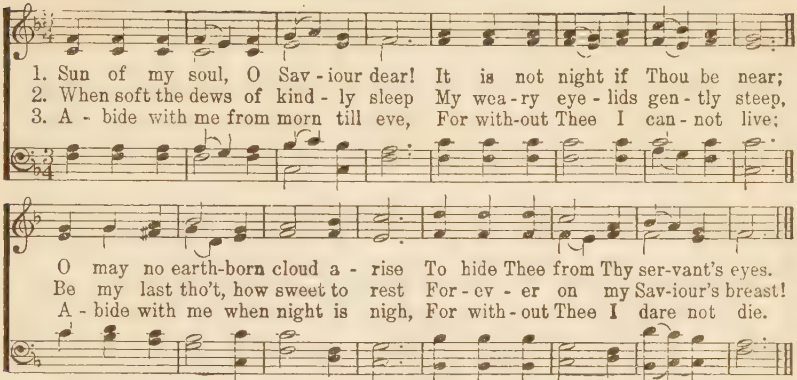
No. 321. Thus Far.

I. WATTS. (HEBRON. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days,
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head:
And ev - 'ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

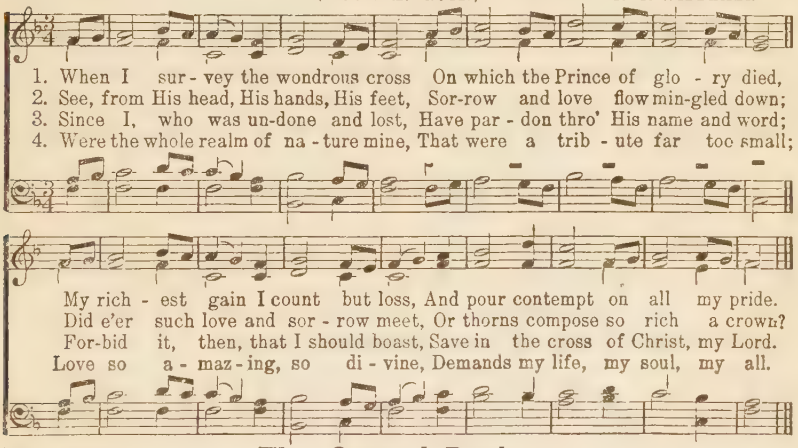
No. 322. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.


1. Sun of my soul, O Sav - iour dear! It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.

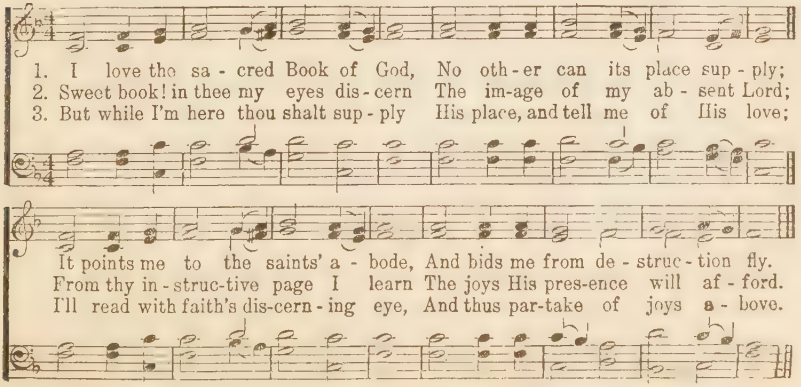
No. 323. The Wondrous Gross.

ISAAC WATTS. (McCABE. L. M.) E. S. WIDDEMER.


1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have par - don thro' His name and word;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
For-bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

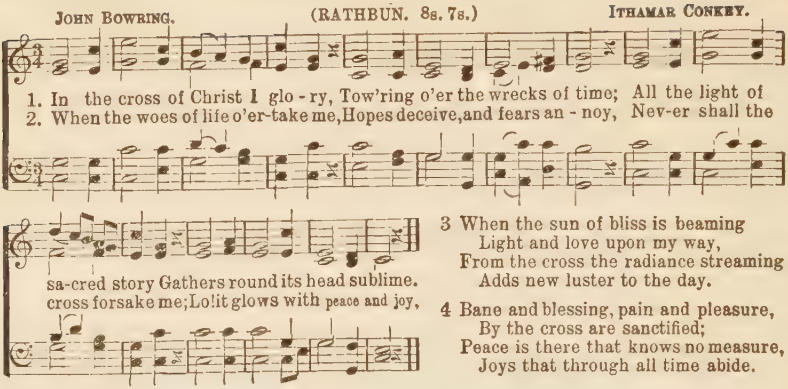
No. 324. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.


1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im-age of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;
It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern - ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

No. 325. The Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

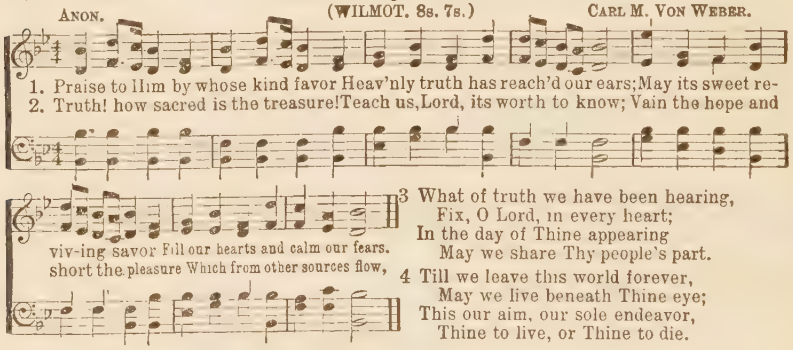

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev-er shall the
sa-cred story Gathers round its head sublime.
cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy,

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 326. Heavenly Truth.

ANON. (WILMOT. 8s. 7s.) CARL M. VON WEBER.

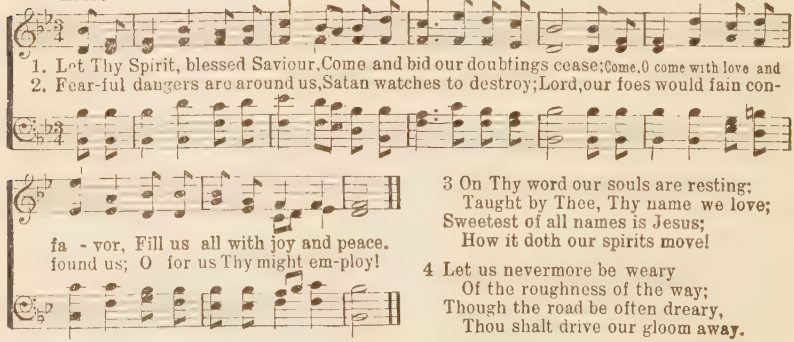

1. Praise to Him by whose kind favor Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears; May its sweet re-
2. Truth! how sacred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know; Vain the hope and
viv-ing savor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
short the pleasure Which from other sources flow,

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of Thine appearing
May we share Thy people's part.

4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath Thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
Thine to live, or Thine to die.

No. 327. Bid Our Doubtings Cease.

ANON. (STOCKWELL. 8s. 7s.) D. E. JONES.


1. Let Thy Spirit, blessed Saviour, Come and bid our doubtings cease; Come, O come with love and
2. Fear-ful dangers are around us, Satan watches to destroy; Lord, our foes would fain con-
fa - vor, Fill us all with joy and peace.
found us; O for us Thy might em-ploy!

3 On Thy word our souls are resting;
Taught by Thee, Thy name we love;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus;
How it doth our spirits move!

4 Let us nevermore be weary
Of the roughness of the way;
Though the road be often dreary,
Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

No. 328. Ere We Go.

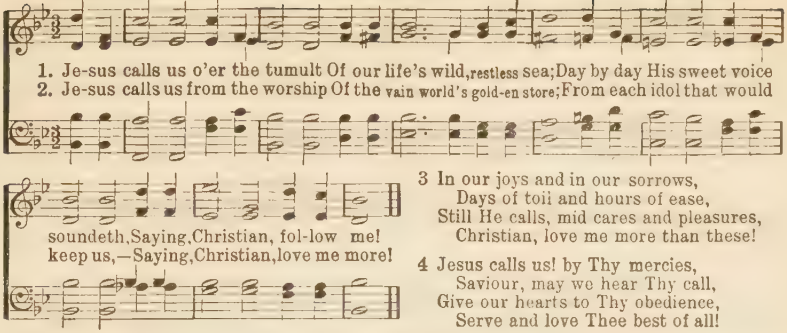
THOMAS KELLY.

1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see Thy face;
Let Thy Spirit's light be given,
All our hidden paths to trace.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come.

No. 329. Jesus Calls Us.

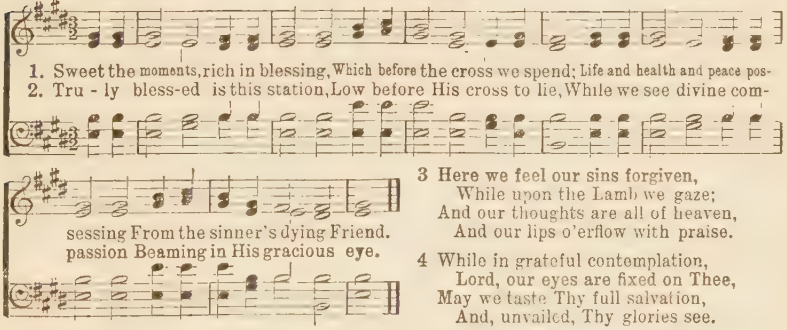
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE. 8s. 7s.) W. H. JUDE.

1. Je-sus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol-low me!
2. Je-sus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's gold-en store; From each idol that would keep us, — Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, mid cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

No. 330. Sweet the Moments.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (DORRNANCE. 8s. 7s.) I. WOODBURY.

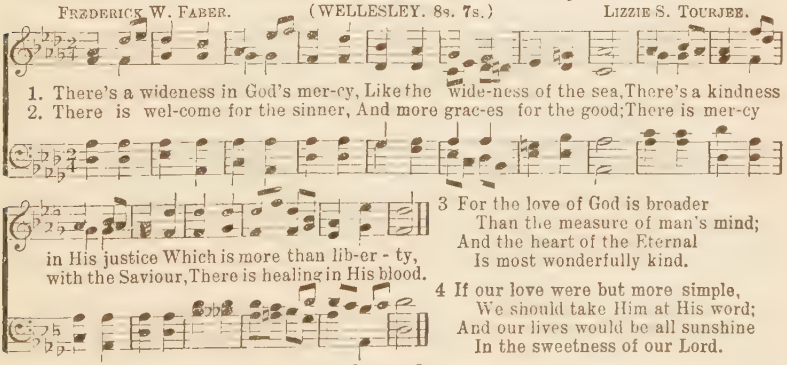

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend; Life and health and peace pos-sessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
2. Tru - ly bless-ed is this station, Low before His cross to lie, While we see divine com-passion Beaming in His gracious eye.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

4 While in grateful contemplation,
Lord, our eyes are fixed on Thee,
May we taste Thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, Thy glories see.

No. 331. Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. (WELLESLEY. 8s. 7s.) LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than lib-er - ty,
2. There is wel-come for the sinner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 332. God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING.

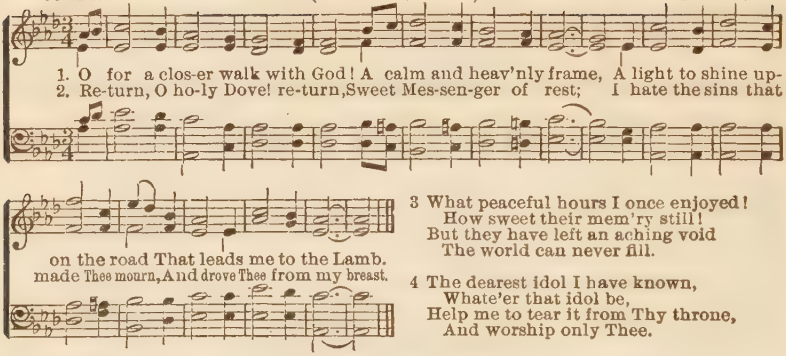
1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Ev'rywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

No. 333. A Closer Walk.

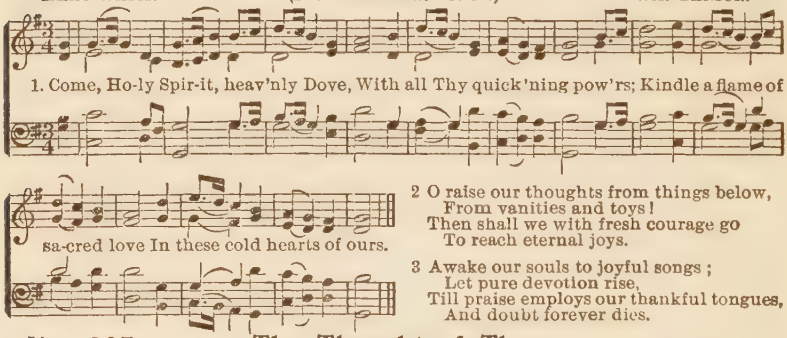
COWPER. (MANOAH. C. M.) HAYDN.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up-
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! re-turn, Sweet Mes-sen-ger of rest; I hate the sins that
on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

No. 334. Heavenly Dove.

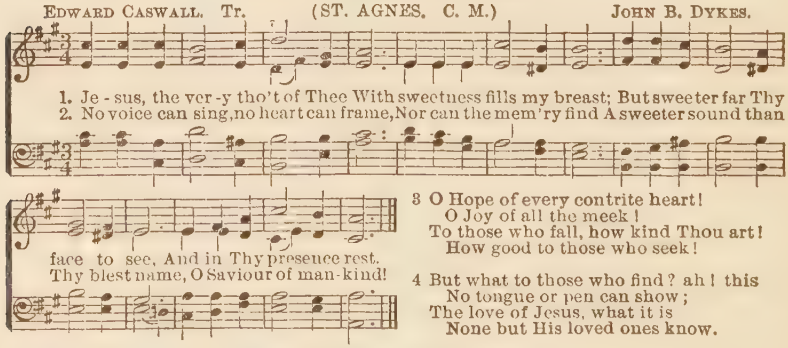
ISAAC WATTS. (ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) WM. TANSUR.



2 O raise our thoughts from things below,
From vanities and toys!
Then shall we with fresh courage go
To reach eternal joys.

3 Awake our souls to joyful songs;
Let pure devotion rise,
Till praise employs our thankful tongues,
And doubt forever dies.

No. 335. The Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL, Tr. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver-y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than
face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
Thy blest name, O Saviour of man-kind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 336. How Sweet the Name!

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

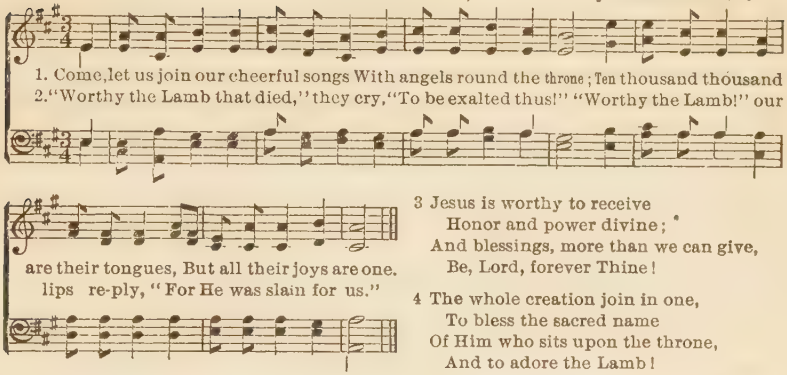
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treas'ry, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

NEWTON.

No. 337. Join Our Cheerful Songs.

ISAAC WATTS. (AZMON. C. M.) Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!" "Worthy the Lamb!" our
are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

338. O For a Heart to Praise!

1 O for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine!
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

CHARLES WESLEY.

339. O For a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

340. O For a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

WM. H. BATHURST.

341. The Healing Touch.

1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

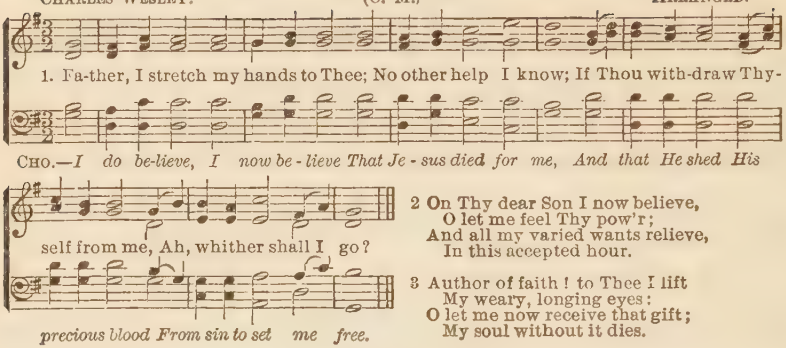
2 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper, with his tainted life,
The sick, with fevered brain.

3 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed,
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

4 Be Thou our great Deliv'rer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.

E. H. PLUMTREE.

No. 342. I Do Believe.

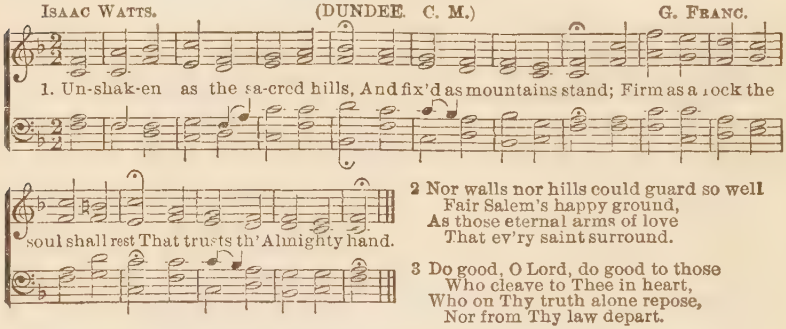
CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.) ARRANGED.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No other help I know; If Thou with-draw Thy-
self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me, And that He shed His
precious blood From sin to set me free.

2 On Thy dear Son I now believe,
O let me feel Thy pow'r;
And all my varied wants relieve,
In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

No. 343. Firm As a Rock.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.

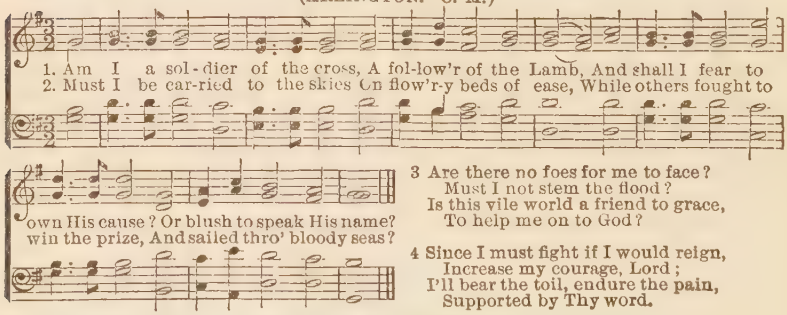


2 Nor walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround.

3 Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on Thy truth alone repose,
Nor from Thy law depart.

No. 344. Am I a Soldier?

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease, While others fought to
own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?
win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 345. Stretch Every Nerve.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

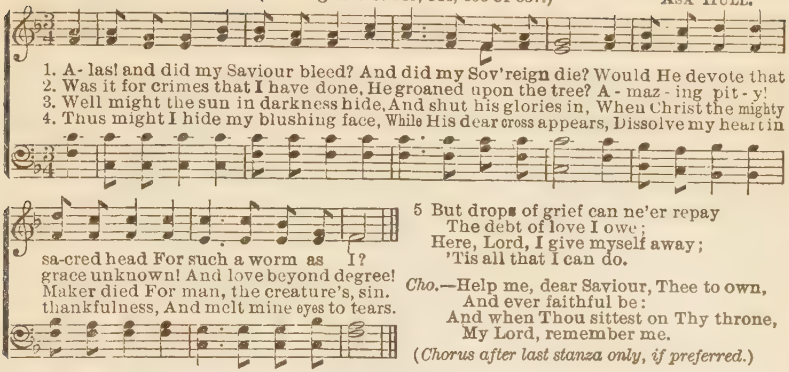
2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis He whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 346. Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. (Or sing to No. 343, 344, 333 or 337.) ASA HULL.

1. A- las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the mighty
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in
sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
Maker died For man, the creature's, sin.
thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

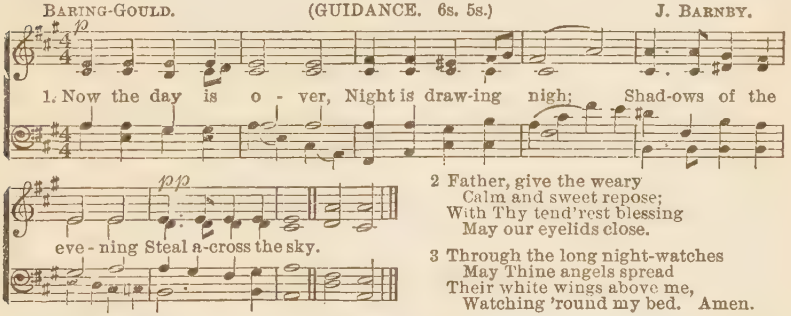
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be:
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
My Lord, remember me.

(*Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.*)

No. 347. Repose.

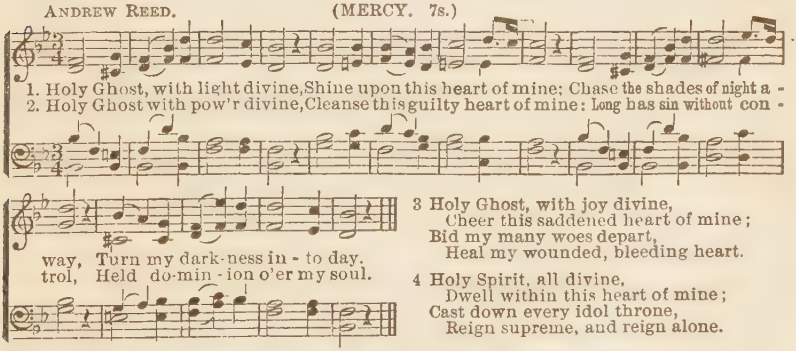
BARING-GOULD. (GUIDANCE. 6s. 5s.) J. BARNBY.



2 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed. Amen.

No. 348. Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.)

1. Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a -
2. Holy Ghost with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine: Long has sin without con -
way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
trol, Hold do-min - ion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

No. 349. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

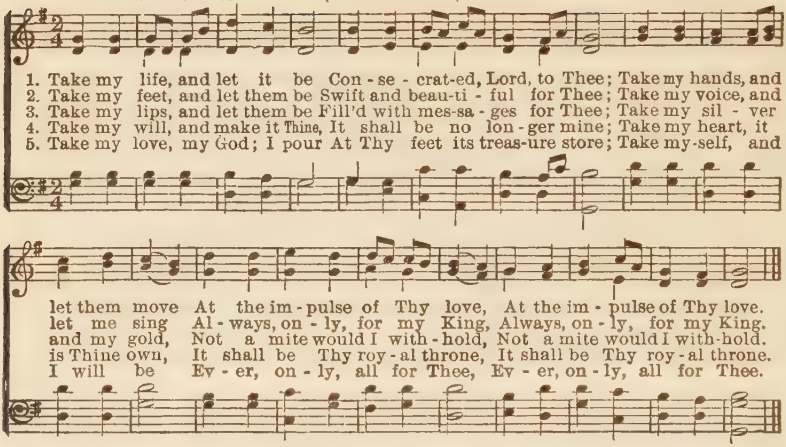
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

BP. DOANE.

No. 350. Surrendered Life.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa - ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it
5. Take my love, my God; I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store; Take my-self, and
let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, Always, on - ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 351. Hark! That Shout.

1 Hark! that shout of rapture high,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and through the sky,
‖: Angels tell their joy aloud. :‖

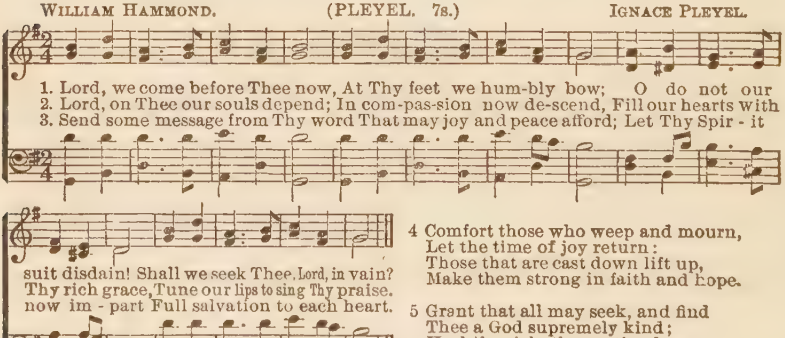
2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let His people now rejoice,
‖: Their redemption is as hand. :‖

3 See, the Lord appears in view:
Heaven and earth before Him fly;
Rise, ye saints, He comes for you;
‖: Rise, to meet Him in the sky. :‖

4 Go and dwell with Him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
‖: Ever blessing, ever blest. :‖

THOMAS KELLY.

No. 352. We Come Before Him.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. (PLEYEL. 7s.) IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend, Fill our hearts with
3. Send some message from Thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let Thy Spir - it
suit disdain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
now im - part Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return:
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

No. 353. Welcome Day.

1 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness giv'n;
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light of heav'n.

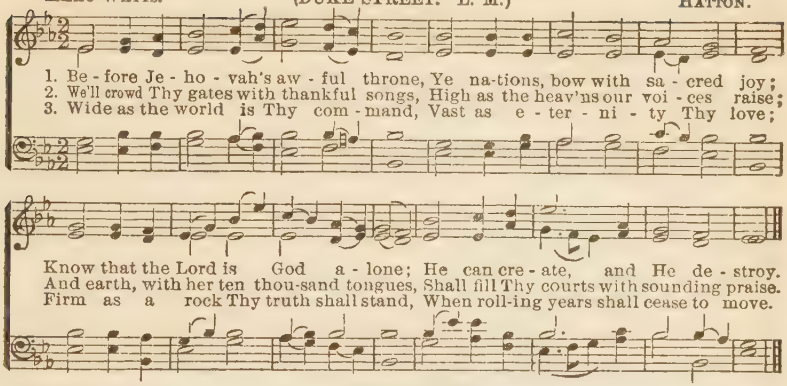
2 Day of calm and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run;
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,
Till our labor here is done.

3 Holy day that most we prize,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O how great thy blessings are!

ANON.

No. 354. Before Jehovah's Throne.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise;
3. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

No. 355. Jesus Shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 356. Preach My Gospel.

1 "Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole world My grace receive:
He shall be saved who trusts My word,
And they condemned who disbelieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

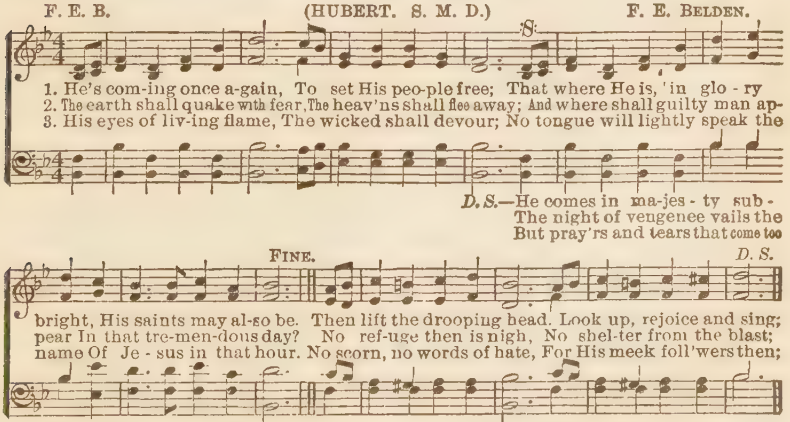
3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is vested in My hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 357. Coming Once Again.

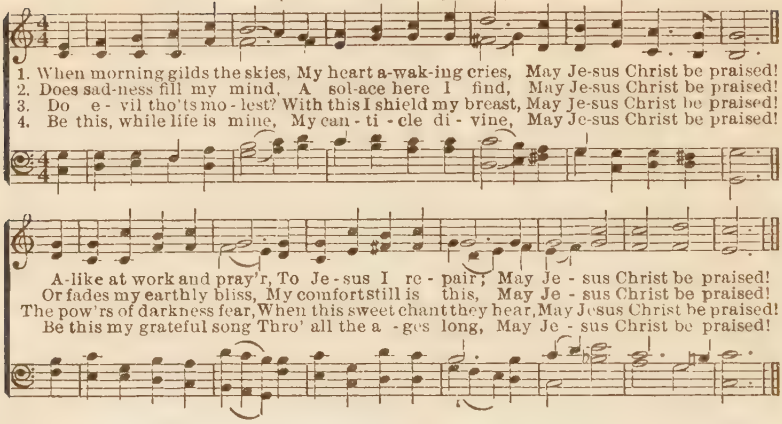
F. E. B. (HUBERT. S. M. D.) F. E. BELDEN.


S.
1. He's com-ing once a-gain, To set His peo-ple free; That where He is, 'tis glo - ry
2. The earth shall quake with fear, The heav'ns shall flee away; And where shall guilty man ap-
3. His eyes of liv-ing flame, The wicked shall devour; No tongue will lightly speak the
D.S.—He comes in ma-jes - ty sub-
The night of vengence vails the
But pray'rs and tears that come too
FINE.
D. S.
bright, His saints may al-so be. Then lift the drooping head. Look up, rejoice and sing;
pear In that tre-men-dous day? No ref-uge then is nigh, No shel-ter from the blast;
name Of Je - sus in that hour. No scorn, no words of hate, For His meek foll'wers then;
lime, Sal-va-tion's glorious King!
sky When mercy's day is past.
late, Shall mark earth's mighty men.

Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.

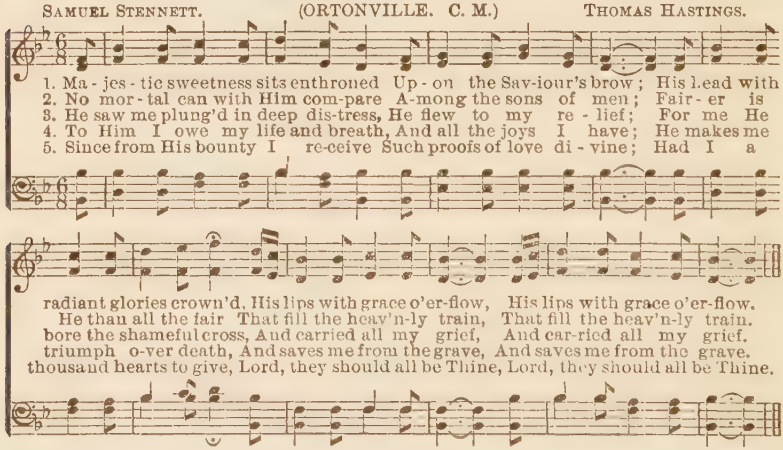
No. 358. May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

TR. E. CASWALL. (LAUDES DOMINI, 6s, 6L.) J. BARNBY.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
3. Do e - vil tho'ts mo - lest? With this I shield my breast, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
A-like at work and pray'r, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
The pow'rs of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Be this my grateful song Thro' all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

No. 359. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di - vine; Had I a
radiant glories crown'd. His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
triumph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

360. The Word.

1 A glory in the Word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darken'd all the mind,
‖: And vailed the heav'nly light.:‖

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
‖: The author is divine. :‖

3 How blest are we, with open face
To view Thy glory, Lord,
And all Thy image here to trace,
‖: Reflected in Thy Word. :‖

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
‖: Thy glorious face above. :‖

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

361. Our Guide.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
‖: To keep the conscience clean. :‖

2 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides me all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
‖: A lamp to lead my way. :‖

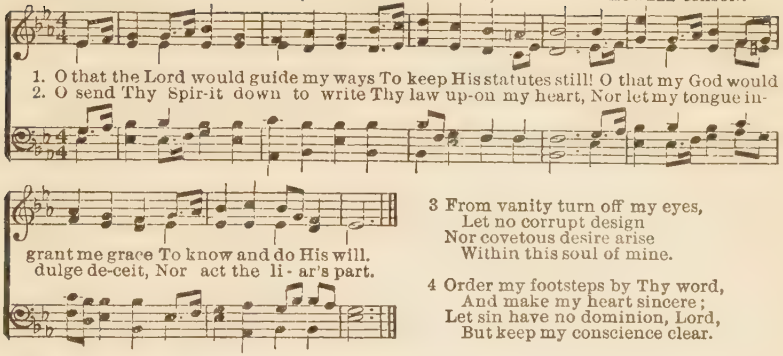
3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
‖: But love Thy law, my God. :‖

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That Holy Book shall guide my youth,
‖: And well support my age. :‖

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 362. Write Thy Law.

ISAAC WATTS. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.


1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep His statutes still! O that my God would
2. O send Thy Spir-it down to write Thy law up-on my heart, Nor let my tongue in-
grant me grace To know and do His will.
dulge de-ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

No. 363. The Rising Day.

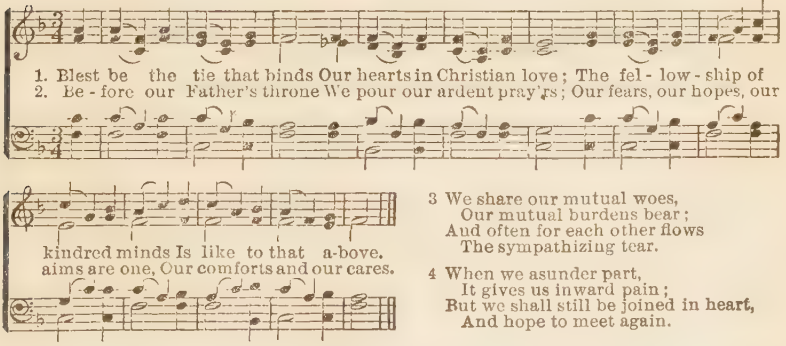
1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eye;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules on high.

2 Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 O God, may all my hours be Thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

C. WESLEY.

No. 364. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS GEORGE NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

365. Thine Appointed Way.

1 Blest Saviour, as we tread
In Thine appointed way,
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

2 O bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to Thee;
And may we find that as our day,
Our strength may also be.

3 We trust Thy sacrifice,
To Thy dear cross we flee:
O may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in Thee.

4 As through the world we go,
So full of care and sin,
May we by word and action show
That Jesus reigns within.

ANON.

366. Blessed Hope.

1 There is a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a lovely star
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

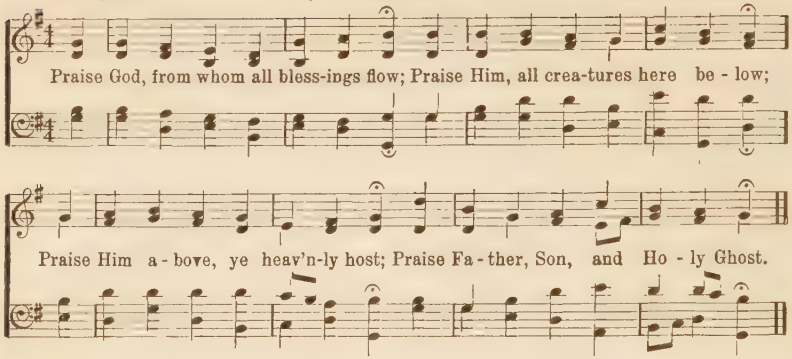
3 There is a cheering voice
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice from Calv'ry's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiv'n;
That star is revelation's light,
That hope, the hope of heav'n.

ANON.

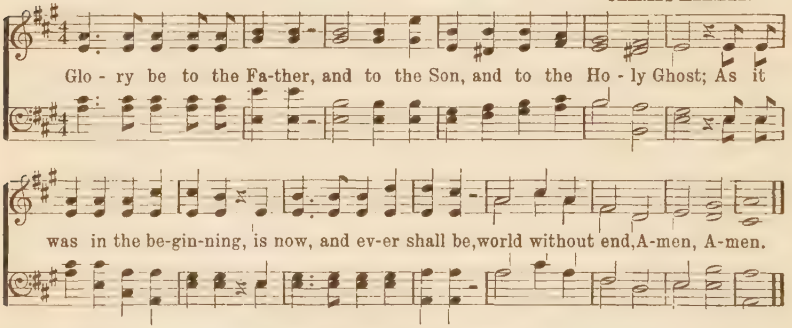
No. 367. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

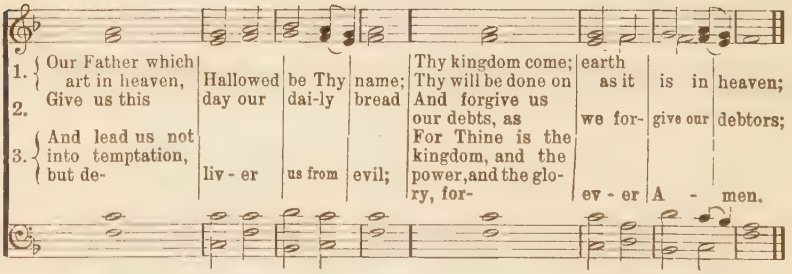

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 368. Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

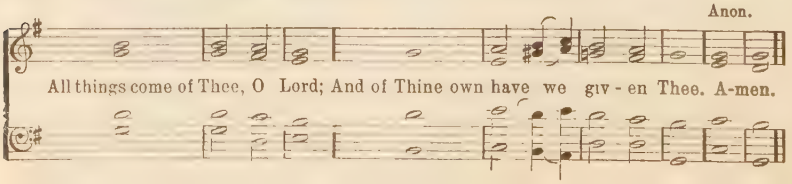

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

No. 369. The Lord's Prayer.

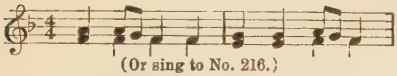
GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; earth
2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread And forgive us as it is in heaven;
our debts, as we for- give our debtors;
3. And lead us not into temptation, For Thine is the
but de- liv - er us from evil; kingdom, and the
power, and the glo-
ry, for- ev - er A - men.

No. 370. Presentation of Offering.

Anon.



371 Thy Church is Waking.



(Or sing to No. 216.)

1 Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

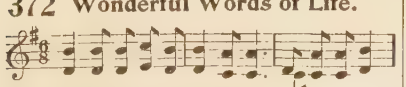
2 Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of "latter rain;"
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
Thou has quickened us again:
That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prospers in Thy pierced hand.

3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wand'ring throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song;
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

4 Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim;
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

—From the Pan-Anglican Collection, London.

372 Wonderful Words of Life.



1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life;
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty,

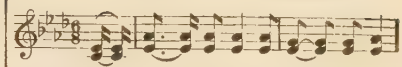
REF.—‖:Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life. :‖

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven,

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.

—P. P. Bliss.

373 The Ninety and Nine.



1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
‖: Away from the tender Shepherd's care,:‖

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "One of mine
Has wander'd away from me,
And altho' the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

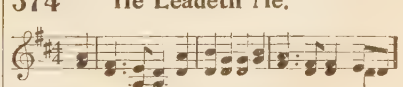
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, why are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierc'd tonight by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels sang around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

374 He Leadeth Me.



1 He leadeth me! O blessed tho't!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful fol'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

—J. H. Gilmour.

375 Fount of Every Blessing.

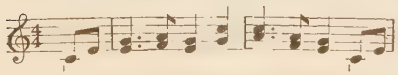
1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore Thee,
May I still Thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by Thy help I've come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness like a fetter
Bind me closer still to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

—*R. Robinson.*

376 There is a Fountain.



1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.

6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransom'd from the grave.

—*William Cowper.*

377 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
When they hear that sweetest voice
Whisper softly "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

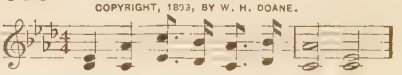
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there:
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

—*M. M. Wells.*

378 Precious Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY W. H. DOANE.



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Ref.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

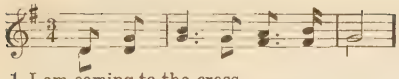
2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

—*Mrs. Lydia Baxter.*

379 Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary!
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

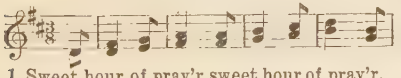
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul;
Perfected in Him I am;
I am ev'ry whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary!
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

—Rev. Wm. McDonald.

380 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

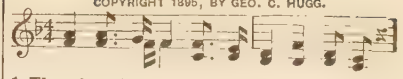
2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

—W. W. Walford.

381 No, Not One.

COPYRIGHT 1895, BY GEO. C. HUGG.



1 There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!

CHO.—Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one, no, not one!

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

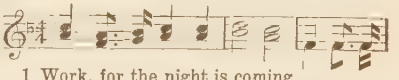
4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake Him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take Him?
No, not one! no, not one.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

—Rev, Johnson Oatman, Jr.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER.

382 Work, for the Night is Coming.



1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

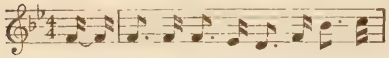
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

—Annie L. Walker.

383 His Truth is Marching On.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.



1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;
He hath loosed the fateful light'ning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

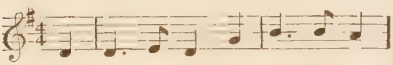
CHO.—Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us live to set them free;
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

384 Only Trust Him.

1 Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Cho.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

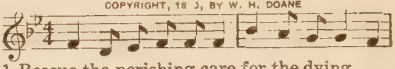
3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

—J. H. Stockton.

385 Rescue the Perishing.

COPYRIGHT, 18 J, BY W. H. DOANE



1 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Cho.-Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

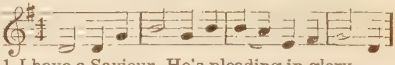
2 Tho' they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crush'd by the tempter.
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touch'd by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it,
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way, patiently win them,
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

386 I am Praying for You.



1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour, too!

Cho.—‖: For you I am praying, :‖
I'm praying for you.

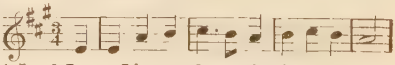
2 I have a Father, to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven.
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too.

3 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its author and giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory;
And pray'r will be answer d- twas answer'd for you.

—S. O'Maley Cluff.

387 Whiter Than Snow.



1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Chorus.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

—Jas. Nicholson.

388 Glory to His Name.

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name!

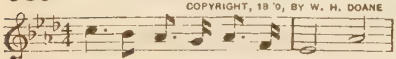
Cho.—Glory to His name, glory to His name.
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name!

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in,
Glory to His name!

3 O precious Fountain that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in.
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name!

4 Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day and be made complete,
Glory to His name!
—*Rev. E. A. Hoffman.*

389 Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

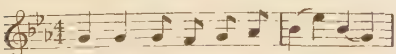
Cho.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heav'n but Thee?
—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

390 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

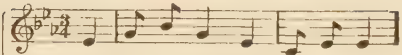


1 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare;
𝄆: Blesssed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are: :𝄇

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Gaurdian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
𝄆: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray; :𝄇

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho' we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
𝄆: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :𝄇
—*D. A. Thrupp.*

391 The Cleansing Wave.



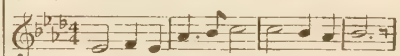
1 O now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.
Ref.—The cleansing stream I see, I see,
I plunge, and now it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks,—polluted nature dies,
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below,
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.
—*Mrs Phœbe Palmer.*

392 More Love to Thee.



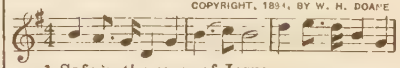
1 More love to Thee O Christ! More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make on bended knee.
This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek, give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be, More love, etc.

3 Let sorrow do its work, send grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers, sweet their refrain;
When they can sing with me, More love, etc.

4 Then shall my latest breath whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry my heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be: More love, etc.
—*Mrs. E. Prentiss.*

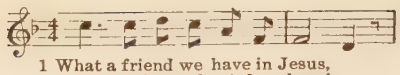
393 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY W. H. DOANE

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,—
Here by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Ref.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,—
Here by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus, has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

394 What a Friend.

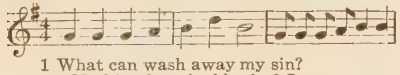


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.
—*Horatius Bonar.*

395 Nothing but the Blood.



1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Ref.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

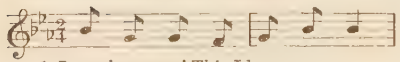
2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus:
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
—*Robert Lowry.*

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

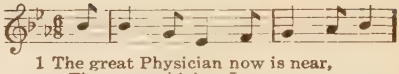
396 Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

Cho.—𝄆:Yes, Jesus loves me, :𝄇
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, by and by
He will take me home on high.

397 The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
O hear the voice of Jesus!

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

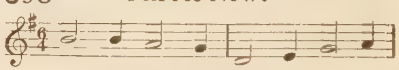
2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear;
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

5 And when He comes to bring the crown,
The crown of life and glory;
Then by His side we will sit down,
And tell redemption's story.
—*William Hunter.*

398 Fill Me Now.



1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come, O come and fill me now!

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come, O come and fill me now!

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now!

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with love, and fill me now!

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.
—*E. H. Stokes.*

RECOPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION.

399 Come to Jesus.

1 Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 Call upon Him, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 Only trust Him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

400 We Thank Thee.

(Tune, Hursley. 322.)

1 Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest, and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, at work or play,
To grow more loving ev'ry day.

See page 3 for Index of Subjects.

INDEX

Of over 600 Titles and First Lines.

Abide with me..... 317
A child of the King... 165
A closer walk..... 333
A Friend have I who.. 43
A glory in the Word.. 360
Alas, and did my.... 346
A little bit of love.... 76
All for Jesus..... 163
All hail the power of 294-5-6
All in all to me..... 56
All praise to Him who.. 171
All things come of Thee 370
All, yes, all I give to.. 163
Almost persuaded..... 186
Always the same..... 288
Amen to Jesus..... 30
A message has come.. 10
Am I a soldier of the.. 344
A mighty fortress is... 201
Answer the call, ye.... 126
A present help..... 247
Are there within you.. 59
Are you on the Lord's.. 160
Are you struggling on? 131
Arise! my soul, arise!.. 221
As a tree beside the.. 67
As for me and my.... 3
As goes America, so.. 148
Ashamed of Jesus.... 319
A sinner made whole.. 24
A sinner saved by grace 16
Ask for the rain..... 9
Ask for the showers.. 9
Ask not to be excused.. 264
A song of victory..... 117
As Thou wilt..... 203
A Stranger stands out 82
As we forgive..... 115
At evening time..... 77
Awake, my soul, stretch 345
Awake, ye saints..... 311
A wonderful gift is.... 42

Back to the cold world 260
Beautiful valley of Eden 211
Because His name is.. 53
Before Jehovah's awful 354
Be joyful in God,..... 124
Be not dismayed,..... 15
Beyond the bar..... 100
Bid our doubtings cease 327
Blessed are they that do 242
Blessed assurance 258
Blessed be the name.. 171
Blessed hope 366
Blessed quietness..... 174
Blessed words that.... 192
Blest be the tie..... 364
Blest Saviour, as we.. 365
Blow ye the trumpet.. 223
Break Thou the Bread.. 245
Breathe on me, breath 229
Breathe upon us,..... 204
Brightly beams our.... 178
Build on the Rock.... 252
Burn on..... 246

Calling the prodigal.... 52
Can a boy forget his.. 146
Casting all your care.. 80
Chains broken..... 198
Chiefest among ten.... 14
Child of the Master,.. 61
Choose now..... 160
Choose the best..... 89
Christ arose..... 234
Christ for the world.. 302
Christian warrior, sing 47
Christ is coming..... 134
Christ our Redeemer,.. 244
Christ returneth..... 270
Come, ev'ry soul by.. 384
Come, Holy Spirit, heav 334
Come, let us join our.. 337
Come on..... 111
Come, Thou Almighty.. 301
Come, Thou Fount of.. 375
Come to Jesus..... 399
Come to-night..... 284
Come, ye disconsolate.. 318
Coming once again.... 357
Coming to the cross.. 379
Count your blessings.. 70
Crown Him King of.. 122
Crown Him with glory 122
Crown Him with many.. 190

Day is dying in the.... 173
Dear little Stranger.. 139
Deeper yet.....241
Despised and rejected.. 74
Down at the cross.... 388
Doxology 367
Do you fear the foe.. 142
Do you know the world 76
Drifting down..... 58

Ere we go..... 328
Eternal depth of love.. 217
Evening prayer 316
Everybody lift!..... 153

Fade, fade, each earthly 281
Failing in strength.... 1
Far, far away, in..... 91
Father, I stretch my.. 342
Father, we thank.... 400
Fill me now..... 398
Firm as a rock..... 343
Fling out the banner.. 46
Follow all the way.... 263
For all the Lord has.. 83
Fount of every blessing 375
From ev'ry stormy wind 320
From Greenland's icy.. 218
From over hill and.... 36
Fulness of blessing 172

Get right with God.... 59
Gloria Patri..... 368
Glory be to the Father 368
Glory, glory, hallelujah 287
Glory, honor, praise.. 108
Glory to His name.... 388
God be with you..... 262
God in heaven, Thou.. 288
God is calling the prodig 52
God is for us..... 127
God is love, His mercy 332
God of our fathers.... 156
God of our salvation.. 328
God's Providence..... 86
God will take care.... 15
Gone from my heart.. 215
Go, preach my gospel.. 356
Go ye into all the.... 91
Grace enough for me.. 17
Growing dearer each.. 35
Guide and Comforter.. 249
Guide me, O Thou.... 269

INDEX

Had we only sunshine.. 142
Hail to the brightness.. 207
Hallelujah! 177
Hallelujah for the cross 114
Hallelujah, 'tis done ... 205
Hallelujah! What a.... 259
Happy day 271
Hark! hark! my soul... 125
Hark! ten thousand ... 310
Hark! that shout of ... 351
Hark! the herald angels 135
Have thy affections.... 233
Have you set your face 68
Hear the trumpet..... 123
Hear the words our ... 242
Hearts and homes 149
Heavenly Dove 334
Heavenly truth 326
He has come to abide.. 66
Heirs of victory are we 134
He is able to deliver .. 63
He is so precious to me 54
He leadeth me..... 374
Help somebody to-day.. 44
Help us to praise..... 301
He's coming once again 357
He was nailed to the.. 274
Hidden peace 276
High as the mountain.. 49
Higher ground..... 166
His blood can make..... 220
His love for me 18
His love is all I need .. 50
His matchless worth .. 188
His Spirit answers.... 221
His truth is marching on 383
His watchful eye..... 19
Hold the fort 231
Hold up the grand old.. 88
Holy Ghost, with light. 348
Holy, holy, holy, Lord .. 202
Holy, holy is the Lord.. 168
Holy Spirit, faithful... 377
Home, sweet home.... 157
Homeward I go, ... 136
Ho! my comrades, see.. 231
Honey in the Rock 226
Hour by hour kept by.. 71
Hover o'er me, Holy .. 398
How can I keep from.. 119
How firm a founda 307,309
How shall the young .. 361
How sweet is the love.. 35
How sweet the name of 336
How the fire fell..... 181

I am a stranger here .. 2
I am coming to the cross 379
I am happy in Him.... 21
I am praying for you.. 386
I am thinking to-day of 90
I belong to the King .. 11
I can hear my Saviour... 263
I can, I will, I do..... 293
I cannot tell thee 276
I do believe 342
I do not fully 33
If I were a sunbeam.... 140
If while we live 'mid sin 5
If you are tired of the.. 184
If you will come to.... 273
I gave my life for thee.. 275
I go..... 126
I have a Friend so 182
I have a Saviour: He's.. 386
I have a song I love to.. 65
I have nothing to do wi 45
I hear the Saviour say.. 191
I hear Thy welcome.... 189
I know 84
I know my heavenly.... 32
I'll be a sunbeam..... 140
I'll be there..... 97
I'll be with Him by 97
I'll go where You want.. 232
I love Him 215
I love the sacred Book... 324
I love to tell the story.. 256
I'm kneeling at the.... 293
I'm on my way to glory 103
I'm pressing on the up 166
I must needs go home.. 57
I my cross have taken.. 179
In a world where sorrow 144
In doubt and darkness... 78
I need Thee every hour 251
I never will cease to love 83
In heav'nly love abiding. 137
In looking thro' my ... 17
In the beauty of holiness 158
In the blood of the....241
In the glad time of the 106
In the cleft of the Rock 49
In the cross of Christ.. 325
In the hour of trial.... 206
In vain I've tried a.... 53
I ought, therefore I can 29
I onght to trust God's.. 29
I shall abide forever... 6
I shall not be moved .. 67
Is my name written ... 167
I stand all amazed at.. 51
Is thy heart right with.. 233
Is your life a channel.. 37
It is well with my soul 164
It may be at morn 270
It may not be on the .. 282
I've a message from the 162
I've had a glimpse of.. 260
I've wandered far away 183
I will not forget thee.. 81
I will pass over you.... 244
I will praise Him..... 286
I will pray the Father.. 66
I will sing of Jesus.... 55

Jerusalem the golden .. 208
Jesus, and shall it ever.. 319
Jesus calls us o'er the.. 329
Jesus Christ is passing.. 255
Jesus holds me fast.... 199
Jesus, I my cross have.. 179
Jesus is all the world to 12
Jesus is mine 281
Jesus, Jesus, chiefest.. 14
Jesus, lover of my..297,298
Jesus loves me: this I.. 396
Jesus paid it all 191
Jesus saves 222
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me 313
Jesus shall reign 355
Jesus, the very thought 335
Jewels 267
Join our songs..... 337
Joys are flowing like a.. 174
Joy to the world! the.. 219
Just as I am 314
Just when I need Him.. 23

Keep the heart singing 79
Keep the household.... 145
Keep the pages white.. 25
Kind words can never... 154
Knocking, knocking; who 132

Lamp of our feet 87
Launch out 254
Launch the life-boat .. 92
Lead, kindly Light 187
Lead me gently home.. 138
Lead them, my God, to 154
Leaning on the ever.... 239
Lest we forget..... 156
Let Him in..... 62
Let Jesus come into your 184
Let the lower lights be 178
Let the sunshine in.... 142
Let those who never.. 8
Let Thy Spirit, blessed 327
Let us adore Him..... 308
Let your light shine.... 60
Light divine..... 348
Like an army we are .. 121
Like Caleb and Joshua.. 3
Little pilgrims 141
Living water 192

N
No
Not
Now
Now

face to face

I.

I know not, know,
How soon 'twill be,
When I shall see
reach that ~~face to face~~ ~~what~~ junk

I know not now,
I cannot see,
the entrance to the
Heavenly throne
alas! alas! 'tis better so for time moves
But this I know, and rejo
On that fair shore,
That I shall see him face
to face

Yes I shall see him face
to face
and be with those I love

Yes, I shall see
To face,
And be with him for
ever more.

II.

For time must come, and
time must go,
The winters pass, the
spring flowers grow,
And tho the bliss be
but a day,
'Tis less of pain with more
joy,
It matters not, a few years
more
It matters not, how quick
the pace,
But this I know on
that fair shore
That I shall see him

Y0-BOP-486